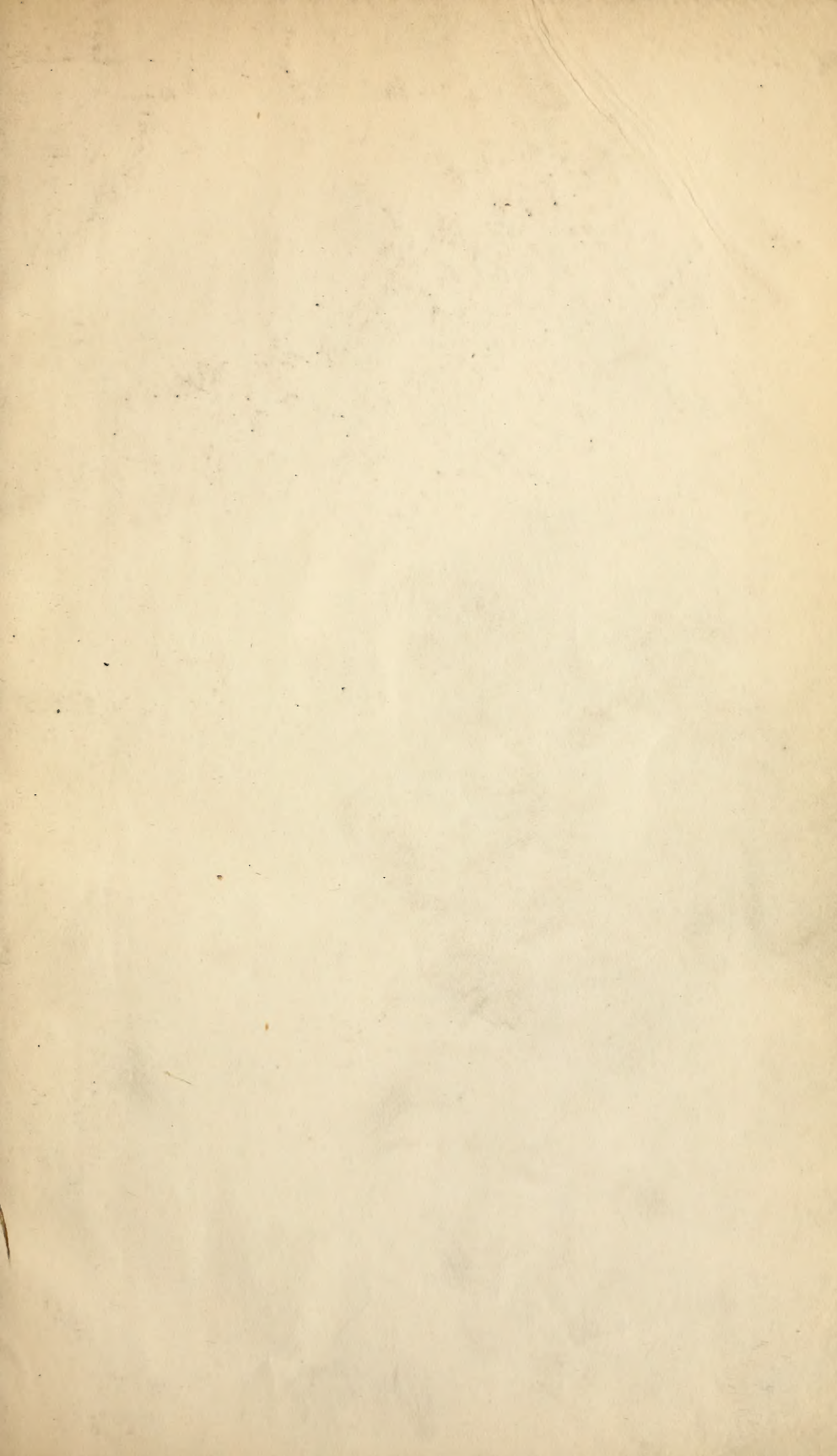


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Duquesne Monthly

October, 1913.

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Duquesne Monthly

Vol. XXI.

OCTOBER, 1913

No. 1

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR
BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY.

TERMS : ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE
ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Duquesne Monthly, Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Entered as second-class matter, at the Pittsburgh
Postoffice, April 30, 1911.

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HENRY M. CONNELLY, '14, WILLIAM C. FIELDING, '15, |

WALTER J. KRAMER, '15,

Business Managers.

The Minims.

THE gallant Minims, who last year demonstrated that they were the best team of their weight in this section of the state, have again donned football togs and are showing their old-time form in practice. Practically the same players make up the squad as were on it last year; so that the excellent team-work of the previous season will be repeated from the start.

Coach Manley — whose knowledge of football is most thorough—is daily introducing and developing new plays, in addition to perfecting the old ones, so that the team will be in excellent condition to start the season. The following players are showing up well in practice: Anton, Burns, Connelly, Crandall, Kane, Kelly, Maher, Miller, Mosti, Mulgrew, Murray, McGillick, McGraw (Captain), McSorley, D. Nee, T. Nee, O'Shea and Sullivan. This formidable aggregation of bantam-weights expects to complete a hard schedule this fall.

Under the wise and careful supervision of Rev. Father Baumgartner, faculty manager, and the able coaching of Manley, the Minims give promise of having another victorious and successful season, so that we may again chant the lyric that we sang in days of yore "All Glory to the Minims."

PAUL J. GNAU, '18.



Duquesnicula.

WELL, oh well ! Back on the job with nothing to offer you but worse and more of it. Welcome to the new students. For the information of the old boys we tell you that Duquesnicula almost died during vacation. The cause—well we suppose it was starvation. At least she showed marked signs of recuperation when a few of the funny boys got busy.

BUTLER loaned his foot-ball shoes to another for a game. When said shoes were returned, they contained a pair of elastic ankle-braces. Fatty, not used to such luxuries, and very probably mistaking them for the latest in neck-wear, exclaimed, "it's a wonder he wouldn't leave instructions about how to put these on."

BILL FIELDING is anxious to know what is ontologic. Will someone kindly tell him? For our part, we are acquainted with some one who is not on to logic.

APROPOS of good athletic correspondence is the following letter, received by our foot-ball manager, which we transcribe *verbatim* :

Deer sirs.

We would like to get a game of foot-ball with your team for next weak and we would like to have half expences and meals for 12 men. Ask John N. for any information because he goes to school up there and wright and let me no what you can do about it so as I can have lots of time to get my team reddy.

Affectionately yours,

N. N.

WHEN we consider that the author of the above used pink stationery, perfumed a la Tillie Shafer, we are sure he will make some manager, not of a foot-ball team, but of a—well, just guess.

PROF. Who was Euripides?

STUDENT. I don't know, but isn't he the fellow that used to go with Iphigenia?

THERE are surely some peculiar names on the foot-ball roster this year. A few nights ago Gnau was playing centre and Shortley was playing right end. The coach called for a rush through centre, but the quarter-back yelled out, "I can't send it through Gnau. I'll send it through Shortley."

WE are beginning to wonder how the annual base-ball game between the Seniors and Juniors will be pulled off this year. The Juniors have only seven men. Suppose the Seniors can even up by giving them four outs and Mike Hegerich.

THE first, last, and only call for candidates for the Slovak Class was issued last week. It was answered by McDonnell, Shortley and a few other Slovaks—each anxious to assimilate—soak up, so to speak—a little of Slovanian wisdom.

MAC. says there are other reasons than the above. He denies that he wants to become a linguist, and he admits that Slovak is not very useful for molar surgery; but he avers that in his home burg he is forced to go outside of town to speak English. *Ergo* his desire for a knowledge of Prof. Sikora's language.

ONE of our Seniors, whose "thatch" is daily growing . . . thinner, cast envious eyes on the campus in early September. "With all my dosing and scratching," he wailed, "I only succeed in thinning them out more and more. Here this field was left alone all summer, and it grew a full beard!" "Leave your pate alone too," came the sapient answer of Him-who-knows.

ALL of which reminds us of a short poem and a moral drawn therefrom, which appeared in one of the exchanges last year. It ran something like this :

Ein Knabe von Scranton
Geht in die school;
Sah in die meadow
Einen gar groszen mule.
Der Knabe approaches—
O ! groszes sorrow !
Schnell geht er skywards:
Begrebnis to-morrow.

MORAL.

Wer seht einen thing,
Der zu ihm ist nicht known;
Es ist besser für him,
Es zu lassen alone.

H. A. CARLIN, '14.

Exchanges.

WE deem it appropriate in commencing our year's work to extend our greeting to old friends and to welcome the new; and though this column is devoted to review and criticism—"knocking" is a less dignified but more expressive word—we shall in this opening number confine ourselves to an introduction and be content with a few remarks.

The new academic year has brought its changes, here as elsewhere. Some of our competent editors have gone; their places had to be filled. May the new members of the staff prove as acceptable as the old.

We are confident in affirming that all the others chosen for the vacant offices have the proper and necessary qualifications; but we doubt in regard to ourselves. We must confess that to us the honor came unsought and, in consequence, unexpectedly. We did not go campaigning. We solicited no votes. However, since the powers that be saw fit to honor us with the management of this department, since they saw fit to place this responsibility upon us, we shall make the most of it, and strive to measure up to the high standard set by our predecessors. What we undertake by this acquiescence is by no means easy. Yet, if determination and endeavor are factors in the attainment of an aim, success will be ours.

A few words to the readers of this section of our Monthly—the Ex-man's prospective "victims." May they know that it is our intention to be fair at all times; that we hereby make it our first object to seek the beauties of the writings submitted for our examination rather than the blemishes; that we seek to be liberal rather than censorious. If, then, at any future time our conception and interpretation of an article be faulty, our criticism unjust, we stand open to correction. All will support us in the assertion that our task is a delicate one. May we accomplish it without giving cause for offense!

JOSEPH S. SZEPE, '15. †



Lew Wallace—His Title to Fame.

ALMOST all classes of men receive their just dues in the line of recognition and renown during the time when it is of most use and advantage to them, viz., during their life-time. There are two great exceptions to this general rule which serve merely as proofs of its validity; they are the saint and the author. It is with one of the latter unfortunate class that the present writer proposes to deal as briefly as is consistent with the deserts of the subject. This individual is Lew Wallace, soldier and author. It is advisable to say here that we do not intend to claim for Wallace any such merit or pre-eminence as rightly belongs to a Lee, a Jackson, a Grant, or a Napoleon, on the one side, or to a Scott, a Dickens, a Poe, or a Thackeray on the other. But it is our intention to claim for him at least the recognition due an author in the front rank of the fiction writers of the second class, and this no fair-minded critic can conscientiously deny him.

Lew Wallace was born at Brookville, Indiana, on April 10, 1827, the son of a governor of Indiana. He was self-educated, and, judging by the best of all criteria, namely, results, he was very well qualified for such a task. He served as a lieutenant in the Mexican War, at the conclusion of which he was admitted to the bar. He enlisted in the Federal Army at the outbreak of the Civil War and by meritorious service rose to the rank of major-general. After the war, he was Governor of New Mexico for three years and United States Minister to Turkey for four. He died on February 15, 1905. He commenced writing for publication only after the Civil War, the first work he gave to the tender mercies of the public being "the Fair God," which appeared in 1873. The best of his works are "Ben-Hur" and "The Prince of India," and it is on these two novels that his fame rests.

The former of these works, both of which are examples of all that is best in this class of composition, is generally regarded as the better, but with this prevalent opinion we humbly beg to differ. In order to justify or at least excuse this temerity, a few words concerning each are necessary.

"Ben-Hur," which is by far the better known of the two,

is a story of Christ, His birth, His life, and His death, principally with regard to the influence of these far-reaching events upon one family, and that the family of Ben-Hur. The story opens with a scene which, so far as we know, is to be found nowhere else in all fiction. It is the meeting of the Magi in the desert, with an account of the summoning and the faith of the Three Kings, each of whom comes from a different part of the Oriental world. The chapter dealing with this meeting, containing the finest descriptive work of the entire story with a single exception, introduces the reader to a tale that leads through a series of marvelous events and touching incidents. The accident to the Procurator Gratus before the palace of the Hurs; the chain of events set in motion by that mishap; Ben-Hur's sentence to the galleys; the fight with the pirates; the wrecking of the ship; his rescue of the fleet's commander, who later adopts him with all the privileges of inheritance; Ben-Hur's meeting with the Sheik of the Desert; his engagement by the latter to drive in the chariot races, which he undertakes prompted by his thirst for vengeance upon his enemy Messala; the thrilling events of that race, with the wreck of Messala's chariot and his injury in its ruins when one of the other competitors dashes over him; Ben-Hur's conversion by one of the Magi; his chivalrous attachment to Christ; the cure of his leprous mother and sister by the miraculous touch of Christ,—these are the most striking examples of the wealth of incident and action which, culminating in the awful drama of Calvary, furnishes interesting and profitable reading for even the most fastidious.

Aside from this chain of incidents and events which move before the reader in ever-changing panorama, Wallace has given us an abundance of excellent character portraiture. This is the greatest merit of the tale, and seemingly all else is subordinated to this aim, for he strikingly portrays the effect of every incident upon the different characters. Inexorable fate in the person of Ben-Hur, characterized by a typically Jewish hate and lust for revenge under the guise of divine and therefore righteous punishment; maternal love; filial affection; the holy love of lovers; the attachment and fidelity of servants to the interests of their masters to the detriment of their own; honest, true friendship—all these are painted and pictured with a master hand that silently but none the less insistently demands recognition.

The best description which is to be found anywhere in either of the two books under discussion is the closing scene of "Ben-Hur." It is the Crucifixion, and this is the one example of descriptive excellence already mentioned. The author paints the procession up the Hill of Skulls with the mob gathered from the four corners of the earth so that the whole world was represented in the drama and included in its effects. Ben-Hur; Balthasar, the Magus; Esther, Ben-Hur's future wife; Simonides, Esther's father and Ben-Hur's servant—all these witness the Crucifixion, and all are affected by it, though in different ways. Ben-Hur is confirmed in his newly won faith in the Christ; Balthasar has his judgment vindicated and dies of love and grief; Esther believes with her father that the Man on the Cross is the Messiah, and accepts Ben-Hur as a husband; and the story closes with a short epilogue giving a glimpse of the pair a few years later happy in the service of God and humanity and in the possession and training of their children.

Is it just then that a man with such ability and versatility should be overlooked and disregarded in the lists of worthy American authors?

"The Prince of India" might possibly be considered a sort of sequel to "Ben-Hur" though none of the characters of the latter are continued into it, because it may be said to begin where "Ben-Hur" closes. It is a romantico-historical account of the Fall of Constantinople in 1453 before the onslaught of the Turks under Mahommed, the Sultan, and involves an account of the life, character, accomplishments, and treachery of the Wandering Jew, one of the most striking characters in all the personnel of fiction. Both as interesting tale and work of literary art, "The Price of India" far surpasses its companion work. Its graphic account and description of the Fall of Constantinople and, with it, of Christianity in the East—one of the crises of history as well as one of its most pathetic tragedies—has few parallels in our language, or in any language. The story has the same characteristics as "Ben-Hur" though in a superior degree. Like "Ben-Hur" it is marked chiefly by incident, character portrayal, and description; in the first and second of these marks, it surpasses "Ben-Hur," and in the third it is at least equal.

There is a wealth of romantic incident in "The Prince of

India." First of all, the Prince himself, the Wandering Jew, is condemned by Christ to wander over the face of the earth till His second coming as a punishment for striking Him in the face on His journey up the side of Golgotha. Nothing could be better calculated to spur an author to his best efforts than this strange character. The Wanderer's self-appointed mission for which he had been prepared by his centennial reincarnations during each of the past fourteen centuries of the Christian Era, is one that has engrossed the attention and stirred the feverish activity of some of the world's master-spirits, even though it is impracticable while human nature is constituted as it now is. The Prince thought himself able to bring about unity of religion all over the world by abolishing all existing modes of worship and establishing in their stead the doctrine "God is God," and all that is contained or implied in that succinct expression. He insisted that Christ, Mahommed, Buddha, and Brahma were all sons of God, differing not in substance but only in point of time; in fact, that all were identical, being incarnations of the same Spirit, God.

The Prince appears at the opening of the work in a mystical character which he retains under one form or another to the end. He visits the tomb of Hiram, King of Tyre, and gives an inkling of his own identity by expression of his satisfaction at seeing that the sarcophagus had been undisturbed since his last visit, 1000 years before. The object of his journey is to secure treasures buried with Hiram so as to be enabled to carry on his machinations in the furtherance of his scheme. He obtains the treasure, seals up the tomb as before, and sends his deaf-mute slave Syama to Constantinople to establish a residence there for him. He himself, in order to obtain first-hand knowledge of "the hold Mahommed has on men's souls," goes on the annual pilgrimage to Mecca where he figures as a benevolent devotee of the camel-driver. From Mecca he goes to his residence in Constantinople for the purpose of learning with regard to Christ what had prompted his visit to Mecca with the adherents of Mahommed. He proposes his scheme to Constantine, the Last of the Emperors, who, harassed by the factional disputes then rampant in his capital, rejects it. This turns the Prince against him, and after firing his own palace, thus leading to the belief that he has perished with his home, he betakes himself to the court of the Sultan Mahommed where he assures himself a friendly

welcome by the assumption of the character of a flattering astrologer. Under this guise he plays upon the feelings of Mahommed, and acting as the Nemesis of Constantinople and her ruler, inspires the Sultan to declare a war of extinction against the Greeks. The action of the plot closes with the capture and sack of the city and the sacrifice by the Princess Irene of her hand to Mahommed in order to save Christianity from total extinction in the East.

Even apart from the Prince, there is a vast abundance of character work in "The Prince of India." In this respect, stands out in bold relief the relation, almost amounting to brotherhood, existing between Mahommed and the Emir Mirza, a noble character who ascertains that he is of Italian and therefore Christian birth and consequently dedicates his life and abilities to the defense of Constantinople against his friend's assault. Not far behind in merit is the contrast between Mahommed, born a conqueror, and Constantine, the Emperor of Constantinople—in life weak, mediocre, and vacillating—in his final struggle and death in defense of God and Country, a hero indeed. Another excellent example of Wallace's genius as a character painter is the difference between the Princess Irene, a queen by nature and by birth, majestic and self-reliant even in the crash of worlds, and Lael, a timorous maiden, daughter of a Jewish merchant, and frightened by the mere prospect of a night's separation from her father. These wonderful gems cannot be appreciated from a mere bald description such as this; they must be viewed in the original setting.

Aside from the great event to which all the action leads, "Ben-Hur" has but two really great situations: the miraculous cure of Ben Hur's mother and sister and his discovery of their identity, and the chariot race. How different is "The Prince of India" in the same respect! The scene of Mirza's illness at the corner of the Kaaba, the storm on the Bosphorus which drives the chief Greek actors in the drama into the White Palace, there to meet the chief Turk; the plea of the Prince of India before the Emperor and his court; the nocturnal processions and vigils; the abduction of Lael and her rescue from the Cloaca Maxima by the savage king Nilo; the scene in the arena of the Hippodrome, when Nilo and Mirza defend the Princess and Sergius from the lion to which they

had been exposed for the crime of heresy; the siege of Constantinople; the struggle in the soul of the Count Corti (Mirza) between fidelity to his pledge and his heart's affection—all these are incidents unmatched by anything in "Ben Hur."

Now, then, in common justice, can the author of two such masterpieces, characterized as they are by their wealth of dramatic action, their great character portraits, and their stirring descriptive passages, be denied his proper place in the opinions of scholars? While he is not a Shakespeare or a Scott, can he be debarred from that position which we demanded in his name in the beginning, namely, that of the first and most prominent of the second-rank writers who have enriched English literature? Not while justice and fair-play exist on the earth!

FRANCIS J. MUELLER, '14.

The Helpless Poet.

A poem to write

I've tried very hard:

A failure am I

At playing the bard.

One subject I choose;

Three lines I indite:

For the fourth line to rhyme

With the second, I fight.

I find versifying

Is not in my line;

I therefore the struggle

Decline and resign.

MICHAEL J. HINNEBUSCH, '16.



Man's Expectation of Gratitude.

GRATITUDE has been aptly called the flowering of a seed of kindness; and we may define ingratitude as the floral failure of a like seed dropped on the stony soil of an unappreciating heart, though this is but a pale metaphor for suggesting the disappointment which ungratefulness generally occasions to the benefactor. Still, while it is hard for him to have his beneficence unacknowledged and his confidence shaken, every seed of kindness sown in faith and hope should not be expected to fall on good ground and to grow up to responsive blossomhood.

But not uncommon, indeed, is a grudge against the world and the loss of trust in men on the unreasonable score of even a single man's ingratitude. When a person receives a counterfeit coin, he does not immediately give up faith in all money; if a bad apple be found under a tree, one does not condemn the entire orchard; should a man drink excessively, it is not deemed justice to send the whole world to jail; nor, accordingly, should an individual's ingratitude warrant the conclusion that all men are without a sense of benefits received. More common, perhaps, and quite as unreasonable, is the expectation of gratitude when the favor conferred is like a bone thrown at a dog, instead of a privilege exercised with sympathetic graciousness. The man who does a service without fellow-feeling has no right to expect gratitude, but should be satisfied if he receives forgiveness.

Then, too, some people who do genuine kindnesses, regard them as moral stock which is expected to pay dividends. Such people, like children, are being good for a bonus. Again there are men who merely expect acknowledgement, and not reciprocation of their benefactions. These men go through the world collecting receipts, as vouchers, to stick on the file of self-approval.

Expecters of gratitude such as these, however, if unworthy of disappointment, must remember that human nature is replete with subtleties and easily misunderstood; that a man's heart may be so full of thankfulness that he cannot speak; that the consciousness of his inability to repay may develop a strange determination to say nothing until the opportunity for which he is waiting enables him to make his gratitude an actuality;—in short, that there are many instances in which true gratitude has the semblance of the basest ingratitude, as some harmless plants resemble certain poisonous weeds.

One should also be ever mindful that the more unselfish and charitable the individual, the larger will be the number of instances of ingratitude that must be met and vanquished,—a fact that has supreme manifestation in the self-sacrificing life of Him who knew ingratitude in all its phases and degrees, from the mere thoughtless thanklessness of the nine cured lepers, to the positive sin of triple denial on the part of friendship—forgetting Peter, and finally to the treachery of the honored treasurer of the little band of thirteen.

It may be kept in mind nevertheless that a good deed is never lost; that it will be reciprocated as naturally as the fountain's water returns again to the fountain; that sometime, somehow, somewhere it will produce its reaction as surely as echo responds to sound.

But better, however, than all this is just never to remember a favor bestowed and never to forget a favor received; better simply learn the virtue of keeping an act of kindness unalloyed by any expectation of gratitude, and on the other hand, to bear in mind the malignity of culpable ungratefulness, whose aspect is even worse than that of revenge, for the latter is returning evil for evil, while ingratitude is returning evil for good.

M. J. HEGERICH, '14.



In the Nick of Time.

“WELL, Boys, how do you like the new headquarters?”

With these words Chief Valant, head of the finest detective agency in the country, turned to his men and resumed, “Twenty-five years ago, this would have been a palace along side of our two-story headquarters.

“I guess you had some pretty hard cases in those days, eh, chief?” suggested one of the force.

“We certainly did,” answered the chief, “and we didn’t have the facilities we have now, either.”

The men crowded around the chief, seeing that he was in a reminiscent mood.

“I was just twenty-three, and was quite a young fellow to be on the force,” resumed the chief. “Old Walters was then head of the service, and at my request had detailed me to investigate some smuggling that was going on at that time.

“The night appointed was wet and foggy. I remember well the grim look on old chief’s face as he gave me my final instructions. I was not the first who had gone to investigate, but none of those who had gone before had ever returned. You know, these smugglers were desperate fellows. They took no chances, and did anything to get rid of anyone they suspected.

“I left at eight-thirty, and had told the men who were to watch to be careful and listen for my signal. The signal was to be given either with my revolver or my detective whistle. I went to the east side, to an old bar known as *Lame Jack’s Inn*. This was the supposed rendezvous of the smugglers.

“I reached the place at about ten. When entering the bar, I noticed an old sailor who scrutinized me covertly but minutely. I ordered a mug of ale, but spilled most of it, as I had been warned to touch nothing. I lingered around for

a while, and finally fell into what the other occupants of the saloon thought was a drunken snooze. The men laughed at me as I rolled from my chair into a corner.

"When it was nearly time to close I noticed that two of the men who were sitting near me got up and started toward the back room. As they neared the door, one coughed twice and dropped his hat. From this I at once perceived their countersign. Four more followed in the next half hour, and then I thought it was about time for me to 'get busy.' I arose and proceeded to the door, giving the countersign. I was admitted without trouble, and was led up a pair of squeaky stairs to the meeting room.

"The room was full of kegs and boxes and was illuminated by a smoking oil lamp which hung from the centre of the ceiling. A large round table in the middle of the room, about which the men were sitting on boxes, was the only furniture. I was startled to see the old sailor who had so carefully regarded me when I entered, sitting on an empty keg talking with the rest of the men. He did not seem to notice me, so I walked toward the fire-place to get warm.

"As I was leaning against the mantle I must have rubbed against a secret button, for I was surprised to see a small door open. One of the men noticed this, and began to talk with their leader. Two roughs approached me, and I saw at once that I had betrayed myself. The men bound me unceremoniously and threw me roughly into a gloomy corner.

"For the time being I was forgotten, and the smugglers began to converse in low tones. From what I heard them say, I deduced that a ship was to arrive there at four-thirty that morning. The men talked till about half past two, when they arose to leave. They filed out through the secret door. The old salt was the last to leave, and as he passed me, he cut my bonds and whispered, 'Leave at three.'

"That was the longest half hour I ever spent. Finally, the old clock chimed three, and I then knew it was time for me to leave. I cautiously left by the secret door. I hurried to where my confederates were waiting, and sent one to tell the chief of what I had heard and seen.

"The chief arrived at four and took command. He stationed all the men in good positions.

"When the steamer arrived at four-thirty we captured her and all on board. They had not been looking for such a sur-

prise. The capture was a big boost for me. When the papers printed the story I was the hero in every account of it. Of course, when old Walters died I was the only man for the position.

"I tried in vain to find my rescuer. I watched for three years until one day I found him out.

"He was a detective from a private agency and had previously worked on the case. But the night that he freed me, there was a hitch in his plan and his identity became disclosed. The smugglers had beaten him and left him for dead on the wharf, but the next morning he was found by a policeman, and taken to a hospital. The doctors worked hard with him and finally pulled him through. When he came out of the hospital he went back to the detective work again, but he got in with a bad gang and he soon was on the downward path. He took to drinking and was about on the last lap when he met me, and, moved by some kindness on my part, told me of his past connection with me. Nothing was too good for him then, and I soon had him on the straight and narrow path again. I got him a job on the force, and he was soon the best man I had.

"It was then that Paris needed a new chief and as the diamond smuggling was pretty bad then they tried to secure me. I knew why, and I had to treat the man who deserved the job decently. I told them I had the man they wanted. They said they would try him. He went to France and became head of the detective bureau. He certainly made good, for in a year Paris had the best detective protection in the world.

"Boys," said the chief, "this is the first time I ever told the story, and I want it to be the last time it is ever heard, for the man whom I mean is still head of the Parisian detectives. He went wrong once, and I could have got him, but I owed him too much; I had to give him a chance. He took it and made good. So, boys, you see how close we came to losing one of the best men in our business."

With this the chief lapsed into a brown study, and the boys knew their story was finished.

JAMES H. SHANAHAN,

Third High.

The Character of Shylock.

THE character of Shylock has always been like those of Hamlet and of King Lear, an object of the deepest interest to the votaries of Shakespeare—none, next to that of Hamlet, has attracted more attention from the critics. Of late, however, this interest has been heightened in a most unexpected quarter by the agitation which has been raised in New York City, with the result that the great play of the Merchant of Venice is no longer listed for study and analysis in the public schools of the metropolis, inasmuch as, to a great number of the citizens, the character of the typical usurer, as displayed therein, not only is utterly distasteful, but is, they declare, an unworthy caricature. It is true that in the eyes of the ordinary and honest Hebrew, even with his natural commercial tendencies, Shylock can hardly ever become a favorite subject of study or comparison, as a typical representative of the race—but he is, none the less, objectively speaking, true to nature, as are all the chief characters of the great dramatist; and he is, although perhaps an extreme example, a type of a class of tradesmen whose existence and whose nefarious operations are attested by history.

In this modest essay we shall therefore consider the character-portrait, overdrawn, if you please to have it so, which the Bard of Avon has left us of the mediaeval Jewish usurer. All that has been said about Shakespeare's Shylock has not been against him. He stands forth as the target of the insolence of some, and as the worthy object of the compassion of others.

On the one hand, Shylock appears as an obdurate, insensible being, void of all human feeling for his fellows, his greed for gold surpassed only by his thirst for vengeance; on the other hand, we behold in him a most patient sufferer, displaying at times almost superhuman forbearance.

In his dealings with Antonio he plays the double role of hypocrite and tyrant. His apparent wavering of purpose about lending the money shows the turmoil of an uneasy soul. In his solicitude to have Antonio borrow the money he feigns friendship and would have his love, but the hatred which he bears towards every Christian is innate and irrepressible. He tells Antonio he would be friends with him, but in an undertone he soliloquizes, almost in the same breath, "If I can but catch him upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him."

Antonio well perceives the quality of his virtues when he describes him as "a goodly apple, rotten at the heart."

The unfolding of the character of Shylock, as the plot deepens, is like a huge ocean wave that threatens devastation to the land, but rebounds by its incoming force upon the rock-bound coast.

A most interesting and, as it were, epitomized, portrayal of the character of Shylock is to be found in the scene between Tubal and himself after the bankruptcy of Antonio. Tubal excites alternate emotions of sorrow and joy in the old Jew in bringing him the tidings from Genoa—sorrow in telling him of the wayward extravagance of his daughter; and joy in relating the misfortunes of Antonio. The dramatist has not left in Shylock a single quality worthy of admiration. In his grief at the disappearance of Jessica he shows no trace of paternal affection. He grieves for her only in as much as she has spent his ducats!

The genius of the dramatist is best displayed in the fourth act. In this scene the striking contrast that he is aiming at showing throughout the play, is beautifully brought out. Here the sanguinary hatred of the Jew towards the "Good Antonio" is most manifest. His obstinacy and scornful defiance of the pleadings for mercy are most pronounced; and his resoluteness to persevere to the end in his malice is evidenced in his reiterated demands for justice. But when the court proceedings turn in favor of Antonio, Shylock's attitude in this regard is entirely metamorphosed. Instead of resoluteness and persistency he displays inconsistency and cowardice. He recommends himself to the mercy of the court and to the mercy of Antonio, to whom he had denied even the slightest consideration, but a few moments before. It is at this point that the author contrasts the character of the Jew and that of the Christian. Antonio, notwithstanding all that had been done by the Jewish tyrant, gratuitously turns over to the Jew his portion of the confiscated goods, and the court grants him his life.

Shylock leaves the courtroom abject and cast down, and it is here that the more sentimental make a concession in favor of the Jew. Were it not for destroying the dramatist's excellent contrast of the two men, a fitting sequence would be to grant the Jew the justice that he was forcing upon the court in the opening of the trial. For why should he "hope for mercy, rendering none"?

Some critics favor the view of justifying the action of Shylock as a legitimate revenge for the insults heaped upon him by the Christian. But it would appear that, on the contrary, his revenge upon Antonio was for personal insults and for lending money through kindness, thus hindering him from charging interest. True it is, Antonio makes no denial of having insulted Shylock upon the exchange. But what could be more loathsome to the noble spirit of Antonio than to behold the miserable Jew, contrary to the custom of his day, charging an exorbitant rate of interest upon money loaned? His taunts, then, if not entirely justifiable, were at least excusable, and could not have furnished Shylock a sufficient motive for planning so unheard-of a revenge.

FRANCIS A. CORISTIN, '16.

If He Had Any!

There was a young man from Duquesne
Who thought he could juggle a chesne:
So he tried it one night
When he'd turned off the light;
And the chesne came down on his bresne.

LOUIS J. MCGILLICK (4 High)

A Non-Deterrent.

AS each successive generation files through the corridors of time, it is wont, as a natural course, to take for granted the achievements of its forerunners. In consequence, but scant consideration is given by mankind at large to the problems of the past, and the race's energies are usually concentrated upon the attainment of some new perfection, or on the abolition of some defect, in the civilization thus far attained. Undoubtedly this has been the case throughout the whole history of mankind. Century after century, men have been relegating to oblivion laws and customs which their progenitors deemed not only justifiable but even necessary. This progressive revolution must be attributed to the lessons of experience, which, in the ultimate analysis, is the best of all pedagogues. The nations of the present have the opportunity of comparing the results of the strivings and blunders of past ages, a privilege denied to primeval peoples, upon whom devolved the duty of establishing a precedent. This opportunity, it will readily be admitted, is improved only to a slight extent; men do not profit as they might of the experience of others, but strive on and blunder on as their fathers did. Still, slowly and gradually, the world has been discarding many of its most ancient and seemingly inviolable customs. Thus, for example, have slavery, the old feudal system and other medieval institutions been cast off, as the light of true civilization dawned upon the nations.

However, there still exists in our day of supposed high culture and refinement, a practice which is avowed by many to be both incongruous and unjustifiable. The custom referred to is no other than that of capital punishment. Within recent years it has been the subject of much discussion and the "bone of contention" for many an argument. Not only has it received its full quota of deliberation in private assemblies, but what is of more practical bearing, its abolition has also been agitated in the legislatures of various states. Popular resentment against this relic of barbarism has been manifested on many occasions, and many prominent and influential men have enlisted themselves for its suppression. Already its death-knell has been sounded in several states, with the present prospect that it will receive death-dealing blows in the legislative bodies of several other commonwealths.

That some false principle underlies the practice of capital punishment is seen in its tendency to destroy all regard for the sanctity of human life. A correct idea of the sacredness attached to the life of each individual is an essential of all true progress and advancement towards universal brotherhood; hence, we cannot in truth term ourselves civilized while we harbor in our midst such a degraded and loathsome institution as capital punishment. It brutalizes both the public and the officials who must in duty carry it out, and savors of the lowest of savagery. The spectacle of a man dangling at the end of a rope, or seated in an electric chair, is certainly not well calculated to instill into our minds even the slightest consideration of the value of human existence. Its adherents are laboring under the domination of false logic when they reason thus: "A life is taken in order to teach that a life should not be taken." The very act belies its end, contradicts itself, and defeats its own purpose. Is it possible that the state could impart to us any adequate idea of the horror and repulsiveness of a murder, when she calls upon us to witness the very identical act, only in a legalized way, the awfulness of which she is so anxious to teach us?

Capital punishment is inconsistent with our advanced state of enlightenment. It may have been a fit punishment when the world was just emerging from a semi-civilized state, because then it appealed to their strongest instinct, that of physical pain; but now when the pain of conscience—that hideous nightmare—is a terror far in excess of any physical suffering, the punishment is signally unfit, and should be discarded as a remnant of savagery.

One of the principal arguments adduced in favor of capital punishment, as its defenders hold, is its deterrent effect upon future criminals. As regards bygone ages this contention may hold a modicum of truth, but in reference to our own day, it contains much falsehood. In past centuries the execution was always a public affair at which were gathered all the rabble and morbidly curious of the city, and upon many of these the effect was no doubt wholesome and salutary. But with us all this gruesome spectacle occurs in private, shielded from the vulgar public gaze by the grim prison walls. No longer does the criminal stalk between attendant clergymen, dressed in his grave-clothes, through a considerable part of the city, looking like a moving corpse while yet an inhabitant

of this world. But as the ultimate purpose of this spectacle is the prevention of similar crimes, it may at least be questioned whether in abridging this melancholy ceremony, we have not in part diminished that appalling effect upon the spectators, which is the useful end of all such inflictions, and in consideration of which alone we can find any slight justification for capital punishment. Moreover, murder, whether premeditated or not, is in most cases committed when its agent is laboring under some irresistible passion, in which state no earthly influence has power to restrain the assassin's arm.

The punishment of crime should be reformative in character and not vindictive only. But where is the reform in capital punishment? It is merely retributive. All possibility of making atonement for the past is violently taken away from the prisoner, and time is left him only for a sentimental, not a practical, repentance. Besides, the mental agony of the condemned is endured in secret, and as the public can never know the horrors of his remorse, such remorse can have no deterrent effect upon future criminals.

Again, capital punishment, being irrevocable, is too extreme a measure. With a wrong verdict and sentence carried out, the mistake is beyond rectification and the innocent victim must remain forever disgraced in the eyes of the world, thanks to the ignorant folly of those who uphold capital punishment. This is by no means an uncommon incident, especially at the present day, when our law courts foolishly allow the introduction of circumstantial evidence to the subversion of all true justice.

Capital punishment is repugnant to civilization and to the spirit of Christianity; it must go if Christianity is to continue its onward march. We are bidden to be kind and merciful to one another, even to the worst offenders. But capital punishment is opposed to this gospel; it is merely a time-worn cry of blood for blood, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. It is time the world was outgrowing this discredited cry. Vengeance is not justice even when it is exacted by the state. So long as the state sets this example of vengeance it will be impossible to teach the people higher principles. Would it not be of more practical importance to impose a life sentence on the murderer and compel him by hard labor to support the victims which are often left destitute by his folly?

Although convictions are as common in the United States

as elsewhere, nevertheless strange to say we are the most murderous of nations. In 1911 for every million people we had 75 murders, while the average of other leading nations ranged from 10 to 15. In the majority of these countries capital punishment is in vogue. How then is it possible to account for the appalling disparity between the murder rate of our own country and that of other nations? The solution is evident if we but employ the simplest logic. To all this discussion, to all these figures, there is but one conclusion apparent, viz: that the proportion of crime does not depend upon the deterrent effect of capital punishment but rather on the height to which the plane of our general morality ascends.

The true explanation of our large murder rate lies in the fact that we are rapidly ceasing to be a Christian nation. A large percentage of our people know nothing about religion of any kind; millions of them never enter a church, have no religious practices in their homes, and know nothing whatever of their Creator except to blaspheme His name and to outrage His goodness. Their only religion is that of the mighty dollar; their only deity, the god "Ego," in the worship of whom they recognize no barrier, not even that of a human life.

This irreligion, combined with Godless education, is gnawing out the very vitals of the spiritual life of our nation, and herein lies the primal cause of the great majority of the crimes of our day. Herein lies also the question that should engross the attention of all true reformers, a question which emphasizes in its every aspect the extreme necessity of moral and religious training both in the classroom and at the fireside. We must seek to raise the standard of our morality and to set our ideals in the star, not, however, as a matter of expediency (for in so doing we escape the punishment due to crime), but rather because of the true intrinsic worth that attaches to all virtue. And it is only when man will be fully cognizant of his duties to God, to society and to himself, regardless of the fact that the death-dealing vengeance of the scaffold is ever looming up before him, that the present great tidal wave of crime will ebb slowly but surely to the level of the vast ocean, farther than which man in his frailty is unable to recede.

E. A. HEINRICH, '14.



SANCTUM

The Staff.

PROBABLY the greatest handicap of a college periodical is the necessarily annual remodelling of its editorial force. Able men grow gray in the service of most publications; but with the commencement in June a number of competent members are regularly eliminated from the staff of the educational magazine. In this respect, the DUQUESNE MONTHLY has been particularly unfortunate, eight vacancies having to be filled. However, we, who form the new board of editors for the ensuing year, trust that our humble abilities will maintain the standard that former years have bequeathed to us and we hope that if our MONTHLY be not the means of putting into circulation brilliant novelties of thought, some valuable old truths grown worn with usage, may at least, like current coin, be called in, as it were, and, from the mint of the intellectual talent at our command, reissued fresh and new.

M. J. HEGERICH, '14.



Air Castles.

The air castle represents plans never put into execution. Man, indeed, is truly said to be the architect of his own fortunes. But if he be merely architect, he will make but an air castle of his life. He should be not only architect, but builder as well; should not only make the plans, but carry them out.

The folly of the air-castle is manifest. The man who longs for some crisis in life to show mighty courage, who promises great accomplishments for the afterwhile, and yet does nothing in the present to make that future possible, seeks to have harvest without seed time, to have an end without a beginning. The man who boasts: "If I were a millionaire, there would be such and such unique philanthropies," and yet is selfish with the one hundred or the one thousand dollars which he happens to have, will not develop a sudden generosity should his millions come. Likewise the man who says: "If I had a library I would read," and yet does not look into the few good books accessible to him, would be as indifferent to that diversion had he the Carnegie Library at hand with its librarians delegated to continual service in providing him with books from the shelves. Very pertinent, indeed, is the homely primer saying that a single egg of new determination is better than a thousand nests full of the eggs of dead dreams or unrealized ambitions.

It is true, every man with an ideal has a right to picture to himself the inspiring joy of attainment as the tired traveler fills his mind with the thought of home to quicken his steps and make the weary miles seem shorter. But otherwise, to say "If I were" instead of "I am" is as unprofitable as seeking riches in rainbow regions; to live in the subjunctive mood rather than in the indicative is only to rear that phantom structure, that baseless fabric of a vision, the air castle.

M. J. HEGERICH, '14.



Chronicle.

The new school year in the departments of the University located on the Bluff opened with Solemn High Mass on Wednesday, September 3. Rev. P. A. McDermott,

The Opening C. S. Sp., the celebrant, was assisted by Rev. J. A. Pobleschek, C. S. Sp., as deacon, and Rev. E. B. Knaebel, C. S. Sp., as subdeacon. After Mass the students assembled in the Auditorium, where the Very Rev. President welcomed the old and new boys, and then directed them to their respective classes. There were short sessions on the opening day.

This promises to be a banner year as regards numbers. A very large percentage of last year's students have returned, and the influx of new students is most gratifying, one hundred and seventy-five having been enrolled in the first three weeks. So large is the attendance that the Prefect of Discipline was confronted with a real difficulty when he set about arranging places in the chapel and supplying lockers to all.

No changes have taken place in the personnel of the Fathers. Last year's prefects have been replaced by Messrs. Gardiser,

C. S. Sp., Pietrowicz, C. S. Sp., and Sonnefeld,
The Faculty C. S. Sp.

Mr. William M. Deviny is giving substantial aid in the Commercial Department and in the new School of Higher Accounting. Mr. Deviny received his A. B. at Gonzaga College, Washington, in 1902. He was subsequently associated with various Catholic publications, spent ten years in business, and had some experience as a private teacher.

Mr. Edward A. Curran, of Fordham University, will teach English and Mathematics.

Mr. Joseph H. O'Donnell, M. A., of St. Mary's, Kentucky, and Indiana State University, becomes professor of Latin and English in the Classical Department.

Mr. Leo P. Gallagher, who graduated in June, and who was captain of the 1913 base-ball team, has joined the staff of his *Alma Mater*, in the capacity of professor of the English branches.

Rev. J. P. Danner, C. S. Sp., who for the past four years conducted the Commercial Department so successfully, has been appointed treasurer of the University. His work as director

of that department has been assigned to Father Mehler, who has had several years' experience in connection with it.

We are deprived this year of the services of Mr. Frank J. Hipps, our popular professor of elocution. Father Malloy will continue this work in the High School classes, and Mr. Clinton E. Lloyd will take charge of the Oratorical classes in the College Department.

Several members of the Faculty traveled extensively during the summer. Prof. M. J. Connolly spent some time in Texas, and Rev. J. A. Dewe and Prof. Dennis Sullivan **Travels** enjoyed a delightful vacation in the historical and beautiful cities of continental Europe. We expect to hear more about their journey in the near future.

For five weeks at the beginning of the students' vacation, the University was the scene of much activity; but it was such activity as permitted the grass to grow on the campus, **Summer** *i. e.*, purely intellectual. Sixty pupils, the great **Session** majority of whom were Sisters belonging to various teaching orders, attended the second summer session of the University. Four hours daily were devoted to classes, lectures, and laboratory work; and practically all the subjects included in the High School and College courses were covered. The classes were conducted by the following professors: Rev. P. A. McDermott, Rev. George Lee, Rev. H. J. McDermott, Rev. A. B. Mehler, Rev. Edward B. Knaebel, Rev. John F. Malloy, Rev. Jos. A. Pobleschek, Dr. W. H. Glynn, and Professors P. J. Cronin, M. J. Connolly, T. J. Norris, Clinton E. Lloyd and George C. O'Brien. Additional lectures were given by Rev. Dr. Gannon, Mr. W. J. McDowell and others.

The number of pupils, their earnest application, and their frequent, enthusiastic and highly favorable comments on the methods of instruction and the progress achieved during the session, attest an appreciation of the University's efforts on their behalf that is indeed gratifying.

In two or three years, degrees will be conferred on a certain number of the Sisters who attended the summer session.

During vacation many improvements were made throughout the buildings. Among other things, the old stairway, worn by the feet of several generations, has been entirely **Improvements** rejuvenated.

Another building, situated on Ivanhoe

Street opposite St. John's Hall, has been leased for the use of the lay professors. The Hall is given over entirely to roomers.

The University orchestra, which performed so excellently at the concerts and entertainments last year, has been reorganized under the direction of Professor C. B. Weis. Although half a dozen of its members have graduated, it promises to be as successful an organization as heretofore, as plenty of new talent is found among the students.

The classes chose their presidents early in September. They are the following: Senior, Edward A. Heinrich; Junior, Vincent S. Burke; Sophomore, Francis Hoffmann; Freshman,

Class John J. McDonough; Fourth High, Leo F. Brennan;

Officers Third High, Henry T. Wandrisco; Second High A, Louis H. Follet; Second High B, Emmett H. Ricards;

First High A, Charles F. O'Connor; First High B, Carl Ackermann; Advanced Commercial, George B. Frost; Second Commercial, Joseph C. Butler; First Commercial, Charles J. McQuade; Second Preparatory, George P. Luther; First Preparatory, John F. Connelly.

There was a very general expression of regret among the older boys when the death of Eddie McKnight became known.

He was an athlete of ability, having played with the **Sympathy** 'Varsity for five years and captained the base-ball team of 1908. But his prowess on the diamond was only one of many reasons for his great popularity. The sentiments expressed on another page of the MONTHLY by a class-mate, were, to a great extent, those of every one who knew "Eddie." We extend our sympathy to the grief-stricken family in their bereavement.

We wish to convey to Regis Cunningham, '13, the expression of our sincere condolence in the loss of his father, who departed this life in the latter part of August.

We heard with regret of the death of the mother of Louis and Raymond Weldon, during the month of August. She passed to a better life after a long illness, borne with Christian fortitude.

Fred Hartung's father died September 5. He has our prayerful sympathy.

We are extremely sorry to learn of the death of the mother of John E. Dugan, who passed away September 10. May she rest in peace.

For several days in mid-September, the University entertained as its guest Monsignor Tiberghien, Canon of St. John Lateran, in Rome. This distinguished churchman is traveling in America in the interests of that world-wide children's missionary society, the Holy Childhood.

Although the University, as such, took no official part in Allegheny County's one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary celebration, the students were granted a free afternoon on September 26, to see the monster automobile parade. Rev. P. A. McDermott, of the Faculty, was a speaker at a public meeting held September 27 at the Forbes School.

Owing to the full development of the Law School and the opening of new departments we can boast of a real 'Varsity football team in this blessed year of 1913. Now, one thing the team needs is loyal support, not only from the students but also from the Alumni. *Read about it, talk about it, come to the games, and root for all you're worth.*



The School of Accounting.

THOSE interested in higher education, particularly the College branches designed to equip men for business, will be interested in the announcement that Duquesne University is to open an evening school of Accounts, Finance and Commerce on Monday, October 6th, in the George Building, 436 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh. The new department will be entirely of college grade and is intended primarily for men now engaged in business, who wish to obtain advancement through practical instruction in the principles of accounting, banking and general business. The teaching will be along entirely practical lines with the endeavor to eliminate the common error of teaching theory without the actual demonstration of the principles involved. The University officers express their intention of making this a school in which men

can be thoroughly fitted for executive and managerial positions.

The courses taught are accounting, cost-keeping, auditing and C. P. A. preparation, money and banking, corporation finance and management, commercial law, business English, real estate, insurance, economics, salesmanship and advertising, transportation and United States government. The evening school is a large and prolific field of opportunity for ambitious young men who realize the necessity of preparing themselves to meet the conditions of modern business life. The vast size and intricacies of present day industry demand special knowledge and preparation. Business has become a profession, based on broad principles, and demanding executive ability, wide knowledge and efficiency.

The day school of Accounts, Finance and Commerce will be conducted as a department of the regular college work of the University, in the college buildings on Bluff Street. The instruction in the day school will be the same as that of the evening school, except that it will be designed for young men who have had no previous business experience. Upon the satisfactory completion of the course, the University will confer the degree of Bachelor of Science in Economics.

A faculty of five members chosen for their special ability and broad experience, will supervise the instruction, with special emphasis on the practical side. The director of the Day and Evening School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce, is Mr. William H. Walker, of the Wharton School of Commerce, University of Pennsylvania, who brings to his work a long actual experience in business. The faculty includes John E. Little, LL.B., William M. Deviny, A.B., Rev. P. A. McDermott, Ph.D., and Rev. J. A. Dewe, M.A., D.Lit., together with others whose names will be subsequently announced.

Alumni.

It is always a source of the liveliest pleasure for the old professors, as well as their younger co-workers, to receive a visit from an alumnus, to meet one of the "old boys" while traveling, or even to hear of the success in life of a former pupil. The summer vacation affords many occasions for enjoying this delightful sensation. Invariably, the sentiments of these "old boys" (as they love to call themselves) towards their *Alma Mater* are of the warmest. The Alumni Editor is happy at the outset of his career, to be able to tell his readers of the fortunes of a large number of former students, who, he feels assured, will be glad to hear from one another through the columns of the MONTHLY.

REV. WILLIAM KANE, '90, has recently been honored by his bishop with the responsible position of Superintendent of Parochial Schools in the diocese of Cleveland. This office is a fitting recognition of the splendid work he has done in building up his own parish school.

During the month of September, REV. JEREMIAH O'CONNELL, ex-'04, paid a visit to Duquesne, where he was formerly a boarder, and a member of the Reserve football team. Ever since his ordination, Father O'Connell has been doing real missionary work in the diocese of Wheeling. For several years he was pastor at Wetherville, Va., a place so remote from city civilization that he had to travel eighty miles before he could see a fellow priest. He is now laboring at Princeton, W. Va., a growing parish in the mountains of Mercer County.

REV. CHARLES RUDOLPH, C. S. Sp., '99, after spending eight years in Sierra Leone, doing yeoman work as an African missionary, has been ordered by his superiors to return to America, where we are sure his zeal will bear like fruits of salvation.

The news of the death of REV. MICHAEL KRUPINSKI, '99, reached us on September 6. Father Krupinski was the organizer and first pastor of the Guardian Angel's parish, in West End, Pittsburgh, and was visiting his native Poland when the summons that ended his earthly labors came. May he rest in peace!

It will be a pleasant and edifying piece of news to many of our alumni to hear that VINCENT FROST, ex-'01, has, since early spring, been a postulant in the brothers' novitiate of the Holy

Ghost Order at Ferndale, Conn. He "hopes he will 'prove worthy;" *we* are sure he will!

REV. CHARLES M. KEANE, '05, the energetic assistant of V. Rev. A. A. Lambing, L.L.D., of St. James' Church, Wilkinsburg, is to be congratulated on the simultaneous completion of three handsome parish buildings—school, rectory and convent—which is due in large measure to him. The Very Rev. President and other Fathers were present at the blessing of the school.

REV. ANDREW BEJENKOWSKI, '05, is at present recuperating from a serious nervous breakdown.

JOSEPH L. MCGOVERN, '06, was a recent visitor at the University. Since leaving school he has been employed by the Jackson Motor Supply Co., in the capacity of salesman, covering a territory embracing Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and West Virginia. FRANK X. DRISCOLL, a contemporary of his, is located with the same firm.

From last reports JOHN D. SHAW, '04, one of our old boarders, is very busy looking after the interests of the Metropolitan Insurance Co., in his home city of Sistersville, W. Va.

JOHN MCGEEHIN, '03, is associated with his father in the management of the Bogert Hotel, at Ridgway. The Bogert is one of the leading hostelrys of that section of Elk County.

JOHN C. REINBOLD, '04, was for some time engaged in the same business at Emlenton, Pa., but recently moved to Denver, Colo., to try the fortunes of the West.

The rise in the business world of GEORGE A. DITZ, '07, has been rapid and successful. At present he is cashier of the First National Bank of Friburg, Pa. He was one of the most active founders of that institution.

ANTHONY P. PASQUALE, '07, is now his father's partner in the company of P. Pasquale & Son, manufacturers of art marble mosaics and terrazzo, with offices in Pittsburgh and Youngstown.

Our old friend JOHN ZAREMBA is finishing his medical course at Loyola University, Chicago.

FRANK NEILAN, '06, recently returned from Seattle, Washington, where he had been engaged in engineering work. He is now mechanical engineer for the Pittsburgh Coal Co., with offices in the Oliver building. As he is domiciled quite near the University, he comes over frequently to "limber up" in the handball courts.

For quite a while back, the claim agent of the West Penn Electric Railway, plying between Greensburg, Mt. Pleasant, and neighboring towns, has been ROBERT J. RYAN, ex-'07. "Bob" is the same sunny enthusiast as he was in school days.

Late in the month of roses and weddings took place the marriage of Miss Hilda Marie Weger and DR. JULIUS J. KVATSAK, both of this city. They are now at home in a pleasant California Avenue residence on North Side. The MONTHLY extends its congratulations and hearty good wishes to the couple.

REV. EUGENE MCGUIGAN, C. S. Sp., '06, has returned to America after three years' study in France. At his first solemn mass, in St. Philip's Church, Philadelphia, August 10, REV. DR. J. A. NELSON, '04, preached a most touching and appropriate sermon. Father McGuigan is stationed at St. Joseph's Home, in the City of Brotherly Love.

Of the young men who were ordained to the holy priesthood last June, REV. GEORGE BARLOCK, ex-'05, is temporary pastor at St. Michael's Church, Braddock, during the absence of the rector; REV. GEORGE BULLION, '09, is assistant at St. Agnes' Church, Pittsburgh; REV. RAYMOND CONWAY, '09, is assistant at St. Francis Xavier's, McKees Rocks; REV. THOMAS DUNN, '09, is assistant at St. Mary's, 46th St., Pittsburgh; REV. JOSEPH WHALEN, '09, is attached to the diocese of Harrisburg.

REV. THEODORE SZULC, '10, S. T. B., on account of his youth, was not promoted to the priesthood till September 30. He will leave shortly for the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., to prepare for the doctorate.

DR. ANDREW J. DZMURA, ex-'10, is an interne at St. Francis' Hospital, and assistant to Dr. Herd. He is making a specialty of internal medicine. Later he will go to Europe to round out his training.

The class of 1912 (Collegiate) have, almost to a man, taken up higher studies. Messrs. CLIFFORD, HALEY, LEGER, EARL and DESMOND McNANAMY, and O'CONNELL, have entered the diocesan seminary of St. Vincent, Beatty, Pa.; Messrs. LAVELLE, McKAVNEY, MUSZYNSKI and YUNKER have taken up theological studies at St. Mary's, Baltimore. LEO GALLAGHER is teaching at his *Alma Mater*; REGIS CUNNINGHAM will probably also teach; STEPHEN STERANCHAK has not yet announced his intentions, but we have had an inkling that they are quite ambitious.

Of the Commercial graduates, we are happy to say they are all working, and, what is more, all giving satisfaction to their employers. For the nonce, the exigencies of space forbid us to acquaint our readers with the detail of the various positions they are holding.

EDWARD A. HEINRICH, '14.

Obituary.

EDWARD J. McKNIGHT.

*"Oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"*

THE death of Edward J. McKnight was felt as a blow by all who knew him, and, knowing, loved him; but it was felt probably more keenly by the members of his class of 1910 than by anybody else except his own family. To us, his friends of that class, who knew him as only daily companions can know a friend, remains only the sincerest sorrow and regret. We had grown up with him from boyhood into young manhood, and now he is gone, the first break in our ranks.

To us, Eddie was the ideal and the model of all that we should be. Clean in speech and thought, sincerely but unassumingly pious, diligent and painstaking in his work; as a musician, capable and entertaining; as an athlete, second to none; as a son, a joy to a mother's heart, Eddie McKnight was our friend and our hero. Without ever soliciting popularity, he was unquestionably, during his last years, "the king of the college." Many still at the old school remember him affectionately as "Eddie," for by this name was he always called.

Forsaking a rosy future as a baseball player—for as such he had no superior in the ranks of the college "stars"—and answering the call to the holy priesthood, he began, immediately upon his graduation in June, 1910, to prepare himself for that sacred office. But Providence had other designs. It was then that the first symptoms of that dread scourge, tubercu-

losis, made their appearance. For three long years, under the best of care and treatment, he was a silent sufferer in its clutches, and finally, on July 10, 1913, succumbed to its inroads. His death, met with deepest faith and resignation, was a fitting close to a well-spent life.

Edward J. McKnight was the son of the late well-known Captain Felix McKnight, and was born near the present site of the University on August 24, 1887. For years he attended St. Agnes' school, and from there entered the College on January 6, 1902. He remained here eight and one-half years, until the day of his graduation in June, 1910. He rounded out his course with honors well earned, and with prospects for a future rosy with hope. How uncertain is life! Here he was not allowed to attain what he so laudably ambitioned, but who will say his short life was fruitless? Who will calculate the influence of his example? Without doubt, he had already begun unconsciously the priestly work to which he longed to devote his life. God grant us other Eddie McKnights!

We are sorrowful at his loss to us and to his family, and we can only extend our sincere and prayerful sympathy to his bereaved mother and sister and brothers.

JOSEPH H. MCGRAW, '10.





Foot-ball.

At this time of the year, when the crisp, invigorating Autumn air seems to give us more life than we ordinarily possess, our thoughts naturally turn to the greatest of all fall sports—foot-ball; the horse-hide gives place, in our preferences, to the pig-skin. And naturally also, our interest is centered on the team with which we are most closely connected. So students of Duquesne anticipate with joy the excellent chances, that, from all present appearances, the 'Varsity team will have this season.

Coach Budd, a former star at the game—whose services the Athletic Committee was very fortunate in securing—issued a call for 'Varsity candidates. The men responded quickly so that now there is very promising material at hand. The line men are all heavy, but are built "big all over," thus their weight does not interfere with their speed. The main attributes of the back-field aspirants are speed and ability to use their heads; moreover each one of them possesses unusual knack for acquiring full speed in a very short space—which is an important factor in every game. The following students are available for the 'Varsity squad: Baum, Blattner, Blum, Blundon, Bowden, Burns, Butler, Carlin, Conlin, Dolphin, Fedigan, Gnau, Heinrich, Hughes, Kane, Kenny, King, Lysaght, Mosti, McGregor, McDonnell, McIntyre, McQuade, O'Brien, Obruba, Shortley, Sorce, Werder, Wilson, Wolak. Among these names may be recognized some of the men that made the Freshmen of '12 famous. Others have had valuable experience on the best high school teams of Western Pennsylvania.

The squad has shown such ability in every detail of the game that supporters of Duquesne will not be disappointed in expecting the best team that has ever represented the institution.

The schedule of games that has been arranged is one that will give foot-ball enthusiasts a chance to see real foot-ball. The team will meet Indiana, Kiski, St. Francis, Westminster, and other first-class college aggregations.

The one thing the student body must do this year is to *boost* the team. Get out and *root* for the team, for by doing this you inspire the players, and they feel more like putting up a stiff game. You should make your grid-iron gladiators feel that their efforts are appreciated. So each one of you, in order to do your duty to the University and to the 'Varsity team, must go to the games and ROOT.

ASSOCIATION FOOT-BALL.—At noon-hour the students engage in free-for-all association, and many have become experts at the game.

HAND-BALL.—The devotees of hand-ball, invigorated by the vacation rest, are again conspicuous in the alleys. Scores of newcomers are likewise expending surplus energy in the courts, and acquiring by this exercise greater quickness of eye and agility of limb.

BASKET-BALL.—Rumors are afloat that D. U. will have basket-ball on the list of sports. In fact, several members of the foot-ball squad are local celebrities at the strenuous winter game.

TRACK-TEAM.—The University should be able to put forth a team able to compete with other high-class track-teams. Let those interested stir up the interest of the others.

ALBERT MAMAUX, farmed out by the Pirates to Huntington, of the Ohio State League, where he was this season's sensation, and recalled by Clark, August 21, was the pitcher for the Duquesne Reserves of 1911. Many admiring friends recently saw him hold Brooklyn to two hits in three innings in Pittsburgh.

"BILL" MEEHAN, last year's 'Varsity star pitcher, is reported to be signed up by "Connie" Mack.

JAMES A. MANLEY, '14.

Law Notes.

THE Duquesne University Law School commenced the third year of its existence on Monday, September 22.

At the formal opening exercises, held in the library of the law school, the Very Rev. President of the University occupied the chair, and welcomed the students with a few appropriate remarks. The Vice-Deán, John E. Laughlin, Esq., then addressed them a few pertinent observations, outlining briefly the work to be covered, and directing their attention to the importance of regular attendance at lectures and serious application to study. Judge Joseph M. Swearingen, Dean of the Law School, emphasized the remarks of Mr. Laughlin.

The attendance, now that the complete course is being given, is very encouraging. If it lacks anything in numbers, it compensates in enthusiasm therefor; and the students, new and old, are loud in their praise of the competent and energetic faculty that is directing their ambitions and endeavors.

As heretofore, Prof. M. J. Connelly is coaching a certain number of young men who are preparing for the State Board Examination for entrance into law school. The day classes are held in the college building, and the evening classes at the law building on Fourth Avenue.

Surgeon Required.

They tell of a fellow called Ben
Who happed to steal apples again:
Well, he soon took to flight
When the boss came in sight;
But the tacks in his back numbered ten!

CORNELIUS J. BEGGY (4 High)

Varia.

The Beginning of the Scholastic Year.

The Almighty's guiding winds have steered our barks through the seas of a summer vacation and have brought us back to home and friends. No storms have harassed us, no tempests have disturbed the tranquillity of our voyage; and now, at last, we have disembarked on the rugged but pleasant shore of another scholastic year.

The opening week of school is one of keenest enjoyment. The reunion of old friends, the reception of new ones, the greetings with professors, the welcome of the halls themselves, all tend to produce sentiments of keenest pleasure and satisfaction in the breasts of those who return to their *Alma Mater* for another year of scholastic endeavor. What can exceed the joy of a truly friendly greeting? What can evoke more hearty sentiments of joy and gratitude than the meeting of student and professor; the professor, to whom the student comes, as to an oracle, seeking to know those things which, as yet, he regards with a superstitious awe.

Aside from these pleasing emotions, wherever our eyes fall we meet with places that recall to our minds many pleasant incidents of our past school life. This is the place where Cartwright kicked goal; here, the spot where Glitsch hit a home run; there, the alley where we won that close game; here, the place where Heinrich proved his worth. What student can glance at the campus, the assembly hall, the alleys or the chapel without recalling events whose very memory stirs him profoundly?

Another but remoter source of interest on opening day is the team. Will it be stronger than last year's? Can it cope with Kiski? How many "old" men are back? Such questions meet the directors of athletics in an almost endless flood. And it pleases them, too; especially if they have been working hard to make the team a success, for they realize that their efforts will be appreciated.

Last, but not least, is the spiritual satisfaction from the consciousness of the year well begun. Nothing can be done without God's assistance and we must, therefore, begin the year by asking His protection. Let us ask Him to illumine our darkened intellects with the Light of His Wisdom and, guiding us through the right paths of research, to preserve our minds from going astray in the labyrinth of modern scientific theories.

Duquesne Monthly

November Rest.

THE violet, the lily and the rose
Long in the earth their withered heads repose.
The herald, Autumn, with his shrillest call
Has summoned Ceres' subjects one and all.

Chrysanthemums, in beautiful decay,
Are trembling in the breeze upon its way;
The aster on its arid stalk doth nod,
And scattered are the blooms of goldenrod.

The purple ash, the fragrant birch, the oak,
The gaudy maple—all the forest folk
Parade their leaves in beauteous array
Like scarlet sunbeams in the month of May.

Gratuitous, the Master's skillful hand
With wondrous beauties ever fills the land;
Nor is there any splendor that excels
The grandeur of November's slumb'ring dells.

The throbbing life that pulsed thro' leaf and flower
Now finds its labor done, and spent its power,
But, like a flame, e'en as it sinks to rest,
Flares up again, in matchless glory dressed.

As leaves in Spring, of old, I, too, was gay
Ere frost and sorrow snatched my joy away;
But, like the leaves, I, too, may find relief
In that decay wherein I saw but grief.

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.



The Twilight of Truth.

TO each succeeding age secrets are disclosed according to its needs and fitness. As the physician does not tell his patient all the truth concerning his condition, but gives him installments of information as he is able to bear it, so God deals with us in loving discretion and slowly reveals to us natural truths. If proud men with a crude knowledge of the arts and sciences built Babel, what outrages would they have perpetrated possessed of modern wealth and learning! The tyranny and slavery of Egypt and Assyria were terrible enough with horses and chariots; what vicious service would steam and electricity have afforded! The Jews were in constant peril because the ships of Solomon every three years brought gold, ivory, peacocks, and precious stones; what would have been the popular state had the treasure-freighted fleets of the world anchored in their ports, as they do in ours! The Romans were destructive enough with slings and stones, swords and spears; what would they have been with gun-powder and dynamite! The Greeks were voluptuous beyond the telling with the limited luxury of their age; what would have been their carnivals of ruinous pleasure had they commanded the gold fields of Johannesburg and the diamond mines of Kimberley! Just as we do not permit a child to play with fire, knives, poisons and live wires, so Providence did not trust the childhood of the race with the tremendous resources of knowledge involved in modern civilization.

Through the years and ages also, down to our own day, have men been denied the full light of truth that they may keep reverent and properly progressive. As pilots find the electric light in light-houses perplexing and blinding, and a softer luminant preferable for practical purposes, so morally and intellectually, materially and spiritually, the full light of truth would perhaps prove for man more undesirable than a lesser amount.

Ever, too, will human comprehension be imperfect. Slowly but interminably God's wonder-ball will unwind; the known will always be ringed about by the unknown; our human vision will never be without a horizon. We may expect to find something hidden even in the least things of life. Tennyson, representative poet of science, has sung:

"Little flower, but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

But this is precisely what we cannot attain—a complete knowledge, a perfect comprehension. Our discoveries are at most only pin-hole peeps into the wonders of nature. We may not hope to utter an ultimate "Eureka." In our present constitution, we have no right to have all questions answered any more than we have a right to fly like eagles, to run like hounds, or to be all eyes like the cherubim. The finite can never comprehend the Infinite. We should be content that the Creator made us of His court, and not of His council. Impatience with the secrets of nature would be impatience with God. Ever should we remember that there is mercy in the mystery that still surrounds and vexes us, that there is a benevolent purpose in our awing twilight of truth.

M. J. HEGERICH, '14.

The Causes of Macbeth's Fall.

MODERN educators, or rather educational faddists, modern students of social problems and "uplifters of the race", talk a great deal about the influence of heredity and the influence of environment on the formation of a child's character, and their complete or partial responsibility for his conduct later in life. A great many of them seem to believe that the forces that make or mar a man lie all without him; whereas every sane moralist maintains that such forces, however strong, however persistent, can not move him one hair's breadth to right or to left without the co-operation of the force that is within, namely, the will. The philosopher who said, "We are the architects of our own fortunes" was right; and we are not architects only, but builders as well. As far as our moral life is concerned, none of us need be "the victim of circumstances."

Shakespeare's "Macbeth," tragedy of superstition, murder, ambition and retribution, well illustrates the foregoing contention. "Its theme," as Professor Dowden remarks, "is the gradual ruin, through yielding to evil within and evil without, of a man who, though from the first tainted by base and ambitious thoughts, yet possessed elements in his nature of possible honor and loyalty." The first qualities of his to be brought to our notice are his bravery and nobility. He,

"Disdaining Fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smok'd of bloody execution,
Like valor's minion, carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave"

and defeated the haughty Norwegian who threatened Duncan's domains. The latter passed on Macbeth this high eulogium:

"More is thy worth than more than all can pay."

But what are these clouds that are about to encompass his career? Appearing amidst the conflict of the elements, three witches begin to plot. Evil is their watchword; confusion, their greatest delight. They agree to assemble "upon the hearth, there to meet with Macbeth." Their evil influence has begun to enter his life. They simply externalize, to all appearances, the leanings toward evil that are growing apace in his soul.

"A drum, a drum! Macbeth doth come." The Thane, Banquo and the weird sisters are face to face. Hear Banquo:

"Live you? or are you aught

That man may question? You seem to understand me
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips ”

Then follows the salute of the witches. The first hails Macbeth as Thane of Glamis, which he is already; the second, as Thane of Cawdor, which he is not yet; the third, as king “hereafter,” which he finds incredible. Soon after the witches have vanished, Macbeth receives tidings that he has in fact been made Thane of Cawdor; and royalty, hitherto unhopèd-for, takes on the semblance of a possibility.

Now, Macbeth, instead of putting the witches out of his mind, allows their evil influence to dominate it. He was not really an evil man; he was ambitious, and the sight and the promise of a crown crazed him. Spurred on by the lust for place and power, and encouraged by the prophecies of the weird sisters, he plans the taking off of Duncan. But in the pursuit of so heinous a project, he is irresolute; he himself says, “The horrid image that doth unfix my hair and make my sealed heart knock at my ribs” makes me shrink from the deed. Several times he apparently decides not to murder Duncan, saying at one time, “If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me.”

But another instrument of evil is about to lend itself to Macbeth's fall. Lady Macbeth has a burning ambition to become queen; she has a will more resolute and an intellect more penetrating to her lord's. When the letter about the witches reaches her from her husband, she determines to infuse some of her spirit into him, saying,

“I will chastise with the valour of my tongue.
All that impedes thee from the golden round
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.”

The news that the king is to stay at their castle over night overjoys her; her opportunity has arrived sooner than she expected. She resolves that Duncan must not leave their palace alive. The skill with which she plays upon her lord's ambition; the eloquence with which she inflames his irresolute spirit; the sarcastic manner in which she doubts his courage, the boldness with which she removes all obstacles and shows the way clear to her husband—all this engages our interest and elicits our admiration even while it inspires us with loathing and terror.

Can anyone doubt what influence such a spirit would have

on her husband, whose mind had already been prepared by his own ambition and by the prediction of the witches?

Which of these played the most prominent part in Macbeth's downfall, it is hard to say; but, in my estimation, the absence of any one of the three impelling forces would have meant that Duncan would not have been murdered, and that Macbeth would have obtained more happiness from life as Thane of Cawdor than he did as King of Scotland.

As regards the murders subsequent to his regicide, it is clear that neither Lady Macbeth nor the witches had much part in Macbeth's guilt. It is the fear of losing his ill-achieved royalty that precipitates the cowardly assassination of Banquo and the inhuman massacre of Macduff's wife and family. If others helped to launch him on a career of crime, it is by his own perversity that he perseveres therein.

Banquo was equally courageous in battle, equally worthy of advancement, and similarly tempted by the witches; but these temptations he withstands, these ambitious thoughts he prayerfully resists, and these evil dreams he confesses to Macbeth in the hope of receiving counsel. Macbeth finds Banquo burdensome, whereas he might have been saved by him. The difference between them is the difference between the man who follows his conscience and the man who strives to silence its warnings.

JEROME N. HANNAN, '16.



The Ammonia Witness.

“**L**ISTEN to this, men: ‘Coming home from town yesterday afternoon the housekeeper for old Jacob Harper, retired merchant, found him stretched upon his library floor, dead, life having been extinct for some hours.

“Though the body showed no signs of violence, the face was wrinkled as if in disgust, and in one hand was clutched a large piece of paper, perfectly blank. It is thought, however, that death was due to apoplexy.’”

Police Lieutenant Harrison was reading an extract from a morning paper to the detectives gathered about him.

“Did you say apoplexy? I never thought it possible for that tight old miser to die with a civilized disease!” exclaimed young Harvey Lutrelle, “and I can’t believe it. I’ll even bet my next month’s salary on it. Take me up, somebody? Cut that grinning, Jim—come on, put up your money.”

Jim Winters smiled good naturedly—he had to humor the “kid.” “What’s the matter? Don’t you think Doc. Endel knows his business? He examined the old gent.”

“Put up your money.”

“Well, if you insist,” drawled Winters, “but you know, my boy, how I hate to rob you.”

“Don’t let that worry you,” was the retort, “I’m going to hold my own and annex yours. Come on out to Harper’s house now.”

Harvey Lutrelle, or, as the fellows dubbed him, the “Chemical Kid,” because of his interest in science, was always betting on something, but never winning. And now he was starting some more foolishness.

“Here’s where the Kid loses again, fellows,” laughed the lieutenant. “Don’t forget to treat this evening, Winters.”

Lutrelle could not be ruffled. “If you want to get some pointers on how to gather in extra money, come along.”

And he went. On the way they met Doctor Endel, who had been the Harper family physician.

“Hello! I was on my way to see you fellows,” was his greeting.

The lieutenant stared at him. “What do you want us for, if he died of apoplexy?”

"Well, gentlemen, the truth is—he didn't. I, for some reason, think he was murdered."

"What do you mean—he was murdered?" exclaimed Winters. "There were no marks."

"I know that, but Mr. Harper was too healthy a man to die in this manner; he comes from a very sturdy stock. I can't understand it."

Lutrelle, who had been an interested listener, suddenly broke into the conversation.

"Say, fellows, do me a favor, will you? Let me work this case myself. If I win Jim's money I want to do it without anyone's help."

The lieutenant thought for a moment, then smiled. "All right, Kid. If you think you can teach us anything, go to it."

"Thank you—but here's the house now."

They had stopped before a large stone residence set back from the street. It had been the home of the Harper family for three generations. Dark and forbidding, it bore a strong resemblance to its last owner, old Jacob.

The very dogs of the street shunned it; and, as for the children, they considered the "old black house" as the abode of witches, presided over by the "stingy old man" himself.

Entering its gloomy interior the four men were ushered into the library where the body had been found. Mrs. Smith, the housekeeper, came forward to meet them. Her right hand was swathed in bandages and her lips trembled. The experience of the preceding day was enough to unnerve even the strongest.

Lutrelle began at once to question her. "Would you mind telling us all you know of this terrible affair, Mrs. Smith? In what position was the body lying upon the floor?"

She endeavored to calm herself. "All I remember is that he was lying over there near the window, part on the rug and part on the bare floor. Thinking him only ill I stooped to pick him up. Suddenly the back of my hand felt as though it had touched a block of ice, then a red hot stove. Frightened, I ran from the room, screaming."

She then took off the bandages and held up her hand. It was horribly disfigured and nearly black.

After a brief examination Lutrelle muttered, "Your hand appears to have been frozen, but I can't think of any way that that could happen."

Nervously he paced the floor, then quickly turned to the woman.

"May I see the body?" he asked.

"Certainly. The doctor will take you up to the bed room. The undertaker has not yet arrived."

Lutrelle began to examine the corpse. Suddenly he looked up in astonishment. "I thought there were no marks!"

Doctor Endel bent nearer. "There aren't," he repeated.

"There aren't? Look at those finger tips—what do you call those marks—beauty spots?"

"I thought they were from ink."

"Ink the dickens! That's the same kind of a spot as on the housekeeper's hand. Did you find any more ink spots? No? Well, we'll go back to the rest and do some more questioning."

"What luck?" asked Winters as they returned.

Lutrelle did not answer; he was staring at a saucer on the library window sill.

"What's in this young plate, Mrs. Smith?" he queried, crossing to the window.

"Oh, that was just some ammonia I was using to kill the flies."

"Ammonia! You might as well have used vinegar. Well, it's all evaporated now. But what is that brown stuff in the bottom?"

"What brown stuff? I'm sure I didn't put it there!"

"It's here just the same," he laughed, "and I'm going to find out what it is."

In the meantime he had gathered up the deposit and was preparing to scrutinize it with a lens when it fell to the floor.

Instantly there was a deafening report, knocking him over and shattering the windows.

The other occupants were thrown to one corner in a heap. Where the substance had fallen there was a hole a foot square.

Lutrelle carefully picked himself up, exclaiming, "Jerusalem! but that stuff is delicate; I wouldn't want to go to bed with a can of it under me. Hey, Mrs. Smith, are you still living? I want to ask you a question."

She managed to gasp out a frightened "Wha—what happened?"

"I'll tell you in a minute, but answer this question first—Did Mr. Harper ever mention a young chemist by the name of Farrel?"

"Why, yes, I believe he did."

"In what way?"

"If I remember rightly, Mr. Harper put him out of his building without notice last week."

"That clears everything. Send a man for Farrel, Lieutenant. Give me your money, Jim."

"Not yet, my boy, you haven't proved anything."

"No, but I will. That disobedient brown explosive was chloride of nitrogen. It is formed by the union of chlorine gas and ammonia, making the most dangerous though not the most powerful explosive known to chemistry. The slightest knock will start something. As soon as that gentle chemical went off I recognized it. In fact, I blew up our school laboratory one day, fooling with it."

"What has Farrel to do with this?" objected Winters.

"Well, the appearance of the dead man's features suggested chlorine poisoning and the presence of this explosive confirmed my belief. But chlorine is a gas—a greenish, heavy vapor—and necessitates the use of some kind of receptacle for transportation. Now, all that was found was this blank paper. Then I happened to remember Farrel, who has been perfecting a secret process for the solidification of gases by pressure of submarine depths. *

"In this manner he not only can change air, chlorine, nitrogen, etc., into a solid lump, but also approaches so near absolute zero as to keep these gases solid for a considerable time, until, of course, they come in contact with a warm object.

"Now, Farrel had reason to revenge himself upon the old man and it is reasonable to suppose that he did."

"But what injured my hand?" interposed Mrs. Smith.

"My opinion is this—Farrel either sent or carried a block of the solidified chlorine wrapped up in that paper to Mr. Harper, who brought it to this room and undid the package. The moment his fingers touched the contents the tips became frozen and he dropped the chlorine. Striking the warm floor it immediately returned to a liquid state, then to a gas, incidentally making a part of the floor intensely cold.

"Then, engrossed in his sore fingers, the old man may not have noticed the peculiar odor until too late, and thus he succumbed to the deadly gas. Some of the latter was absorbed by

* It is a matter of record that thick planks have, after being depressed in very deep water, shrunk to the thinness of tissue paper.

the ammonia on the window sill, forming our noisy friend, chloride of nitrogen.

"When Mrs. Smith came in a few hours later, the gas was no longer noticeable but the floor still was very cold, so cold, in fact, that it nearly froze her hand. Get your money out, Jim, here comes Farrel now."

The chemist was brought in, defiant but calm. "You have no right to take me," he declared. "That man died of apoplexy."

"Yes," smiled Lutrelle grimly, "chlorine apoplexy."

Then he slowly repeated his explanation of the old miser's death.

As he neared the end, Farrel shrieked: "My God—stop! I did it—I did it—but Heaven knows he deserved it! How did you know?—were you looking?—were you a witness?"

"No," answered Lutrelle, "I wasn't a witness but *something more reliable* was. It was just a saucer of ammonia."

Farrel was subsequently freed, as the jury disagreed. The old man had always been disliked in the town and his act in turning out the struggling young chemist from his laboratory added to the general feeling.

As for the Chemical Kid, he won not only his bet, but also a promotion.

FRANK P. ANTON, '16.

Futilities.

WHY should we sigh for the things that are not?
 Why should we puzzle to learn what must be?
 Why should we wrangle, and why should we plot?
 Profitless seem all such strivings to me.

Why should we not with our lot be content?
 Why should we always our troubles foresee?
 Why undervalue the gifts God has sent?
 These are mysterious questions for me.

Why should we frown when 'tis easy to smile?
 Why should we not from all worriment flee?
 Hopefulness, Kindliness, these are worth while—
 Just try it once: you'll agree then with me!

JOSEPH A. BURNS, '14.



Retrospective Glances at Pittsburgh

EVERY nook in our city has a legend. The very atmosphere we breathe is redolent of border romance! The very names of our streets have their thrilling history to tell. We can scarcely look through our parlor window, or move from our door-step, but we are confronted with a towering hill that points our vision to some important date or well known incident.

But what a vast condensation of romance and adventure, of horror and bloodshed, of midnight alarm and noonday assault in that little corner of land we call the Point! This is the most tempting theme of all, and this is the most interesting to those who are fond of what might be called historical contrast. What a contrast, indeed, between 1744 and 1794! What scenes of massacre and corresponding bravery within and around that little Point, during those first fifty years from the treaty with the Six Nations on June 22, 1744, to April 22, 1794! What a contrast and what scenes of peaceful progress and conquest between 1794, when Pittsburgh, with a population of scarcely 1,200, became a Borough, and 1844, when, with a population of over 25,000, the thought was suggested (and put into execution the following year) to use for the first time, a steam tug for towing the boats and coal barges down the Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico! But what a grander contrast between the Pittsburgh of 1844, and the great industrial city of 1913, with its population of 1,500,000 (including its residential suburbs), its vast industries and its natural resources, its great wealth and capital, its magnificent system of railroad, electrical, telegraphic and postal communications, its numberless public and private institutions, all of which make the Pittsburgh of today the wonder of the Eastern and the pride of the Western Hemispheres.

* This article is culled from material gathered by Rev. P. A. McDermott from original sources and used by him in an address delivered on the occasion of Allegheny County's one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary.

We can easily understand the gloom that hangs over the history of this portion of the American Continent previous to the middle of the eighteenth century. The white man may have passed along this natural route, but he made no settlements and left no documents; consequently we have but scattered legends and fleeting traditions respecting the aboriginal inhabitants. Certain it is that the Delaware and Shawanese tribes were the ones that roamed throughout this entire region until they were conquered by the formidable Iroquois, or Six Nations, who permitted their conquered brethren to occupy the lands of which they could no longer claim the possession and supremacy. Little by little, toward the year 1744, the English and French traders came down the Ohio Valley, vying with each other in turn to gain the sympathy and confidence of the native tribes around the forks of the Beautiful River. Few and scattered and isolated were the trading posts or cabins that could be found west of the Allegheny Mountains or south of Lake Erie before the French explorer Celeron descended the Allegheny river in 1749. Sharpsburg, Emsworth and Swickley are about the only places in our neighborhood that can boast of having been then occupied by the adventurous white trader.

Various efforts were made at this time by some of the English traders to establish a permanent post at the mouth of the Monongahela; but they were without success until the Government of Virginia began to interest itself in this much-talked-of situation. To Governor Dinwiddie, of that colony, belongs the honor of establishing on the 17th of February, 1754, the first (permanent) settlement for the whites upon the spot now occupied by the city of Pittsburgh. The existence of this first little post as an English settlement was, however, destined to be brief; for scarcely had two months elapsed when it was obliged to surrender into the hands of the French under the command of Captain Contrecoeur, who completed the fort thus commenced, and called it Fort Duquesne, in honor of the Governor of Canada. Within a very short period the newly established fort was recognized as one of the most important points upon the American Continent, so much so that General Braddock resolved to reduce it with the flower of his veteran and well-trained army. But we all know the story of his defeat on July 9, 1755.

It was towards the close of the year 1758 that Fort Duquesne, whose possession had been for three years disputed by the English, was finally wrested from the French, who, with this im-

portant post, lost all their possessions along the Ohio River. Finally, towards the close of the same year, the fort was taken by General Forbes, who had cautiously advanced with a superior force of about 1,000 men. But as it was now in ruins a new fort was erected in the following year by General Stanwix, and was named Fort Pitt in honor of the famous minister by whose efforts and energy the war had at first been declared and had been pushed forward to its ultimate success for the British arms, especially in Canada.

We learn from the diary and journal of Colonel Ecuyer (begun May 14, 1763) that fearful outrages were being committed by the Indians (especially the Delawares) during the month of May, 1763. He says that on the 28th of May, Colonel Clapham with one of his men, two women and a child were murdered by the Delaware Indians. "This evening, May 29th," says he, "we had two soldiers killed and scalped at the sawmill." On May 30th all the inhabitants moved into the fort. On the same day another massacre took place near the mouth of Beaver creek. All this was the result of the warfare carried on in Michigan and along the Great Lakes. While the inhabitants were shut up in the fort during the month of June, 1763, they were surrounded by Indians who had advanced to the very foot of Grant's Hill. It was probably from Boyd's Hill, where now stands Duquesne University, that on June 17, 1763, the red warriors fired upon a little party of militia under Sergeant Miller, the latter being shot dead just as he gained the summit of the hill where the Court House now stands.

It will not be sufficient to pass in review the more important stages of our local history from the year 1764, without a word about the first attempt to lay out some streets and squares for prospective residents. It is true the residents outside the fort itself were far from being numerous at the outset, nor did they increase as rapidly as was anticipated; for we find from Washington's journal of his visit in October, 1770, "The houses, which are built of logs and ranged in streets, are on the Monongahela, and I suppose may be about 20 in number, and inhabited by Indian traders." Increase from 20 houses in 1770 to 50 houses in 1774, and to about 75 in 1781, was not certainly indicative of the settlement's future greatness and growth. But this may be attributed, in great measure, not only to the insecurity caused by the savage depredations of the Indian allies of Great Britain, but also to the rapacity of the traders, who made it almost impossible

to buy provisions, and chiefly to the vicissitudes of the Continental War, during which Fort Pitt remained ever faithful to the cause of liberty and independence.

It is no wonder, when the news of the surrender of Cornwallis reached the brave little fort, the commander, General Irvine, gave to the garrison the word "Joy" as the countersign for the day, ordering thirteen pieces of artillery to be fired in the fort, while the troops were to be under arms, with their colors displayed, "and a gill of whiskey, extraordinary, to be issued on this occasion."

What a magnificent picture those first years of Pittsburgh's corporate existence present to the admiring gaze of the student of American history! What a bright chapter of progress, of industry, of success it adds to the pages of the world's history! What a rich legacy it has handed down to succeeding generations! a legacy of example, of unparalleled energy, of astonishing enterprise. And is it too much to say that there is today no city in the Union of which its citizens have greater reason to be proud—none that has remained more faithful to the traditions of its infancy, none more thoroughly conservative as a truly typical American city?

The records and the facts are there to speak for themselves. What can better illustrate the conservatism of which we speak than, by opening the pages of our oldest directory, or of the first and only original record of the Borough Council, to find therein the very names that are today, after 120 years, still identified with Pittsburgh business, education and refinement? We are merely selecting at random from the sources of which we speak, when we mention among those who contributed to Pittsburgh's early success and whose descendants contribute to her present greatness such well known names as McCandless, Bruce, Eichbaum, Herron, Patterson, Bakewell, McKee, Magee, Graham, Kirkpatrick, Negley, Denny, Scully, Bailey, Spear, Neville, Gormley, etc.

What language of orators could be more eloquent in proof of Pittsburgh's astounding business energy in those early days that the facts which we glean about her glass works and ship-building! Here is what we read in the life of General O'Hara, one of those early citizens whose memory should be ever gratefully cherished by succeeding generations, "In the spring of 1796 General O'Hara built a sawmill in Allegheny and made arrangements with Major Isaac Craig for the erection of glass works.

Mr. Eichbaum was engaged to erect the works. It was a very difficult and expensive undertaking. They made their own pots. Some of the clay was brought from Germany; all had to be brought from Philadelphia in wagons. Thirty thousand dollars were expended before the first bottle was made. After that the furnaces were reconstructed and the manufactory became very profitable."

Expense or distance or apparent impossibilities had no terror for the daring minds of the early Pittsburghers. How astonished was the writer of the present sketch when traversing one day, some years ago, the corridors of the Bibliotheque Nationale, in Paris, he came across an old French manuscript, which describes the commotion excited by the advent in French waters of a ship of 300 tons, hailing from Pittsburgh. "How could this be?" thought the solemn officials of Marseilles. A ship of that tonnage coming to a port of the Mediterranean Sea from an inland town of only 1,600 inhabitants, unheard of even in the latest editions of their geographies, and situated at a distance of 2,000 miles from the nearest accessible seaport of the Gulf of Mexico! And yet, such was the astounding fact, and such was the strange and adventurous voyage of the *Louisiana*, built in Pittsburgh in 1803.

It was not enough for our own hardy "boat-builders" to fit out vessels destined to bring flour to the West Indies, or deer skins to New York via New Orleans, or sundry wares to Mediterranean ports, but they were still more audacious. They actually carried their ambition even to the point of invading (peacefully) the ports of England and Scotland, still smarting beneath the heavy blows which their statesmen, their armies and their manufacturers had so recently met with at the hands of those despised colonists.

Who will not recognize in the following words, written almost 80 years ago by one of Pittsburgh's first and most eminent citizens, a prophecy whose realizations we witness in our present day:

"What a change in the appearance of Pittsburgh," says Brackenridge in his "Recollections" "since the time when I used to roll over and over on the smooth side of Grant's Hill!

"Sed fugit interea, fugit irrevocabile tempus.

"Yes, that beautiful hill itself, which might have enjoyed a green old age, has been prematurely cut to pieces and murdered by barbarous hands! The shallow at its base, where we used to make our first attempts at skating, has been wickedly and will-

fully filled up and is now concealed by brick buildings, the croaking of the bullfrogs having given place to men, more noisy still than they. What is still more lamentable, streets have been cut inside of the hill as if there was a great scarcity of ground in this new world; and in time houses will rise up along them like those of the Cowgate in Edinburgh—13 stories on one side and half a story on the other. In short, it would fill a volume to enumerate the changes produced in a quarter of a century—in which comparatively short space of time a small village has grown into a large city, possessing extensive capital, manufactures and a widespread commerce. Its increase is still in the same ratio until it reaches half a million of souls! Such has been the extraordinary growth of this city, that every ten years produce such a change as to render the person who has been absent during that period almost a stranger.”

In the original record of the Borough Council, referred to above, the finest penmanship to be found therein is that of Robert Magee, Supervisor for the year 1802-03, whose well known descendant, Hon. William A. Magee, is the present Mayor of Greater Pittsburgh. His writing is like copper plate, and would be accepted, even in our day of “actual business” colleges as a model of excellent penmanship.

As for the language, that of Major Craig, Chief Burgess for the year 1802, is the most dignified and most carefully-worded official style, while the most accurate and business-like language respecting financial affairs is that of James O’Hara, Chief Burgess for the following year, as we would, indeed, naturally expect from one who had, for so long a time, and in such trying circumstances, been Quartermaster-General of the United States Army.

In this same original record we read the following interesting extract, transcribed just as it has been composed and written, with the original spelling and punctuation:

Borough of Pittsburgh, Oct. 3rd, 1795.

A Town Meeting was held according to notice at the Court house A Motion was made by John Wilkins Sen. and seconded—Will the Borough permit the Erection of a Court house in the center of the Public Square, after some consideration the yeas and nays being called for it was carried in the affirmative by a very great majority. . . .

At a meeting of the Burgesses held June 16, 1798, it was ruled that they Meet again on Monday 2 o’clock afternoon to view with the Supervisors the most necessary parts to be repaired for the advantage of the Borough.

At a meeting of the Chief Burgesses with their assistants held at the house of Mr. Wm. McMullin on Monday the 18th June 1798. It

was resolved viz. That the following sums are appropriated for repairing and improving as follows

In Liberty Street	60 Dollars
Butler's Landing	30 Do
For making a landing at mouth of Market st. and other repairs on the bank	150 Do
Repairing third street from the Academie to Wood street	100 Do
Repairing Smithfield Street from third to fourth street	10 Do

How interesting to compare these amounts with the expenditures for like improvements at the present time!

Eighty years ago the first Directory of this youthful city was proud to make the following declaration: "Few places can boast of more useful improvements in manufactures and the mechanical arts than Pittsburgh. It has been justly and emphatically called 'The Birmingham of America.' A comparative view of its progress must indeed awaken admiration."

If such were the expressions and sentiments of our fathers 80 years ago what must be the feeling of their descendants today, when looking upon

The vast and lordly "Iron City"
With its everlasting roar,
Whose Niagara of traffic
Flows to westward evermore.
Where the cloud swings into heaven
And the furnace flames disgorge,
With the multitudinous clamor
Of the factory and the forge—

with its beautiful suburbs and residences—its vast business blocks and stately public buildings!

LEO A. McCrory, '15.

Ponies and Other Steeds.

THE pony is the most popular of all animals among the attendants (we will not call them students) of such schools as tolerate his presence and connive at his capers. He may be of any size—from the kind that has to remain in the desk or stable to the handy and favorite pocket-style.

There are two different breeds of ponies: the safe and the unsafe, or the literal and the free. The latter are apt to be too frisky and hard to manage, though the easier to remember. They are known, moreover, to contract a sudden lameness at most inopportune moments.

When a pony is so lame that he is of no use, he becomes a "horse" and his disgraced rider receives the "horse laugh."

Ponies usually have historical and poetic names, the most common being Caesar, Horace, Homer, Cicero, Livy, Virgil and even Xenophon.

A good, reliable pony under prudent riding has taken many a young jockey over a college course in four years that otherwise he would have taken six or eight to circle.

Ponies are very intelligent animals if ridden by wise jockeys, but there are far fewer wise jockeys than there are intelligent ponies.

Their diet consists of careful management and judicious use. Although gentle if treated with consideration, they can prove to be very dangerous if compelled to work overtime. More than one foolish young rider has received a terrible back-kick from the heels of his steed because he tried to make it do all the work. We refer, of course, to those periodical races, yclept exams.

More have been thrown from ponies than have ever remained in their saddles.

Many fellows have staked their education upon the faint hope of their steed's winning out, and then have lost it.

Though ponies are great little runners, yet *in the time spent in getting used to their antics, the jockey could go over the course alone and be more secure at the finish.*

Race entrants on the "college course" should bear in mind that, though it is more comfortable to be on the back of a pony than on the ground, there is also a greater distance to fall.

Literary Lapses.

THIS is the age of novel ideas. There is scarcely a department of human activity that has not been affected by the epidemic. Physical scientists are striving with incredible energy to give to the world brand new scientific knowledge. Sociologists are delving into political and social questions in an endeavor to propose a new plan for the government of the world, old but still apparently inexperienced. Even Religionists are here and there trying to improve on the Divine Plan in their earnest efforts to keep pace with the novelties of the day.

But one "revival" that must not escape our notice as students, is that which affects the literature of our day and our country. Those who pose in the limelight that gleams from out our experimental universities, profess to see the need of a new form of expression to accommodate the new notions of the American people. They propose a literary reformation that bears as much semblance to genuine reform as the myths of fairyland bear to the realities of history.

These innovators style themselves Philomaths, "lovers of learning." They propose to extend their pernicious influence over the literature of this age, and, by their morbid endeavors, to destroy, as far as in them lies, the antiquity of our language. • Inglorious ambition indeed!

The history of a language is the history of a nation, inasmuch as the national mind is reflected in the national speech. To break with the language of the past is to break with all that that language means. If posterity is to judge the present era by the literature it produces, there must be established in every mind a sacred regard for the models of early writers; and if we are to avoid the possibility of deteriorating in our national tongue, we must aim to improve rather than to relinquish the models they have bequeathed to us.

The principal forces that conspire to degrade our national speech are the political platform and the commercial office. Only a few years ago the chief executive of our nation strove to introduce into our educational system the abomination of phonetic spelling. The daily newspapers and the countless periodicals that fill our book-stalls, acquaint us with the prevalent looseness of speech that exists among our politicians. Not seldom, in their public harangues, do they utterly disregard inviolable grammati-

cal constructions, and in their stead employ conventional and unlicensed locutions,—the idioms of vulgarity. The tendency among them seems to be to subordinate the principles of true rhetoric to the high-flown, bombastic ranting of the street; to pervert rather than convert the uneducated. We constantly hear slang expressions employed by the educated candidate, and unwarranted abridgments used by the campaigner to lend "color" to his discourse. There is room for apprehension lest slang be officially incorporated into our language, so general has its use become in public discourse.

Another force that militates against the use of good English is the commercial office. To this source may be referred in great measure the injection of slang into our everyday speech. The stereotyped formulas of commercial dealings and business correspondence, codified very often at the expense of good spelling and good grammar, and the unrestrained use of "business shortcuts," are sufficient evidences of this fact. But this agency is less culpable than the other, when one considers that the education of a fair proportion of clerks is more a mechanical process than it is an intellectual development.

One never appreciates the value and merit of a real education so much as when he witnesses its woeful absence in one who pretends to have received it. During the summer vacation the writer had occasion to converse frequently with an expert clerk who spared no superlatives in expatiating on the completeness of his education—never failing, meanwhile, to construe the objective case with the verb "to be." Verily the poet's admonition was realized in his case, "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

To appreciate still better the baleful influence of the recognition given such literary lapses, we shall consider them in detail. The adoption of phonetic spelling would have disastrous results; for it would mean breaking with all literary tradition, and, as it were, kicking the ladder from under our feet. The words that constitute a modern language are not the spontaneous expression of modern ideas; they are the result of a development extending through many epochs. Destroy the word, and you have destroyed its historic value; alter its spelling, and you have obliterated its etymological significance. And what can be more important to the earnest inquirer after truth than the authentic sources of his language or literature?

Unlicensed abridgments and slang have also a deleterious influence on the language. What value can be placed on the felicity of diction of the polished orator if here and there he lets slip corrupt forms of expression? When the use of such language pervades every department of civil and social life, we may well believe that civilization is deteriorating; happily, such a consummation has not yet been reached.

To counteract these efforts of superficial educators to corrupt our national speech, some propose the method which the farmer adopted to conquer an obstinate bull: "Give him rope enough, and he will hang himself." There are, however, too many clinging to the fatal rope, and in imminent danger of being dragged to destruction by the more radical element. The practical method to employ is to unite forces against the evil, and by legitimate warfare suppress its far-reaching influence.

FRANCIS A. CORISTIN, '17.





SANCTUM

Editorial.

The Annual Retreat.

FOR four days, beginning with October 7, the routine of school-life was forgotten, and we rested from the pursuit of secular learning to meditate upon God and our relation to Him. In these days when so many schools are pretending to give education without religion, a retreat recalls to mind thoughts of particular import. It makes practical application of the teaching of the Church that to attain the destiny marked out for man by his Creator religion cannot be separated from education; and it emphasizes the belief of the Church in the great trinity—religion, morality, and education. Since morality is the basis of character, and religion in the basis of morality, we can readily see how inseparable they are from education, the aim of which is the formation of character.

Our retreat, replete with the beauty of our religion, was one that will linger long in the memory. Verily we found in our retirement, as did the Israelites in the desert, a column of fire to enlighten our darkness and a pillar of cloud to defend us from the false and fatal lights of the world. We were, indeed made to realize the deep truth of the aphorism, "The aids to noble life lie all within." During those days we put aside the vanity of the world and gave ourselves over to preparing for the attacks of the unrelenting enemy.

We shall not soon forget the kindly guidance and valuable advice of the reverend retreat-master, Father O'Shea, who was a great aid to us in making the retreat. The devotions, too, were

truly inspiring and edifying, and served to impart to all a spirit of fervor and recollection. The closing of the retreat was especially impressive. The final sermon was an eloquent appeal to all to be faithful to the good resolutions made, and to fight the good fight. During the coming year, let us hope, we shall go forward with fearless tread to accomplish our duties, and thereby to advance nearer and nearer to the attainment of our God-given destiny.

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.



Petty Wrongs and Their Consequences.

IN their results, petty sins are mischievous beyond the telling. As all the wild animals of the world combined do but trifling damage compared with the ravages of insect pests, so the great crimes of humanity may be said to cause much less unhappiness than the infinity of minor wrongs. The commission of a little act of unkindness may shatter a friendship. The omission of a small nut or screw may wreck a train and fill a morgue. Petty wrong has consequences which often seem out of proportion to the cause, as there are places in the Alps, where great masses of banked snow are so lightly poised that even the discharge of a gun may start a vibration capable of dislodging an avalanche and causing its destructive descent into the valley.

Considerable, indeed, are petty wrongs and many are the occasions for their commission. They should be diligently guarded against, for they cannot practically be made amenable to the civil law, but only to a man's conscience.

MICHAEL J. HEGERICH, '14.



Pittsburgh, Panama and Progress.

IN another part of this issue, various activities peculiar to the pre-urban days of the "Point" are recounted with a view to suggesting the great extent to which our present condition as a community surpasses our past. With this interesting chronicle of the modest days of our villagehood may very conveniently

and significantly be contrasted the share taken by Pittsburgh in the epoch-making enterprise of the Panama Canal. In that vast commercial undertaking, our city has had a greater participation than any other one community and may indeed be called a promoter of progress. On the staff of engineers dealing with the many difficulties incident to the enormous project were several Pittsburgh men, including Lieut. Col. W. Sibert, F. B. Maltby, L. D. Cornish, and C. D. Courtney. Other sons of Father Pitt more or less prominent in the Isthmian work were C. B. Briggs and S. H. Dowd. The number of Pittsburgh minor officials, foremen, superintendents, and skilled artisans who warmed their northern blood in the torrid heats of the Canal Zone during the long years of digging can hardly be estimated.

Then, too, the monstrous gates of the locks were made of Pittsburgh steel and fashioned into huge leaves in our local foundries. The concrete that was used came, for the most part, from a Pittsburgh plant, which supplied the cement for no less than 4,490,000 cubic yards of the concrete walls. The fender irons used to guide the ships within the locks and the great anchorages for the lock gates, for which the government paid \$1,500,000, were made by another Iron City firm. The fender chains, too, and the big castings for the gate valves were likewise produced in our city and, along with the fore-named and many other "home-made" structural elements of the canal, constitute the most recent and satisfactory reinforcement of the slogan, "Pittsburgh Promotes Progress."

MICHAEL J. HEGERICH, '14.



Eugenics.

AMONG all the fads that have been regarded as of educational value and as such added to the curriculum of the modern public school, the most foolish, the most fantastical, the most demoralizing is the now current craze for Eugenics or Sex-Hygiene. The advocates of this fad, nonsensical as every fad is, have as one of their first principles the cry: "Knowledge, not punishment, for moral evil," and they claim that children of from eleven to sixteen or seventeen years, if they knew the danger and folly of immorality, would of necessity avoid

it. This is all well and good and tends to correct a flagrant evil, but the issue is not much *what* as *how*. Children of the stated age should by all means have the dangers of infractions of Nature's laws laid before them early and impressively. They should certainly be taught the principles of a moral life and the inevitable consequences of the contrary, but the question is *where* and *by whom* this delicate knowledge is to be imparted. Obviously and naturally, in the private sanctity of the home, and by the parents, in the performance of their duty toward those for whose being and well-being they are responsible to the Author of Nature.

The objection is raised that in the case of a great number of the pupils, circumstances are such that the parents cannot transmit any such knowledge to their children for the very good and sufficient reason that they do not themselves possess it. This is rank sophistry of the worst kind. Every mother and father, no matter how illiterate and uneducated, certainly has the knowledge essential to a pure moral life, and what is more, can convey it to the child in a sufficiently intelligible manner. And even if the ignorance of the parents were as gross as represented, it would be the better course of action to educate the parents directly, not the child.

The time has come in this matter for someone to point out vividly and effectively to its advocates that the installation of a course in Eugenics in our public schools would merely advance the time of temptation, and thus defeat its own purpose. But after all, what is the use of such demonstration? For the most part, the proponents of the innovation have no children themselves to be either improved or ruined by Eugenics. They are meddlers of the most mischievous sort.

FRANCIS J. MUELLER, '14.

Chronicle.

During the first week of October, the students followed the exercises of the Annual Retreat, which were conducted by Rev. Cornelius O'Shea, C. S. Sp., leader of the Holy Ghost Fathers' Missionary Band in America. He is an experienced missionary, having conducted missions and retreats for upwards of thirty years.

**Annual
Retreat**

The instructions were both interesting and inspiring, and were eagerly followed by the youthful auditors. Thrice daily, Father O'Shea's powerful voice rang through the chapel in fervent exhortation, in stirring appeal, in eloquent denunciation. He touched on all the great truths that are capable of moving man to better living, and was especially strong in the instructions on sin, scandal and prayer.

On Friday, the closing day of the Retreat, there was an early mass, at which the students received holy communion. Breakfast was served in the university after mass, and after short classes, the students gathered in the chapel for the closing exercises of the Retreat. Following the final instruction, came the renewal of the Baptismal Vows, which was a very striking ceremony. The chapel, crowded to its utmost capacity, re-echoed with the ringing voices of the students, who professed their faith and recorded their promises whilst they held lighted candles aloft in their right hands. Nearly all took the pledge of Total Abstinence. The Rev. Father then imparted the Papal Blessing; and with solemn Benediction, the Annual Retreat was brought to a close.

It was evident that the work of the Retreat was taken very seriously by the entire student body. The manner in which they conducted themselves and the perfect silence which reigned throughout the building, were most edifying.

It is not often that the University has the privilege of a first mass. On October 1, the very day after his ordination, Rev. Theodore Szulc, S. T. B., visited his Alma Mater, his hands, as it were, still fragrant with the sacred oils. The following Wednesday, at the invitation of the Very Rev. President, he offered holy mass—almost his first—for the students in the University chapel.

**Neo-
Sacerdos**

After mass Father Hehir briefly outlined the career of the young priest, extolling the good qualities he had shown while attending the University—qualities which have since developed, and which warranted his ordination while still under the canonical age.

Later in the day Father Szulc spent a pleasant half hour with the Senior and Junior classes. He recalled the place which he occupied "so very recently," and several incidents connected with it. He gave them some friendly counsel, laying especial emphasis on the fact that the authors should be carefully read previous to class, if the benefits which class reading is intended to convey, are to be realized. He concluded by quoting the Parable of the Talents, admonishing them to make good use of the talents which God has given to each one.

Father Szulc departed with the good wishes of all, for the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., where he will continue his studies.

The Evening School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce, was formally opened on Monday evening, October 6th, with a public meeting in the Machesney building.

**New
Courses**

A large number of business men were in attendance to hear what the new school had to offer, as well as young men from Pittsburgh banks and industrial corporations, interested in the subjects to be taught.

Very Rev. Father Hehir presided, and traced the history of the commercial department established in the University in 1878. The other speakers during the evening were: Mr. Burd S. Patterson, Secretary of the Civil Service Commission; Mr. William H. Walker, director of the new department; Mr. Charles D. Wettach, vice president of the W. W. Lawrence Co.

The new school is being opened under the supervision of William H. Walker, till recently with the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, University of Pennsylvania.

Every Saturday morning there is a class in Biology, which has been recently begun under the tuition of Dr. William H. Glynn. Although the class is a small one, yet it is proving most interesting and successful.

The Seniors and Juniors are receiving a course in Pedagogy this year. Prof. George C. O'Brien is conducting the class. He demonstrates his broad knowledge of the subject in his lectures, which are very interesting, comprehensive and practical.

The singing of the students in the chapel at mass and at benediction is greatly improved. Rehearsals are conducted every Friday afternoon by Prof. Caspar P. Koch, who is without doubt one of the most efficient teachers of voice culture and Gregorian Chant in the vicinity.

During the month of October, devotions were held every evening in the University chapel. The Rosary and Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary were recited during the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. The services closed with Benediction.

The customary Sunday evening entertainments began in the middle of October. Unusual interest is manifested in them and all manner of talent seems abundant. The training the students receive in preparation for these entertainments is of great advantage in fitting them for the annual elocutionary and oratorical contests, and for the opportunities of public speaking which the future holds in store.

During the course of the year the various classes take their turn and supply the music, recitations and vocal selections of the programme. We hope that a friendly rivalry will be established and that the members of each class will show their interest by being present to encourage the performers.

After the musical and vocal selections, a debate on a current topic is conducted by one of the four literary societies organized in the University.

The officers of these societies will be published in the next number. The Seniors and Juniors prepared the programme for the first Sunday evening entertainment, which proved very successful. The programme was as follows:

Two-Step He Wants Someone to Call Him Papa.....
 Gilbert & Muir - - - - - *Orchestra*

Debate Resolved, That Federal Control of Education is Desirable

Chairman—Francis J. Mueller

Affirmative—M. J. Drelak and W. C. Fielding

Negative—V. S. Burke and J. Connolly

Two-Step Trail of the Lonesome Pine - - *Smith* - - Orchestra

Stereopticon Views on the Solar System and on the Panama Canal,
with comments by the Rev. P. A. McDermott.

By this time, according to all appearances, the boys have settled down to hard work, and probably have forgotten all about vacations. You, dear reader, certainly will not regret it if you have; for within a short time, you will realize the fact that the examinations are in our midst.

**Down
to Work**

On Wednesday morning, October 15th, Rev. Father Malloy addressed the students after mass. He dwelt upon the reorganization of the Total Abstinence So-

C. T. A. U. ciety in the University and explained its purpose. He urged all the students to join the University Society, as it is the influence of their united example that will have weight with others. He concluded by inviting all the students to attend a meeting which was held immediately afterwards in the University hall.

A large number—close to two hundred—responded to the call. The business before the meeting was the election of officers. In order to give entire satisfaction the offices were distributed among the various classes. Not to delay the morning classes more than was absolutely necessary, the newly elected officers were not permitted to make speeches. The only exception to this rule was made in favor of the new president, Mr. Joseph A. Burns. Mr. Burns was elected unanimously, and in his address, which was the perfection of conciseness, he thanked his fellow students for the honor they did him. The officers of the University Total Abstinence Society for the year 1913-14 are as follows:

President, Joseph A. Burns, Senior; First Vice President, Leo A. McCrory, Junior; Second Vice President, Thomas P. Nee, Sophomore; Recording Secretary, Perry A. Blundon, 3d Scientific; Financial Secretary, Myron K. Wagner, Advanced Commercial; Treasurer, Regis C. Hague, First Commercial; Librarian, J. Emmet Creahan, Fourth High; Marshal, Michael J. Shortley, Third High.

Alumni.

WE have received the glad tidings from Fribourg, Switzerland, that JAMES F. CARROLL, '07, was ordained to the holy priesthood on Sunday, September 28, '13. His ordination was most unexpected, and consequently the news came to us as a pleasant surprise. He sends his blessing and good wishes to the faculty and students at Duquesne. We, in turn, wish him all possible success in his priestly mission.

REV. THEODORE SZULC, S. T. L., of the class of 1910, sang his first Holy Mass in St. Josaphat's Church, South Side, on Sunday, October 4th. The Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., assisted as Arch-priest, and Rev. Geo. J. Bullion, '09, as Sub-deacon. Rev. H. J. McDermott was present in the sanctuary.

Since his departure from the University, last year, REV. H. J. GOEBEL, '96, has been a very capable assistant to the pastor of St. Mary's, Sharpsburg. He is now superintending the erection of a thoroughly modern lyceum building for the young men of the parish. It will be substantially constructed of brick, and will contain bowling alleys, pool and billiard rooms, a complete gymnasium with running track, shower baths, lockers and other accessories. There will also be a large assembly room, a library and a ladies' room. In short, the young people of Sharpsburg and environs will have, right in their own parish, all the opportunities for "safe and sane" amusement that they can possibly desire. The alumni editor is sure he is voicing the sentiments of all the students in extending to Father Goebel his heartiest felicitations. What we have lost, Sharpsburg has gained.

TIMOTHY F. RYAN, '08, more familiarly known as "Tice" Ryan, recently passed the state law examinations most successfully. He was admitted to the county bar on October 9. During several years Mr. Ryan was one of our most popular and best-liked professors. Recently, whilst studying law in private, he has been reporting for the *Dispatch*. He has our heartiest good wishes for success in the practice of law.

The Epiphany Free Night School is now in the capable hands of ALBERT NEESON, '07, LL.B.

REV. CHARLES E. HALEY, '05, whose ordination we recorded about a year ago, recently spent a pleasant afternoon on the Bluff. He is now assistant to Rev. Fr. Kittell, at Loretto, Pa.

REV. MATTHEW BRENNAN, of New Castle, is a very faithful alumnus judging by his frequent visits to the old school. Like praise is due to Rev. Bernard McGuigan. Both these young soggarths made very pleasant calls during October.

On October 14, E. J. EARLY, ex-'00, dropped in for a social call. Mr. Early is salesman in eastern Pennsylvania and western New Jersey for the Glauber Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, manufacturers of brass goods, and, needless to say, is doing well.

MICHAEL J. CUNNINGHAM, '07, is clerking for the B. & O. Railroad at Chicago. He is high up in K. of C. circles in the Windy City. His cousin and contemporary, MICHAEL F. O'CONNOR, is chief bookkeeper for the Troy Grocery Co., Troy, N. Y., and a Knight, also.

LEO K. BEJENKOWSKI, '12, is studying medicine at Washington, D. C.

FRANK ("Suse") JOYCE, star first-baseman in 1912, has entered Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia. He met there KARL KURZ, '08, now well advanced in therapeutic lore.

Other alumni who have taken up medicine are SAMUEL DALEY and FRANCIS TARNAPOWICZ, both registered at the University of Pittsburgh.

JOHN S. SZWED is in his second year at St. Cyril and Methodius' Seminary, Orchard Lake, Mich.

WILLIAM J. SNYDER and JAMES MAUCH are continuing their engineering course at Pitt.

GABRIEL F. GURLEY, well remembered for his excellent impersonation in last year's play, is pursuing a course of dentistry at the same institution.

Among the philosophers at St. Vincent Seminary, Beatty, Pa., may be found John N. Diegelman and Francis M. Gregory, both of last year's sophomore class at D. U.

HERBERT C. MANSMANN has entered the Wharton School of Commerce, University of Pennsylvania. Herbert evidently means business.

WALTER J. MATUSZEWSKI, '12, is attached to the supply department of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Co.

The commercial graduates of 1913 were most successful in securing positions, many of them being now affiliated with the leading business institutions of the city.

JOSEPH H. RODGERS is a clerk in the Wabash Terminal.

LOUIS D. WETZEL is a bookkeeper for the Leeds Co., Tailors.

URBAN H. CROCK (or "Peggy" Crock, as he is better known) is holding a clerical position with the Spear Furniture Company.

WM. A. CURTIN is stenographer for the Schenley Farms Real Estate Company.

FRED M. ESSER has a position in the Lincoln National Bank.

WM. F. GRAHAM is working for the Bell Telephone Company.

AMBROSE T. MOELLER is general office manager for John Connolly, contractor, Sheraden.

FRANCIS J. HOHMAN is employed by the Pittsburgh Rubber Company.

LEO F. CALLAHAN is with the "Prestolite" Company.

JOHN J. LYDON (the "Harp") is stenographer for the East End Savings & Trust Co.

ADRIAN J. BRIGGS has settled down to a stenographic position with the Pennsylvania R. R. Co.

GEO. W. COOPER is working for the Standard Mfg. Company.

LEO A. McCrory, '15.



Duquesnicula.

I F "copy" were easily gathered,
And jokes were often told,
We wouldn't be relating stuff
That seems to you so old.

But the funny men are absent,
And jokes are hard to seize;
So, for this month at least, old pals,
We're forced to hand you these.

'Tis said that Fatty Butler (the All-American Guard) has lost thirteen pounds since football practice began. He weighs only 195 now. Really, Fatty, you had better take some nourishment. You surely do look pale.

When speaking of *avoids*, let us not forget Mosti, who, by the way, tips the Fairbanks at 220. Having proved to the coach that he had the makings of a great football player, he was taken along to McKeesport with the understanding that he was to sub. at guard. About the middle of the game the 'Varsity man was injured, and the coach looked around for Mosti; but he was nowhere to be seen. Husky opponents, *plus* a muddy field, *plus* Fatty's new suit, *equals* no place for Eugene.

Who said Harp McIntyre is backward? While waiting for his order in a downtown beanery, he saw twenty cents lying on the counter; evidently someone had forgotten his change. With a muttered blessing on the stranger's charitable forgetfulness, Mac pushed it towards the waitress and said, "Here, give me wieners for that." It turned out, however, that the change was Harp's own.

Jimmy McCarthy went to buy a pair of shoes the other day. When he returned he found that he had two left-footers, a 5½ and a 6. 'Twas a bad mistake, Jimmy, but not nearly so fatal as that of the new boarder, of trans-atlantic provenance, who mistook an open-front shop with the sign "Shoes Renewed" for a shoe-maker's shop.

Prof.—I didn't succeed in finding any note-books from Heinrich, Mueller, and Manley.

Senior—If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

The Professor of Mechanics, after delivering a very learned lecture on his chosen subject, began to quiz the class. "Let me see, who wrote the first book on Mechanics?"

Senior—"Fortunately for him, I don't know him."

Prof. of Philosophy to Lavelle (sharpening his pencil in class)—"Sharpen your pencil outside and your wits in here." Forthwith James made an effort whose physical effect we defy the most experienced physiognomist to analyze.

A member of the Sophomore Class was asked what "Bart." meant after a man's name. Without any hesitation he replied "Bartender." Let's not comment on what might be the *materia prima* of said Soph's cranial appendix, but its composition reminds us of something we saw somewhere that ran like this:

A wood-pecker lit on a Sophomore's dome,
And settled down to drill;
He drilled away for a half a day,
And then he broke his bill.

Some very intelligent personage, remembering the idea but not the word, addressed a letter to a friend at "Duquesne College, Palisade Avenue." Wouldn't the dear old Bluff be tickled to know it had been thusly nuncupated?

Heinrich is some student in Economics. He figures it out that it is very unprofitable for a butcher to sell fish, since the scales go with them.

A FRESHMAN'S WISH.

A professor with hearing erratic
And seated in just such a way
That my Greek, which is somewhat un-Attic
And my trig., which is un-mathematic
And my rhetoric (really ecstatic!)
May ne'er their true essence betray.

The Professor of Philosophy was informed at the close of

his lecture that a talk, illustrated with 100 slides, was to be given by a prominent speaker on the following Sunday. After the excitement had subsided, he replied, "Well, he is certainly a man of many views."

A short time ago, McSorley indulged in a few somnambulist stunts. Arising about 1 a. m. he made his way to the prefect's bed. He caught the sleeping prefect by the neck and apostrophized him thusly: "Mom! Mom! The boat's going down. Save me!" He must have been dreaming of destruction a la Titanique. Wonder what he had for supper?

Big Tom Kenny is responsible for these:

"Wherever there is a will, there is a law-suit."

"You may be deaf now, but you'll get your hearing in the morning."

Tom has evidently been loafing around Central Station.

The time is going fastly,
The month's work now is done;
The printer gets this lastly,
And then it's so-called fun.

HENRY A. CARLIN, '14.



THE 'VARSITY.

THE foot-ball season has now begun in earnest, and we have a team that is able to hold its own with other college teams and to give a good account of itself playing against the best non-scholastic aggregations in this section. Football, as it is played to-day, is undoubtedly the most fascinating of American sports; we are therefore justly proud of the fact that our team is playing in such a manner as to receive favorable comment from those who understand the game.

This season marks the beginning of a real 'Varsity foot-ball team for Duquesne, and a very favorable beginning it is, too. Consistent, well-directed practice, under the very capable coaching of Dr. Budd and the encouraging and assiduous presence of Father Roehrig, has brought the squad into splendid form. Every man has made a study of the game, so that there will be no hap-hazard or spur-of-the moment playing. While several games played in October went to Duquesne's opponents, not one of them could be rightly called a defeat; and there is every reason to expect some signal victories in the contests yet to be staged.

So far the student body has cooperated well to make the football season of 1913 a successful one. It is desirable, however, that a better following should attend the games played away from home.

The publicity end of the game is in the capable hands of James Manley, whose "dope" may be read in every morning's paper.

TARENTUM O—DUQUESNE 34

The opening game of the foot-ball season, played on the campus September 27, was satisfactory in every way. The score

showed the 'Varsity's strength, but some weak points were also visible, and these Coach Budd was able to strengthen in subsequent practice. The Tarentum boys played a good game during the first half, but were unable to stop the line-plunges and end-runs during the third and fourth periods. Every man on the 'Varsity squad was given a chance to show what was in him, and the practice thus obtained was very beneficial.

INDIANA NORMAL 34—DUQUESNE 7

The Duquesne team journeyed to Indiana, Pa., on October 4, to play the first real game of the season. Mount Pleasant—Indiana's Indian coach—has built up a team that is strong both on the offensive and on the defensive. The Normal boys played an open game, and this enabled them to use their fast backfield to the best advantage. The forward pass was frequently used and counted for many long gains.

Although Duquesne played a good, steady game, all the "breaks" went against them. They received credit for but one touch-down; in reality they earned two, one of which was disallowed because of alleged holding. Lineup and summary:

DUQUESNE.		INDIANA.
Shortley	L. E.	George—Johnston
Lysaght	L. T.	Deeds
O'Brien	L. G.	Siemon
Conlin	C.	Corry—Eppley
Hughes	R. G.	Hills-Shick-Herrick
Werder	R. T.	Markle
Dolphin	R. E.	Hicks-Fleck
Burns—Kane	Q.	White
Feddigan	R. H.	Thomas
McDonnell	L. H.	Morrow
Heinrich	F.	Gano

Touchdowns—Fedigan, Gano, Morrow 2, George, Hicks.
Goals from Touchdowns—Hicks 4, Werder 1. Referee—Albert, of Latrobe. Umpire—Talbot, of Bucknell. Head Linesman—Manley, of Huntingdon Prep.

OLYMPICS 14—DUQUESNE 0

On October 11, at McKeesport, Duquesne held the fast and heavy Olympics to two touchdowns in an extremely hard-

fought game. During the entire contest, rain poured down, and the field was a vast pool of mud and water. The slippery condition of the ball made holding it almost impossible, and the game resolved itself into a pushing match in which the heavier team was sure to win. The result, consequently, can be pointed to with pride, for it took real grit to keep the score so low. All McKeesport turned out to witness the struggle, and the great stand made by the "striplings" from the University was the talk of the town for several days thereafter.

STAATS 33—DUQUESNE 0

Inspired rather than daunted by their showing against the Olympics, the 'Varsity boys four days later lined up against a still more formidable aggregation, the Staats A. C. of Wheeling, W. Va. The Staats team is not only heavier, but it is made up of ex-college men, all of whom have had more experience on the gridiron than any man wearing the Red and Blue. Though the game went to our opponents by a fairly large score, it was nevertheless interesting throughout, and the two thousand spectators were given an exhibition of real football. The Staats played an open game most of the time, and their interference was a delight to the unbiased beholder. Line-up and summary:

DUQUESNE.

STAATS.

Hughes-King	L. E.	Gaines
Long	L. T.	Carpenter
Woods	L. G.	Baker
Conlin-Gnau	C.	G. Schultz
Carlin-Butler	R. G.	H. Schultz
Lysaght	R. T.	Weaver
Shortley	R. E.	Chambers
Walters-Kane	Q.	Johns
Howard-Burns	L. H.	Green
Heinrich	R. H.	Soles
Werder	F.	Gardner

Touchdowns—Johns 2, Green, Soles, Gardner. Goal from touchdowns—Gaines 3. Referee—Bookman, of Ohio State. Umpire—Cunningham, of Kenyon. Head Linesman—Stobbs, of Wheeling High.

DUQUESNE 19—ST. FRANCIS 0

The first college game on the campus was played October

25 with St. Francis, of Loretto. We take the following account from the *Dispatch*.

On a very muddy field, the Duquesne University foot-ball team defeated the St. Francis College eleven, yesterday afternoon, by the score of 19 to 0. Rain fell during the greater part of the contest, making straight football playing necessary, and it was in this that the Bluffites showed their superiority over the visitors. The ball was in St. Francis territory most of the time, while the Duquesne goal was safe at all periods.

Werder, who is always on the alert, played a brilliant game. Intercepting one of the visitors' forward passes, he ran for a distance of 20 yards. Captain Heinrich's playing was also out of the ordinary, as the boy from New Castle gained almost at will through the line. Howard and Feddigan, the fast halfbacks, together with Shortley, more than did their share. Kane, the diminutive quarterback, showed his ability as a leader, and much credit for the day's victory is his.

St. Francis College possesses a very fast team, and together with being heavy, the wearers of the Red and White should cause much trouble for their opponents. In Captain Savage, the team has a player worthy of special mention; he is good on the offense and very good on the defense. Ford, who plays left half on the Loretto team, also showed up well.

The Duquesne team's playing was a vast improvement over that showed in last Saturday's game, and Coach Budd feels confident that his men will more than hold their own in the game with Kiski, which will be played on the Bluff Campus Nov. 1.

DUQUESNE.

ST. FRANCIS.

Hughes	L. E.	Dugan
Carlin	L. T.	Dozyk
Woods	L. G.	Lochrie
Werder	C.	Hackett
Butler	R. G.	Kimble
Lysaght	R. T.	Mulgrew
Shortley	R. E.	Healy
Kane	Q.	Leonard
Feddigan	R. H.	Butler
Howard	L. H.	Ford
Heinrich	F.	Savage

Substitutions—Carlin for Butler, O'Brien for Woods, King for Hughes, Hourian for Dugan, Repper for Dozyk, Dozyk for Ford, Harding for Lochrie, and Salvados for Healy. Touch-downs—Kane, Heinrich, Howard. Referee—Manley. Umpire—Foley.

PAUL J. GNAU, '18.

THE MINIMS

Under the leadership of their stalwart Captain, Paul McGraw, the Minims are again in the field for the premier "grid-iron" honors of their class, and judging from the excellent form displayed so early this season, we venture to say that they will find this an easy task. In past seasons they have been noted for the extremely large scores which they registered against their opponents, and in this respect, the team of '13 is proving no exception; in fact it bids fair to eclipse all others that have ever borne the name of Minims, for up to the present writing no team has been able to score against it.

The team as a whole is composed of practically all of last season's stars with a new face appearing here and there in the lineup. Among the old guard that have returned this year are to be found Capt. McGraw, T. Nee, D. Nee, Connelly, Crandall, Obruba, McGillick, McSorley, Kelly and Miller, while O'Shea, Burns, Kane, Maher, McGuinness, Anton and Mulgrew constitute the new members of the squad. On account of the return of a majority of last season's men, the team is somewhat heavier than in previous years and in consequence, they are engaging teams superior, both in weight and age, to those with whom they usually contend.

McGraw is again directing the team-work from his old position at quarter, and as long as he is at the helm, affairs run smoothly. McGillick and Kelly, together with Kane, a new addition, compose the fastest backfield that ever graced the Minim uniforms. Obruba, at end, is still pulling down forward passes in the same excellent manner, while Connolly, at center, is putting up the same high-class football that he displayed last season.

It is needless to mention that Fr. Baumgartner still retains the reins of authority in the Minim camp; in fact in the past few years he has grown to be an almost indispensable part of the outfit. James Manley is acting in the capacity of coach, and is also business manager of the team.

Games to date:

Oct. 6—Minims.....	43—Braddock Tigers.....	o
Oct. 12—Minims.....	26—St. Thomas H. S.....	o
Oct. 15—Minims.....	78—Newmans	o
Oct. 18—Minims.....	106—Independents	o

We take from the *Dispatch* the account of the best game played so far, that of October 25:

Yesterday, on the Bluff campus, the Duquesne Minims triumphed in a most interesting game over the Atherton club by the score of 13 to o. Despite the muddy grounds and the weight of the visitors, the Minim goal was never in danger, and most of the playing was done in Atherton territory. Though the Minims got within striking distance of their opponents' line, they scored only twice, McGillick and McGraw both carrying the pigskin from the 25-yard line for touchdowns. Crandall kicked one goal from a very difficult angle. This makes the fifth consecutive game the Minims have won. So far they have not been scored against; they will endeavor to maintain their record until the end of the season.

Line-up:

MINIMS 13.		ATHERTONS O.
Obruba	L. E.	Brahms
T. Nee	L. T.	Smuck
McSorley	L. G.	O'Connor
Connelly	C.	Braun
Burns	R. G.	E. Burns
Crandall	R. T.	McCarthy
Murray	R. E.	Loxterman
McGraw	Q.	Larkin
Kane	L. H.	Egy
McGillick	R. H.	O'Donnell
Kelly	F. B.	Flinn

Substitutions: Mosti for Connelly, O'Shea for Burns, Maher for Murray, McGuiness for Kelly, R. Larkin for Brahms, Dean for Braun, Ruhl for McCarthy.

Touchdowns: McGillick, McGraw.

Goal from touchdown: Crandall.

Referee: Gnau. Umpire: Titars. Head linesman: Kane.

Time: Ten and twelve-minute quarters.

EDWARD A. HEINRICH, '14.

THE INDEPENDENTS.

Great enthusiasm for football has been shown by the Junior Boarders this season, and their desire to organize a team was finally acceded to by the Athletic Committee. The outcome of a meeting held October 15 was the choice of Mr. Jos. Sonnenfeld as manager, and John Connelly as captain. The following players have qualified for positions: Sullivan, l. e.; Ford, l. t.; F. Vatter, l. g.; Dyson, c.; F. Floro, r. g.; Fuchs, r. t.; McCarthy, r. e.; Madden, q.; Connelly, l. h.; Kiefer, r. h.; Egan, f.; substitutes, McEvoy, O. Floro, Prescott, Sheran, J. Vatter.

This little band has proved itself possessed of a remarkable athletic spirit. While not pretending to compete with the Minims, they are confident of establishing a record as glorious as that of these latter youthful veterans of the gridiron.

The Independents' first game, played with the Minims, Oct. 18, resulted, naturally, in a drubbing for the former, as their adversaries far outclassed them in weight, age and experience. But they were game to the end, and glad of the chance to play.

The Independents overwhelmed the Epiphany Juniors on the 27th October to the count of 35—0. The game, witnessed by a large throng of students, was replete with sensational plays. J. Mosti was the hero of the day. His tackling, scoring, and pretty drop-kick from the 45-yard line deserve particular mention. Our boys, cheered by the students, showed peppery work offensively and defensively, and are confident of giving a severe ordeal to all their rivals. The lineup:

INDEPENDENTS.

EPIPHANY JUNIORS.

Lawler	L. E.	Hogan
Vatter	L. T.	Clark
Floro	L. G.	Gurber
Dyson	C.	Fitzgerald
Walsh	R. G.	Holland
Fuchs	R. T.	O'Connor
McCarthy	R. E.	Minehan
Sullivan	Q.	Voith
Connelly	L. H.	Connolly
Kiefer	R. H.	Egan
Mosti	F.	McGarrell

Touchdowns—Mosti 5. Goals from touchdowns—Mosti 2:
Goal from field—Mosti. Referee, McGraw. Umpire, Obruba.
Head linesman, T. Connelly.

Exchanges.

OUR exchanges were rather slow in arriving. We can understand that it takes some time to become accustomed to new surroundings. It is difficult to work oneself into the real class spirit after a two months' "layoff;" but we trust that by this time all our friends have settled down to earnest work.

For those who are still wasting their time in thinking about the difficulties before them instead of setting about to overcome them, we quote from *St. Mary's Messenger*: "Thinking about work never does it." The quotation is taken from the essay, "Progress in Chemistry." This article is not all-embracing, for, as the authoress herself remarks, an attempted synopsis of the subject would end with a volume; but it is, nevertheless, informative, and shows a more than average acquaintance with the subject. The style is not the least of its merits, although some of the sentences are rather involved.

Nor is this essay the only thing in *St. Mary's Messenger* worthy of mention. As a whole, the paper must make a favorable impression. The charming poetry it contains is by itself sufficient to attract attention. The poems we allude to especially are "The Rod of Gold" and "Hope On." We also enjoy the mild satire of "Appreciation." "In Ten Years" is a good sketch of the wonderful achievements of our Holy Father Pius X since he has been elevated to the chair of St. Peter, but as an editorial it cannot but be incomplete.

The editorials of *The Notre Dame Scholastic* are without doubt among its features. They are spirited and hit the mark. Above all, they are true. "Sensationalism of the Press" and "The Press and the State of Morals" give some sound advice, advice which cannot be too often repeated, but which, unfortunately, finds but few followers. The author of "The Weird Element in Poe's Works" undertakes to refute the charge that Poe wrote his unearthly stories while under the influence of drink. Persons with whom Poe was connected are the authorities quoted. They must convince us that Poe did not draw his inspirations from alcohol. We must grant that his weird tales are not the products of a "distempered imagination," that he was not an habitual drunkard. If, however, an entire vindication of his

character in this respect be attempted, we point to the fact that his slightest indulgence led him to excess. "Francis Parkman's 'Montcalm and Wolfe' and 'Jane Austen'" are both well written articles. We consider them just appreciations.

"Lyric Poetry in Ancient Rome" takes the lead in *The D'Youville Magazine*. Considering the worth of the other articles, this is saying a great deal. The M. A. appended to the name of the authoress deters us from venturing further criticism. Besides, the article speaks for itself. The *Magazine* contains some good stories. At the root the plots are old, that is, their foundations have been used before, but their settings and developments are entirely original. We pick "When Jimmy Almost Broke a Record," a serio-comic story, as the best of the good. The authoress is to be congratulated upon the novel way she introduces the plot. "The Pay of Poets" is a most graphic plea to a divinity—"her name is Public Opinion"—for a better recognition of the poet Alfred Noyes. The style is as effective as it is unusual. One musical voice is raised in indignation against the goddess who has so long lorded it over poets. She is forced to consider. One by one before her appear the men whose poetic souls she attempted to stifle. Homer—"without a friend, he was content to roam, paying for grudging hospitality . . . with his only silver, his melodious voice." Dante—"a man who made a life of poetry out of one that was bereft of all except want and enemies." One by one they pass: Ariosto, Sordello, Poe, Heine, Milton, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and a host of others who in life suffered through her. Then "with a mind rather chastened she comes back to the question in hand . . . she makes reply to her sturdy interrogator: 'Yes, you, Alfred Noyes, may live.'"

JOSEPH S. SZEPE, '15.

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CONGREGATION OF THE HOLY GHOST AND THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY.

Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXI.

December, 1913.

No. 3.

A Christmas Song.

NOW is the time when earth is dressed
In robes of snowy white,
And peeping from their prickly nest
Shine holly-berries bright ;
When the sky is gray, and the air is chill,
And the frost-bound river is hushed and still,
The Christmas bells ring out their mirth
To greet the day of Jesus' birth.

Hark ! hark ! they ring, " Good news for men !
Let tears and sorrow cease.
To all men of good will, again
We bring great joy and peace."
The angels to-day are busy on earth
With praises from Heav'n for the Savior's birth,
While glory in the highest rings
To Jesus Christ, the King of kings !

Are we of those—of the simple fold—
To whom He comes as His own,
And to whom, like the shepherds, the tale is told,
Of God thus leaving His throne ?
Then happy for us, as it was for them,
With faith in the story of Bethlehem,
The Father's love, the Savior's birth,
Glory in Heaven, and peace on earth !

FIDIUS.



Led by a Child.

“TAKE this check, Father, and use it for your Christmas dinner. I always like to help the poor. But,” pursued the speaker, striking an attitude, “the existence of such a class proves my contention. Do you think that a God, a just and merciful God, would allow His creatures to suffer as the needy do?”

Thus spoke James Adair, infidel and agnostic, to Father O'Reilly, one bitterly cold day in early December. Rubbing his smooth white hands together, his thin face aglow with smiles and his steel-gray eyes sparkling under his shaggy brows, he beamed with satisfaction at the specious argument his brain had produced. Receiving no reply from the priest, he continued to instruct the good man in the doctrines of agnosticism.

The priest sat there apparently all attention to the materialistic arguments of his guest; but in reality he was thinking of the wretched plight of the man before him. At the thought of all this blasphemy being heaped upon our Divine Saviour, his ruddy cheeks turned pale, his hands dropped to his side, and a sigh forced itself from his bloodless lips.

“What sudden change is this, Father?” asked Adair. “Here you were, but a short time ago in the best of health, and now you seem to have been taken ill. What can be the matter?”

“Oh! I am just as well as ever, but it is your unbelief that has saddened my heart. Here the happiest and brightest of all days is close at hand, the day on which we celebrate the birth of our Lord and Saviour. It is a time when all hearts should be infused with love and adoration for Him who became man to redeem us. But your heart is as cold as the snow on the ground, but not half so pure. You must feel the coldness yourself. Why don't you ask for light and faith, and then how much more this season would mean to you!”

But the unbeliever had caught nothing of the priest's gravity as he flippantly said, “What coldness do you mean? I feel none but the chill of the weather. Why do you try to persuade me of the existence of God when all sensible conclusions point to

the fact that there is none? If there is such a being as God, *let Him strike me, and then I'll believe.*"

"Amen!" responded the priest. And with that he took his leave, still grieving for the soul of the unfortunate man.

When Adair arrived home that night, he was in a very bad humor. He was angry with the transportation service in particular, but was finding fault with every person and thing. He was no longer the calm, flippant philosopher of the afternoon; his face was flushed and his steel-gray eyes shone fiercely. It was while he was in this mood that his little daughter approached him and asked:

"Daddy, where does Santa Claus live?"

"There is no Santa Claus, Dorothy," he replied rather hastily.

"But Martha Smith said he was packin' all his toys an' he would soon come 'round to give them to us."

"One man couldn't make enough toys for all the children of the world."

"Ah! I thought I would see Santa Claus this year." Dorothy was almost whimpering. "Martha said she saw him, an' he was an old man with a big, fat stomach an' white hair an' a red nose. How could she see him if there wasn't any?"

The persistency of the child irritated him further, and he blurted out:

"Dorothy, don't bother me with your silly questions. Can't you see I'm tired?"

Few words, truly, but he was soon to repent of them.

From that day forth the child began to fret. Day by day, her condition became worse and worse; and when, at length, after a week had passed, her fever had become extremely high, Dr. Watson, the family physician, was summoned. After a thorough examination of the child and a careful diagnosis of her case, the doctor turned to the parents with a troubled expression and made this statement:—

"During the past week the child's nervous system has been deranged, due to some worry on her part. She has been near someone who has had diphtheria and has contracted it. Little can be done until after the crisis. I shall now inject the anti-toxin and then nothing but extreme care will be of any use. About the ninth day the crisis will come. Her condition will change for better or for worse. She will then be restored quickly to health,

or—let us not think of the alternative, but hope in God and take every precaution that science suggests.”

The days, wearing slowly on, seemed like years to the distraught parents. Nothing could console them, for Dorothy had been the apple of their eye, the light of their lives. As the crisis approached, both had nearly succumbed to their anxiety, and Dr. Watson was obliged to take them also under his care. But, finally, the long-expected day came. It was four days before Christmas. The doctor arrived early in the morning, but after a detailed examination found that the crisis would not take place until late afternoon or early evening. He then left to attend to other patients, saying that he would come back about mid-afternoon.

Now, although Adair was an agnostic, he was yet a deep thinker. A short time after the physician had departed, he fell to thinking. Why had so much sorrow come to him during the holiday season? Why should he grieve when others were so happy? One thought led to another until he came to the question of God's existence. From that his thoughts wandered to his conversation with Father O'Reilly the day before his child took sick. He recalled almost with horror that he had tempted God to strike him. Was this his punishment? By little and little he came to the resolution to see Father O'Reilly and ask his advice. The resolve once taken was quickly carried out, and he found himself on the way to St. Richard's rectory.

It is needless to say that he was heartily welcomed. Father O'Reilly was grateful for the donation and, more than that, he hoped that the visit might prove valuable to the man's soul. And so his ever-beaming countenance was overspread with a million smiles. After a few preliminary explanations, Adair told his pathetic story with so much emotion that the stout-hearted priest was visibly affected. The wretched father concluded by asking the priest to be present during the dread ordeal. Then followed such a flood of consolation as can flow only from the font of love. At the parting, the father felt that a heavy load had been removed from his shoulders, while the priest was convinced that the lost sheep had been found again.

Dorothy's mother met him at the door, in a state bordering on hysteria.

“She is delirious,” she whispered. “She has been calling to you, James,—she wants to show you something—what shall we do? what shall we do?”

Adair strode towards the sick-room. The little one's babbling voice came to him in disconnected phrases.

"O Santa!" she cooed, "I'm so glad you've come to me too! Ah, you have white whiskers and a red nose just like Martha said—Where—animals—horns on? Oh—reindeer that Martha was telling me about. Good old man! But where—live? Daddy said there wasn't any Santa—didn't he ever—?" There was pure delight in the words that followed. "Who—sweet baby in the crib over there? Is that—? Why, daddy said there wasn't any Christ-Child! Just wait, and I'll show the dear little Child to him and then he'll have to believe in Him."

And with that she opened her eyes and exclaimed:

"O papa! here's the Infant Jesus. Don't you see Him?"

By this time the father's eyes were full of tears. Throwing himself upon his knees, he cried out with fervor:

"Yes, Dorothy, I see and—I believe."

Instantly, as if perfectly satisfied, the child subsided into her former state of semi-consciousness. Shortly thereafter, the doctor arrived. The anxious moment had almost come, he declared. The little patient's breathing was slowly but noticeably quickening. The doctor was all attention. His eyes were dilated and the muscles of his face tightly drawn, as he bent over her chest. As the respiration became more labored, he inclined his head nearer her chest. Finally, with an almost superhuman effort, she took a deep breath—was it the last?

A few moments later Dorothy breathed more easily, and soon her temperature began to drop to normal. The doctor announced that the patient had passed the crisis moment successfully—due, he thought, to some cause other than his medicines, that had acted as a sedative to the nerves. James Adair then related the delirious wanderings—or were they visions?—of the little sufferer, and their sudden termination; and Dr. Watson reverently concurred in his opinion that the father's acquiescence had saved his daughter's life.

Neither, at the time, realized how great a part Father O'Reilly's prayers had in the happy climax. But it dawned on James Adair before long; and you may be sure there was not a hearth without Christmas cheer that year in St. Richard's parish; but none more genuinely happy than James Adair's.

Pantheism.

EVER since the dawn of philosophical speculation, the minds of men, thinking—incorrectly and illogically, it is true, but still thinking—have turned to the Unity of Substance as the true and only solution of the problem regarding the ultimate substance of the universe. This doctrine of Unity of Substance, this Monism, to speak technically, holds and proposes for belief that there is in the universe but one reality, one substance, despite the testimony that reason, sense, and experience may proffer to the contrary. The nature of this Unique Substance constitutes the *ratio divisionis* according to which the several species of Monism are mutually differentiated. Of the two systems of Monism, one holds that God is the only reality, that God and the universe are substantially identical, that the universe is but a manifestation, an aspect of God; this is Pantheism. The name of the other, Materialism, is sufficiently indicative of its nature and doctrines. In direct contradiction to its companion system, which professes to make everything God, and concludes by destroying the very concept of God, Materialism commences with the atheistic declaration, "there is no God; the only reality is matter, eternal, unproduced matter; the universe is simply the evolution of matter and this evolution is brought about by the simple, simon-pure action of the inherent laws and forces of Nature." This division makes clear the duplex character of Monism and amply introduces the subject of Pantheism, with which alone it is the present writer's intention to deal, as well as the narrow limits of his ability and knowledge will permit.

The earliest Pantheists were adherents of the first real philosophical system to which mystical India gave birth. They are called Brahmanists, and their cult is styled Brahmanism. Their doctrines on the point at issue may be summed up in this formula: "All that is, is Brahma; what is not Brahma, is nothing." This shows unmistakable evidence of Pantheism, since Brahma is their supreme Deity.

From these early days, Pantheism may be traced down through the philosophy of the Greeks in the Ionian School, and through Roman philosophy in the persons of the Stoics. The next step in the march of Pantheistic thought is the Middle Ages, which gave birth to several philosophers who are justly called Pantheists. The greatest name in this category is that of John

Scotus Erigena, who lived and taught in the ninth century. His doctrines in so far as they touch upon Pantheism are formulated as follows: "When we say that God is the Creator, we mean that He is more than Creator, that He is in all things as *their sole substance*," and this is proof conclusive of Pantheism. Nor is this formula a mere creation of Erigena's opponents, for it can be proved by quotations from his writings, such as "*Deus namque omnium essentia est, quia solus vere est.*"

Towards the end of the twelfth century, two other prominent Pantheists appeared in the Schools; they were Amaury of Chartres and David of Dinant. The former maintains the identity of creature and Creator and the substantial unity of all things, and was condemned by the Council of Paris, in 1210. Against David of Dinant, St. Thomas, usually the mildest of critics, used the most severe condemnation that appears in his writings, for the Angelic Doctor says that David of Dinant *most foolishly* held God to be original matter.

Among the Pantheists of Modern Times, the first is Giordano Bruno, an Italian Dominican, who cast off the garb of religion, wandered through Europe, and is supposed to have become a member of the Reformed Church. He later returned to Venice, was arrested by the Inquisition, and burned at the stake in 1600. His philosophy is Naturalistic Pantheism, the entire system revolving about the Copernican Theory of the universe and the identity of God with the world. This latter point he "proves" by saying that this world is infinite, and since there cannot be two different infinities and since God is also infinite, it follows that God and the universe must be identical. God is the sum of all being, and existing phenomena in the universe are but unfoldings of His infinity.

The most able exponent of Pantheistic doctrines, however, is Spinoza. He began with the ambiguous Cartesian definition of substance which is to the effect that "substance is a being which requires no other being to exist." Ignoring the correct sense of which this definition admits, namely, that substance requires no other being as *subject of inhesion*, Spinoza accepted the certainly incorrect signification of the definition, that is, that Substance is a being requiring no other being *as cause*, i. e., that *Substance is the uncaused*. From this false premiss Spinoza reasoned logically to Pantheism, saying that only one such substance is possible, and therefore, creatures are not substances but mere modes of the Unique Substance, God.

After Spinoza came Kant, who prepared the way for the German Transcendentalists, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, who exercised so great an influence on subsequent thought. The philosophy of all three is idealistic. Fichte's universal principle is the *Ego*, Schelling's is the *Absolute*, which he defines as the "identity of the real and the ideal," while Hegel's system is ultimately the philosophy of Identity, of the Idea, of *Mind*.

Amidst all this imposing array of names and mysterious doctrinal formulæ, there is nevertheless something of systematic classification, all under the supreme heading, Pantheism. Pantheism is either *Immanent* or *Transient*. It is Transient, when the manifestations of the Unique Substance pass out of that substance, and become in a sense separated from it, and this is the trend of the doctrine of Brahmanism and of Erigena. Pantheism is Immanent if it holds that the manifestations of the Unique Substance, i. e., physical phenomena, persist in that substance itself. The doctrine of Spinoza holds that these exterior phenomena are indeed existent apart from the mind's consideration of them, and hence his system is called Real Immanent Pantheism. The Pantheism of the Transcendentalists is primarily idealistic; hence the denomination of their philosophy so far as the Pantheistic element is concerned, as Ideal Immanent Pantheism. This, then, is the systematic classification of the various phases of Pantheistic doctrine: the main division into Transient and Immanent, with the latter's subdivision into Real and Ideal.

As far as the refutation of Pantheism is concerned, the limitation of space, if nothing else, forbids a discussion of all the separate phases of Pantheistic thought, and whatever is said, must be considered as applicable to Pantheism throughout all its ramifications. There are two main lines of argument against Pantheism: its opposition to experience and reason, and its logical consequences.

First of all, Pantheism is opposed to the testimony both of experience and of reason, both of which are infallible criteria of truth, *positis ponendis*. The unity of substance contradicts both the external senses and the inner consciousness, because both these testify to the diversity of substance in the universe. The doctrine of One Substance, and that Divine, is contrary to reason, because to hold this view would be to attribute the opposed qualities of God and the universe, to one single, identical substance, which is absurd. Hence, Pantheism is not credible.

Pantheism is refuted by the results to which it must inevi-

tably lead if carried out in practice to its logical termination. First, it subverts the Principle of Contradiction, since it attributes to one and the same substance, mutually exclusive qualities such as infinity and limitation, spirituality and corporeity, etc.; and this Pantheists do by asserting that God and the universe are identical. Besides this subversion of the fundamental principle of all knowledge and truth, Pantheism inevitably leads to Scepticism, in as much as it rejects the testimony of all the media of cognition, i. e., senses, reason, and consciousness. It leads to Atheism, because where all is God, there is no God. It leads to Fatalism, for it destroys all liberty, both human and divine. It leads finally to the absolute destruction of all moral and social order, because these are based on law and the distinction between right and wrong, all of which Pantheism overturns, because by destroying liberty and by teaching that there is no substantial difference between one thing and another, it most undoubtedly removes the distinction between right and wrong upon which the stability of the social and moral order depends; and anarchy is the inevitable result.

FRANCIS J. MUELLER, '14.

The Humble Babe.

HOW humble is the Christ-Child's birth!
Within a squalid hut he lies
In swaddling clothes; though Lord of earth,
No splendors greet His opening eyes.

The shepherds on the neighb'ring hills
A wondrous light in fear behold:
An angel voice their being thrills;
Its message echoes o'er the wold.

The Saviour of the World has come;
But not in kingly dress does He
An earthly royalty assume:
The Humble Babe He wants to be.

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.

Then the Castle Toppled.

AT an open session of Congress, when the galleries were filled to their greatest capacity, and a question of utmost importance was being thrashed out by our noble body of law-makers, James Fuller Houston, making his first appearance in that dignified body, had prepared a little talk that he said would lift the ceiling from the room.

The question was introduced, the usual formalities gone through, and the "wise men" on both sides gave, with more or less animation, their version of the topic at issue. At last the time arrived for Houston to let loose the flood-gates of his oratory, which would, he thought, swing the whole voting, and settle the question at once. For one hour and fifteen minutes James Fuller Houston stormed and sweated and furied forth his words in thunderous appeal. Then came a telling peroration, and he resumed his seat with a dignified satisfaction that would have done justice to one who had been a member of that august house for forty years. The session continued, the question was passed, and the members filed out in noiseless conversation with one another.

James Fuller Houston retired to a small anteroom and, as his duty was nobly done, he would sleep peacefully until the dailies came out, when he would read in glowing letters his speech, his work of the last fortnight. In fancy he already saw in blazing letters his name at the very top of the front page, and under it column after column describing his attack on the negative side of the question; his views of it were correct, and his success was assured.

Pleasant dreams flitted over his mind as he slept. He awoke, made his toilet, and descended to the street. Purchasing a copy of each of the extras, he bent his hurried steps homeward. Once in his apartments, he sat down to read of his achievements. He searched the pages in vain. Was there some mistake? "No! here it is!" he cried in disgust. And sure enough! there at the bottom of the third column were the words:

MR. JAMES FULLER HOUSTON ALSO SPOKE.

MICHAEL J. SHORTLEY, 3rd High.



Edgar Allan Poe—An Appreciation.

TO allot to this genius of singular and melancholy interest his true place in the galaxy of American men of letters is a task that will immediately tax the capacity of the ablest and most reputable critic; for, in discussing the merits of Edgar Allen Poe, we have to speak of one of the finest of scholars, one of the most industrious of the literary profession and one of the most original men of genius in the annals of our literature. His natural talent and ability are evident in every stroke of his master hand; but the fact that it developed along such extraordinary lines, and ran through such deep and singular channels of inexpressible gloom and melancholy, renders it impossible for us to estimate with any degree of exactness the degree of commendation due to his literary productions, since no other author has penetrated into Poe's special field of endeavor with whom a comparison might be instituted. However, it is acknowledged that the rank he holds is unique, both among writers of our continent and those abroad, and in consequence the world of letters has amply attested his greatness by the widespread recognition it has accorded him.

Born in poverty at Boston, July 19, 1809, his whole life was one sad recital of suffering, want and privation—a pitiful struggle for mere existence. Edgar's father who was a son of Gen. David Poe, the American revolutionary patriot, was a well-born citizen of Maryland who had married an English actress. The match meeting with parental disapproval, Poe himself took to the stage as a profession; but misfortune seemed to enclose them on every side, so much so that in 1811 both succumbed to privation and want, leaving the little Edgar orphaned at the tender age of two.

Apparently the future poet was to be thrown upon the world homeless and penniless; but in reality it was not so, for a kind fate decreed that a few rays of sunshine were to illumine his young life. He was adopted by Mr. Allan, a wealthy merchant of Richmond, Va. His new-found parents being childless, Edgar was surrounded in his new home with all the advantages and luxury that money could provide. He was petted, spoiled and indulged in every whim; such treatment, although well meant, was attended with the direst consequences in his after life. From his eighth to his thirteenth year, he attended the Manor House School at Stock Newington, a suburb of London. While there the budding

poet began to manifest unmistakable signs of what wonderful talent which was in later years to burst forth in full bloom upon an unsuspecting world.

Returning to America he entered the University of Virginia, but left after one session. Official records prove that he was not expelled, but on the contrary he achieved a creditable record as a student. However it was here that the first fatal fruit of indulgence evinced itself in over-mastering passion for gambling. In consequence of this folly having contracted many obligations, he incurred the displeasure of his benefactor, and an open rupture seemed imminent. This difficulty, however, being smoothed over, he next secured, through the aid of Mr. Allan, admission to the U. S. Military Academy at West Point. Any glamor that Poe might have attached to the cadet's life speedily vanished under the severe discipline and poor accommodations existent there at the time. More and more did his bent towards literature assert itself; and, in proportion as this inclination increased, did his love for Academy life speedily diminish, so that he began purposely to neglect his studies, and to disregard his duties in order that he might secure his dismissal from the service. On March 7, 1831, the expected happened and Poe found himself free,—free in every sense of the term, for this rash act, coupled with the second marriage of Mr. Allan, completed the breach opened a few years before. His literary career was now to begin.

Stranded thus upon a cruel world in the pursuit of the most precarious of callings, this sensitive, proud and melancholy youth was compelled to run almost the entire gamut of suffering and misfortune. Petted and indulged in his youth amid all the blandishments of wealth, to the utter disregard of his moral education, his advent upon the arena of life found him a prey to all the vices and frailties that constitute human misery. The most pitiful defect in his whole nature was his over-mastering desire for drink, the slightest indulgence of which was certain to result in excess to the complete reversion of his whole nature. But herein lies the most wonderful fact in the entire history of this great genius, viz.: how he produced under the shadow of such defects, extorting his talents rather than calling them into play, those superb masterpieces which have made him one of the most notable figures in English literature.

Poe's first real victory was won in 1833 when his "A MS. Found in a Bottle" was the successful competitor for a prize of

\$100, offered by a Baltimore periodical for the best short story. Although his whole literary life extended scarcely over 15 years, yet during this period he was associated with numerous newspapers and magazines in all the large Eastern cities. In all these capacities, despite accusations to the contrary, there is ample proof that he was always faithful, punctual and industrious, that his whole life was one of unremitting toil, and that no tales were ever produced with a greater strain upon the mental or physical constitution of any author.

When all the circumstances of his life are considered, no critic can justly withhold from him the lavish praise showered upon him by the American public, to whom this master mind has given such tales of conjuring charm, of witchery, of mystery, as "The Fall of the House of Usher," and "Ligeia;" such fascinating hoaxes, as "The Unparalleled Adventures of Hans Pfall" and "The Balloon Hoax;" such vivid pictures of the power of conscience as "The Black Cat" and "The Tell Tale Heart," wherein the retributions of remorse are portrayed with an awful fidelity; such wonderful studies in reasoning as "The Gold-Bug" and "The Purloined Letter;" such tales of illusion as "The Premature Burial;" papers of such keen criticism, which have made him enemies among concerted minor poets; and lastly, poems of such rare melody and beauty as "The Raven," "The Bells" and "The City in the Sea." What delights, what atmosphere of beauty, what resources of imagination, of analysis, of absolute art, do not these wonder-pieces contain, to thrill the senses of myriad readers! What a contrast between the stinted, meagre praise bestowed upon him in his own day, and the worship that would have been his, had he lived in this twentieth century of lavish recognition of genius, both artistic and material!

Amid the manifold beauties of Poe's style there stands out one pre-eminent quality, that constitutes the impassable barrier between him and countless mediocre writers, viz.: his originality. His productions are also characterized by a keen sense of beauty, a subtle power of analysis and a wonderful richness of imagination, while his style is at all times highly finished, graceful and truly classical. He seemed to take delight reveling in ideal realms "in the region of sighs." A morbid fascination for the sombre-grotesque—for the gloomy sides of life—always held him, and he seemed to bear constantly the memory of some uncontrollable sorrow. It was while under the influence of these melancholy

spells that his fertile brain contributed to the literature of our language the tales and poems whose characters, in the gloomiest and ghostliest grandeur, have depressed and thrilled millions of readers, and left the world in unmitigated though fascinated gloom. His pieces seem to be a reflex of his own life, to breathe forth the emotions of his inmost soul. In that remarkable poem "The Raven," whose haunting melody electrified the world, every thought, every line, seems to be an echo of his own history.

His "Annabel Lee" is a poem that gives an index to another and more beautiful side of his character. It was inspired by the beauty and charm of his child-wife whom he cherished with a love and devotion akin to idolatry and whose early death caused him inexpressible sorrow and anguish.

"I was a child and she was a child,
In a kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than a love,
I and my Annabel Lee."

Although Poe's memory was malignantly misrepresented by his earliest biographer, Griswold, who colored the public estimate of him as man and writer, yet these scandals were soon dispelled by later critics who pictured him in his true garb—not as a man without faults, it is true, but as the finest and most original genius in American letters. Thus the truth has triumphed and Poe has been constantly ascending to his true place in the literary world. As years go on, his fame and the estimate of his genius increase, and his name has become a household word wherever the English language is spoken. To show the appreciation of his genius, the American people have erected a monument to his memory in the city of Baltimore and on it is inscribed the stanza from his own works, suggested by James Russell Lowell as a fitting epitaph to this remarkable man.

"Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore,
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never, never more!'"

EDWARD A. HEINRICH, '14.

Jack Frost.

BESIDE the year's dark portal
Jack Frost hath the porter's chair,
And closely he scans each mortal
Who seeketh entrance there;
Well-fed, well-clad, to dinner
In wealth unquestioned goes;
But your poor and shivering sinner
He taketh by the nose.

With a grasp, as of a giant,
He will nip you an army dead;
With a hand, as a lady's, pliant,
He will weave you a tiny thread.
Oh, bitter's the curse he mutters,
As through the street he roams,
And through chinks of close-barred shutters,
Hears mirth in fire-lit homes.

Then, from such doorways turning,
He seeks the poor man's hearth,
Whereon no fire is burning,
And chills his winter mirth;
But hard though the old boy's heart is,
He hath a social soul,
And he gives his winter parties
For a dance about the Pole.

No matter what ills he scatters
Through the days of his tyrannous reign
E'en the poorest waif in tatters
Would grieve, came he not again,
Bedecking the woodland with glory
And mantling the hillside and plain.
Then hail to the tyrant hoary,
The despot of Winter's reign!

P.

Visit of the Rt. Rev. Father General.

AT eleven o'clock on Wednesday, November 19, the students, representatives of the alumni and members of the faculty assembled in the University hall to greet the Right Rev. Bishop Le Roy, Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost. He is visiting the institution of his Order in the United States and in Canada.

After the orchestra had discoursed some of the national airs, Francis J. Mueller, of the Senior Class, read the following address in the name of the student body:

Right Reverend Bishop:—

We, the students of Duquesne University, desire to express in some manner the keen sense of appreciation we have of the honor you do us by this visit. We have heard of your zealous efforts to spread the Gospel of Christ by your missionary labors during the long period of 21 years; we have become acquainted with your work under the tropical sun of India and amidst the dangers and privations incident to pioneer missionary labors in Africa. We know, too, that since your elevation to the dignity of Superior-General of the Order which you so wisely guide and direct, you have widened the sphere of its influence and furthered its faith-propagating purpose by your untiring energy, steady zeal, and enlightened wisdom. We are aware of the great interest you have aroused throughout France in behalf of the country which your missionaries have so copiously watered with their sweat and consecrated with their blood.

We rejoice that this institution in which you take so great an interest has made steady progress since your last visit to it, ten years ago. Since that time, the old College has blossomed out into the first Catholic University in this great State of Pennsylvania; the number of students has increased and the curriculum has been extended by the addition of numerous higher courses. We do not intend to rest upon our laurels, but trust that in the near future several new imposing buildings will be erected and that our University will thus be enabled to spread still further its beneficial influence.

Thanking you heartily for the honor of your visit, and praying that the Holy Ghost, to whom your Order is so appropriately consecrated, may bless and enlighten you in all your undertakings, we beg from you a memento before the altar of the Most High and your Apostolic Benediction for ourselves, our parents, and our teachers.

Finally, with whole hearts, we bid you welcome, a thousand times welcome.

After the students' address of welcome, Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, the President, welcomed Mgr. Le Roy in the name of the faculty; and since, on the Bishop's arrival, he had already welcomed him in the name of the Fathers, he wished now to greet him particularly in the name of the lay members of the faculty, whom he was pleased to characterize as able, devoted, and self-sacrificing men.

To supplement what was said of their illustrious guest by Francis Mueller, he wished to give the students a few details about him. Mgr. Le Roy hailed from that part of France known as Normandy; and, imbued with the conquering spirit of some of the great historic Norman personages, he, at an early age, resolved to devote his life to the conquest of souls for Christ. After a brilliant college and seminary career, he entered the novitiate of the Society of the Holy Ghost, and, at its completion, he became professor of rhetoric and poetry, first in France and subsequently in Pondicherry, India.

At his own earnest request he was sent to the African missions. Eastern Africa was his field of labor, and there he became famous as a zealous missionary and intrepid explorer. In 1892 he was created bishop of the Congo territory; but at the General Chapter of the Society held in Paris in 1896, he was elected General. In 1906 he was re-elected; "and without any pretense to a prophetic spirit," continued Father Hehir, "judging from present appearances, I would venture to predict his re-election in 1916." During these seventeen years, besides governing the Society over which God has placed him, Mgr. Le Roy has taken an active part in stemming the torrent of irreligious persecution which has caused such havoc in France in recent years. Without fear of exaggeration it may candidly be said that perhaps no ecclesiastic in France has done more successful work to keep the Catholic religion alive, active and progressive during the past dozen years, than Mgr. Le Roy.

"With these few supplementary details about his lordship," concluded the Very Rev. President, "I extend to him a most cordial, filial and loyal welcome in the name of the faculty and alumni of the University, and I find great pleasure in presenting to you, Monseigneur, the sons of the best Catholic people in Pitts-

burgh, and, even if I must say it, the best boys in any school in the city of Pittsburgh."

Rt. Rev. Bishop Le Roy then rose, and, pleading his want of practice in the use of English, read a very happy address, thanking the students for their hearty welcome and the honor they showed him. Since his last visit, ten years ago, he said, he had watched with deep interest the growth of Duquesne University. He congratulated the young men before him on the splendid opportunities that were theirs for becoming useful citizens and good Christian men, and urged them to make the most of these opportunities. Finally he bestowed on all present his episcopal blessing, and declared the rest of the day a holiday.

WILLIAM C. HEIMBUECHER, '15.

The End of the Season.

WE wrapped him up in his little bath-robe,
The most battered youngster on this side the globe;
Yet he whispered, as back from oblivion he came,
"Rah! rah! for the rough old foot-ball game!"

Two legs and two arms with lint were tied up;
On his brow was a bump like a turned-over cup;
And his smile was distorted, his voice seemed to rattle
After fighting so hard in that mem'able battle.

We were proud when he started abroad with the sun,
We were glad that he lived through the furious fun;
While the cry of the rooters rang hoarsely afar
To salute young America's brightest young star.

He will grow all together again, never fear!
And be ready to play in the first game next year.
Meanwhile all his friends are most thankful (with reason!)
That ten peaceful months lie twixt now and next season.

JOHN T. LITTLE, 3rd High.



SANCTUM

The Spirit of Christmas.

AT this particular time the whole world is anxiously looking forward to the happiest festival of the year—Christmas, the one day in the Calendar that has a thrill for young and old, rich and poor. For days and weeks we have seen in the distance the great feast-day shining like the star which guided the Wise Men of the East, and as we draw nearer to it the greater is our enthusiasm, the more thoroughly do we become imbued with the joyous stimulation of the time.

It is said that Christmas is a day for children, and very properly is it so-called. The very meaning of the feast indicates why it is especially the children's day. For centuries before the first Christmas, the Hebrews had been expecting "the Promised One." At last the joyful day arrived bringing the glad tidings that a Child was born at Bethlehem. Thus, God, by making the Child the symbol of Christmas, has especially sanctified childhood. The preparations for this day are, to a great extent, for the children. Christmas trees and greens, as well as toys and sweets, are to be seen in profusion on all sides.

Every year this scene recalls delightful reminiscences of our childhood; our anticipation of coming joys; the anxiety of Christmas eve, when we strained our ears for the patter of reindeer feet; the happiness of the radiant day itself when, for once in the year, we rose before daybreak to examine the gifts of Santa Claus.

Although the merry days of childhood are beyond recall, the spirit of Christmas still thrills us, but in a different manner. Then our whole happiness largely depended upon material things; now that our horizon is broadened, the message of "Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will" possesses a wealth of meaning. It teaches us that Christmas is "a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time," when we should endeavor to diffuse happiness amongst those who

are unhappy, and carry gladness into hearts that may be cheerless.

Let us remember that the true spirit of Christmas bids us open the heart as well as the purse. In this respect we may learn a lesson from children who have captured Christmas the world over. If all had the frank generosity and kindness of heart of the little ones, there would be neither wretchedness nor sorrow to mar the beautiful feast-day. Let us strive to enter into the true spirit of Christmas with the heart of a child, for "it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child Himself."

Accordingly, in this spirit we transmit the message of "peace and good will," and the world-old greeting "A Merry Christmas" to all our readers, patrons and friends.

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.

A Christmas Lesson.

CHRISTMASTIDE probably induces more moralizing and meditation than any other season of the year. The magazines, at each recurring anniversary of Christ's great natal day, regularly remind us of the sovereign significance of the Incarnation, and are always replete with rehearsals of the many wholesome lessons suggested by the grand fact that the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us. As for our correspondence with the general periodical practice, perhaps we could do no better than to hint at the great lesson of assistance and salvation involved in the advent of God among men. For in the descent of the Son of God from the heavenly sphere is a lesson not to be ignored.

It is a scientific maxim that "action at a distance is absolutely repugnant." One body cannot affect another body without mutual contact. A thing cannot operate where it is not. But not alone in the physical universe is the principle of distant action impossible, but in other realms as well. It is, for instance, only whilst dealing immediately with debased and suffering men and women that we can realize the actuality of human misery and iniquity. Only in hospital wards does the student acquire an adequate knowledge of disease. It has been well said, too, that the reformer can never comprehend the people through an opera glass, or succor them from a balloon. In education, also, the principle of distant action must not be disregarded. Only those who seat themselves familiarly on the lowly bench may hope to

get the magic key to unlock the hearts and minds of children; they alone are competent to instruct and to guide, who are mindful that the value of teachers grows less as the square of their distance increases and is enhanced as they become more accessible. Again, the philanthropist also must not forget this principle: action at a distance renders him unsympathetic and uninformed.

What a lesson indeed should not the Incarnation suggest to many of our charitable societies! "*Actio in distans absolute repugnat*". Many good lessons may be drawn from the Incarnation, but the obvious especially should be allowed to make their appeal. It is well that men who would be ministrant recall during the Christmastide the eminent example and significant condescension of the ministrant Messiah, who accomplished our redemption only by descending from Heaven into this world and dwelling amongst us.

MICHAEL J. HEGERICH, '14.

Plodders And Geniuses.

EMINENT art critics affirm that scale is not a very considerable element in distinct impression; but when magnanimity, patience, integrity, purity, and all other graces lack social magnitude, and are on the inch scale of lowly life, they are liable to be disregarded or disesteemed. History testifies with her right hand up that the world worships genius, audacity, and brilliancy, that the laurels of society are ever reserved for men of extraordinary talents, that not to be distinguished is practically to be extinguished. Humble plodders receive little, if any, recognition; the rewards for faithfulness and perseverance in being and doing good are rare and modest.

Yet all this should not be so. Working clothes worthily and regularly worn are as heroic as khaki, and humble, unremitting intellectual efforts not less significant than dramatic displays of mental ability. Were this fact more extensively realized and emphasized, class hatred would be not a little less intense, and would be perhaps still more diminished if the humble plodder himself would lay to heart the consoling and finer truth that the great Spirit judges not according to scale, and that, in His reckoning, the bigness of the circle is not considered, but only its roundness regarded; that the length of the line is not measured, only its straightness is noted; and that magnitude is of little importance, but truthfulness ever the essential thing.

MICHAEL J. HEGERICH, '14.

Chronicle.

The President, Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., represented the University at the second Catholic Missionary Congress held in Boston, October 19 to 23. The missionary and apostolic spirit manifested during the Congress was, in his opinion, the predominant idea which inflamed the soul of every delegate, lay and ecclesiastical.

On his way to Boston our Very Rev. President visited the flourishing Canisius College of Buffalo, conducted by the Jesuits, whose guest he was for two days. He also had occasion to visit Cornell University in Ithaca.

On his return he paid short visits to the Portuguese Mission at Portsmouth, R. I., and the Colored Mission in Harlem, New York City, both of which are cared for by Holy Ghost Fathers. St. Mary's, Ferndale, Conn., a new building for the novices, philosophers and theologians of the Order, and the Apostolic College at Cornwells, near Philadelphia, for the classical students, were each visited by our President. Both institutions he found in a flourishing condition, and in both places he met graduates and former students of the University.

Rev. John G. Beane, President of the Diocesan Union of Total Abstinence Societies, delivered a stirring address on October 22.

Father Beane's
Stirring Address

His remarks were singularly well adapted to the audience. He impressed on his youthful hearers the fact that "out of our colleges have gone, year by year, young

men of talent and energy, endowed with every quality that makes for success, save one, the virtue of temperance; and over their lives is written the disastrous word, '*Failure*'. . . Many a young man," he continued, "is in danger of developing the craving for liquor even during his college days. He thinks he is not a *man* if he can not take his drink with the crowd. If you picture to him the evils he is slowly but surely bringing upon himself, he will not believe you. But for him, as for others, the words of Cardinal Manning are true, 'The drunkards of to-day are the moderate drinkers of yesterday'. . . A young man must have back-bone, character, manliness, to say, 'I don't drink'." The reverend speaker quoted some striking examples, drawn from his own experience in Pittsburgh, of brilliant men who went down to drunkards' graves. He then exhorted the boys to be total

abstainers for the honor of the Church as well as for their own sakes. Non-Catholics have a right to expect to see Catholics abstemious; and there is hardly anything that hurts the Church so much as the intemperance of some of her members. "What a comfort it would be to the heart of your Bishop," exclaimed Father Beane, "to know that this chapel-ful of boys was going out into the world total-abstainers!" Finally, he exhorted the students to be *active* members of the T. A. U., and lead others to it *by conviction*.

The Literary and Debating Societies elected their officers for the year 1913-14. They are the following:

THE LITERARY UNION—Moderator, Rev. Patrick A. McDermott, C. S. Sp., Ph. D.; President, Francis J. Mueller; Vice-President, Vincent S. Burke; Secretary, Harry A. Carlin; Treasurer, James R. Lavelle; Librarian, Michael J. Hegerich.

THE LYCEUM SOCIETY—Moderator, Rev. Joseph A. Dewe, M. A., D. Lit.; President, Thomas P. Nee; Vice-President, Thomas E. Kilgallen; Secretary, Edward J. Nemmer; Treasurer, Michael P. Hinnebusch; Librarian, Jerome D. Hannan.

THE ATHENAEUM—Moderator, Rev. Joseph A. Dewe, M. A., D. Lit.; President, John J. McDonough; Vice-President, Thomas J. McDermott; Secretary, Philip N. Buchmann; Treasurer, Frederick C. Maley; Librarian, Thomas A. Drengacz.

THE COMMERCIAL DEBATING SOCIETY—Moderator, Rev. Albert B. Mehler, C. S. Sp.; President, George B. Frost; Vice-President, Joseph C. Butler; Secretary, Andrew W. Marsula; Treasurer, Thomas P. Connelly; Librarian, Paul F. Madden.

The Sophomore Class entertained the students and their friends on Sunday evening, October 26. The concert proved very successful. The diminutive young man

Sophomore who recited "The Puzzled Dutchman"
 Debate and Concert deserves special mention. He mastered the broken English to perfection. The quartet that rendered the Largo from Handel's "Messiah" also merits high praise. That the debate was well prepared was evident from the numerous arguments put forward by both sides. When remarks from the audience were called for, Messrs. Joseph A. Burns and Jerome D. Hannan engaged in a lengthy and spirited argument. The decision was awarded to the negative side. The programme rendered was as follows:

Medley March	Sailing Down the Chesapeake Bay	Wells	Orchestra
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Recitation	The Chariot Race	I. Victor Kennedy
Cornet Solo	You're Like the Apple Blossom	Little Paul P. Fidel
	Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe.	
Recitation	The Puzzled Dutchman	Stanley Balcerzak
Violin Solo	Adoration	Richard J. Bowen
	Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe.	
Class Song	Soak 'em on the Line	
Quartet	(a) Largo	Handel
	(b) Menuett, aus dem Septett	Beethoven
	Rev. J. A. Dewe, Prof. C. B. Weis, Richard J. Bowen, Charles Clifford.	
DEBATE	Resolved, That the Present System of Giving Power by Majorities Is a Failure.	
	Chairman—Thomas P. Nee	
	Affirmative—Jerome D. Hannan, Francis P. Anton	
	Negative—Edward J. Nemmer, Francis J. Hoffman.	

On Thursday, October 30, Mr. Alfred W. McCann, a past student and a former professor of elocution, paid a visit to his *Alma Mater*.

A Pleasant Visit

In a brief address to the Senior and Junior Classes in the forenoon, Mr. McCann in part said: "When I arrived in Pittsburgh from New York this morning, the first place I thought of was my *Alma Mater*. While I was still attending school, as you are at present, little did I think I would develop such a fondness for my *Alma Mater*. But now, coming here is really coming home for me."

Mr. McCann is connected with the advertising department of the New York *Globe*. He is also a pure food expert, and is closely associated with that great leader of the pure food crusade, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley.

In the afternoon Mr. McCann gave the students a very interesting talk on pure food. He explained the impurities of the highly-seasoned and highly-colored sweets in which young folks are accustomed to indulge. He also laid stress on the large number of children that die each year on account of impurities in milk. In spite of the semi-technical nature of his subject, Mr. McCann, by his pleasing, well-modulated voice and easy flow of language, held his auditors' attention throughout his discourse.

The first quarterly examinations took place during the initial week of November. The results were published in the University Hall, on Tuesday, November 11. The
Examinations following students obtained first place

in their respective classes: Senior, Francis J. Mueller; Junior, Joseph S. Szepe; Sophomore, Jerome D. Hannan; Freshman, Thomas J. McDermott; Advanced Commercial, J. Damratowski; Second Commercial, Elmer J. Murphy; First Commercial, J. J. Gianni; Fourth Scientific, T. W. Kenny; Third Scientific, J. P. Blundon; Second Scientific, J. P. Corrigan; First Scientific, Clarence Robertshaw; Fourth High, Walter J. Fritz; Third High, John T. Little; Second High, G. V. Buchele; First High, C. Herbert Dyson; Second Preparatory, Leo Malinski; First Preparatory, Carl H. Hafermann.

The Very Rev. President, Father Hehir, complimented the students on the work done, and distributed one hundred and seventy-six honor awards—the largest number ever given in the history of the institution.

The first days of November brought a severe shock to all at the University. Francis A. Coristin, a student of the Sophomore Class, died suddenly from apoplexy on Sunday, November 2. A solemn High Mass of Requiem was offered up for the repose of his soul, on Wednesday morning, November 12, in the presence of the students and his bereaved relatives. After the Mass Rev. Joseph A. Pobleschek, his professor, delivered a touching sermon.

**Great
Bereavement**

The singing of the students during the Mass was really expressive of their sorrow for the loss of a dear companion. They seemed to have caught, to an unwonted degree, the wonderful pathos and pleading earnestness of the sweet old Gregorian *Requiem*.

The class-mates of the departed expressed their sympathy for the sorrowing family by suitable resolutions and by having Masses offered. The MONTHLY wishes to extend to them the condolences of the entire student body.

James H. Shanahan has our prayerful sympathy in the loss of his brother, who died last month. He was a promising young man, full of life, but an attack of pneumonia carried him off in a few days. A deputation of students attended the obsequies. *R. I. P.*

Sympathy

The Annual Memorial Mass of Requiem was offered up in the University Chapel on Wednesday, November 19, for the

**Annual
Memorial Mass**

repose of the souls of the deceased alumni, teachers and benefactors. Among those who assisted at the Mass, were the Right Rev. Bishop Le Roy, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost; Very Rev. Eugene Phelan, C. S. Sp., Provincial of the Order in this country; the Faculty, the students, and many relatives and friends of the departed.

The following alumni officiated at the Mass: the celebrant was Rev. Albert J. Wigley; deacon, Rev. Philip G. Misklow; sub-deacon, Rev. Otto Planitzer; master of ceremonies, Rev. George J. Bullion.

The sermon was preached by Rev. Michael A. McGarey. He chose for his text those words of St. Ambrose, "We have loved them in life: let us not forget them in death." The Reverend speaker gave a lucid exposition of the doctrine of purgatory, citing in proof of it many examples and parables from Holy Writ, and showing its reasonableness from our experience and our judgment in other matters. He dwelt also on the consoling aspects of the dogma. "And so," he continued, "to-day finds us at the Altar of God remembering the souls of those with whom we had so much in common in life. For their eternal welfare we are now participating in what we are pleased to call a memorial service—a service that is no mere shadow or passing sentiment to perpetuate the memory of the dead; nor merely a service in which the reverent remembrance of the dead is calculated to furnish us with models worthy of imitation; but a memorial service that is substantial and real, and fruitful in salvation to the souls for whom we pray—even as it is the memorial of Christ's own passion and death."

Professor Havican

The latest addition to the Faculty is Mr. Thomas A. Havican, B. A., a graduate of Notre Dame University. He was connected with a newspaper in Philadelphia, and later was employed in the Allegheny County court house, as assistant to the Clerk of County Courts. He is teaching English.

**Senior and Junior
Entertainment**

A very enjoyable programme was rendered on Sunday, November 23, when the Seniors and Juniors presented their second concert of the year. The debate, on the relative power for good of literature and eloquence, gave the

speakers an opportunity to prove their contentions in a practical manner; and while the negative certainly did not lack literary form on the affirmative the glow of oratory, more of both these graces seemed to attach to the speeches of the gentlemen on the negative side, who, consequently, came off victors. The programme follows:

March	The Pirate	<i>Isenman</i>	Orchestra
Recitation	The Cumberland	Joseph S. Szepe
Valse	Nights of Gladness	<i>Ancliffe</i>	Orchestra
Recitation	The Exile of Erin	James A. Manley
Piano Selection		Leo A. McCrory
Song	Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms				

Moore Seniors and Juniors

March	Peg O' My Heart	<i>Fisher</i>	Orchestra
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DEBATE Resolved, That Literature Has Been a Greater Influence for Good than Eloquence.

Chairman—Paul Sikora

Affirmative—William C. Heimbuecher, John R. O'Keefe

Negative—James L. Lavelle, Michael J. Hegerich.

All the students, and more particularly the boarders, enjoyed the four days' respite granted at Thanksgiving. Many accompanied the foot-ball teams, either to Mount Pleasant or to Oil City. At the present writing, six hundred and ninety-four students are attending the day and evening sessions.

WILLIAM C. HEIMBUECHER, '15.



Obituary.

FRANCIS ALOYSIUS CORISTIN

*"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."*

ON Sunday, November the second, Francis Coristin, one of our most beloved friends and fellow-students, was called to his reward. He was born in 1888 at Marietta, Ohio, but, at an early age, he settled in Pittsburgh. As he grew older, he was animated with an earnest desire to consecrate his life to the service of God in the holy ministry. For this purpose, after completing the common school course in St. Mary's Academy, and being engaged for some years in a clerical position, he fostered his sacred vocation and entered the High School Department of Duquesne University. The vanities and pleasures of the world had no charms for him. That divine spark which had been enkindled in the depths of his aspiring soul he reverently cherished until it became a fire glowing with the love of God and embracing others with its purifying flames. The time not devoted to his school work was generously spent in the service of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. Up to the date of his premature death he was the first and only president. Under his direction this excellent society grew and developed until it spread its benign influence to the outlying districts of the Pittsburgh diocese. He experienced his greatest pleasure in seeking out neglected children in the highways and byways of the downtown districts, and in communicating to them a knowledge of their God and of their duties towards Him. His modesty, earnestness and dignified bearing subdued the most unruly characters, and bent them to a sustained effort to attain his own high ideals.

Though devoting much time to the uplifting of the humblest of God's creatures, he did not neglect his duties as a student. In his classes he was always the model, cheerfully obedient, and manfully wrestling with the problems of ancient lore, English and mathematics, to which he added the study of the Slavonian language with a view to a wider range of usefulness in his sacerdotal labors. His conduct was an inspiration, and his example a compelling force. One of his most endearing characteristics was a retiring, unassertive modesty. Though a polished elocutionist, he could not be induced to enter any of the annual contests for medals offered to the students of his department, protesting with generous self-denial that he preferred the honor to go to

a more youthful aspirant. His exceptional talent was appreciated by the Faculty. At the Sunday evening entertainments and in the presence of the students gathered in the Assembly Hall for the proclamation of the quarterly examination results, he was frequently called upon to recite. His enunciation was distinct and cultured; his voice, sonorous and sympathetic; his gestures, graceful and appropriate. One of the last occasions on which he appeared in public was the Memorial Exercises last May in Soldiers' Memorial Hall, when he reproduced, impressively and with deep feeling, Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg.

Interested in all his class work, he bestowed especial pains on his compositions, for he knew that the acquisition of a plain, direct, and simple style would afterwards serve as a fitting channel for conveying a knowledge of the eternal truths to the congregation in charge of which he might be placed. His success was such that his contributions to the DUQUESNE MONTHLY were always welcomed. Only a few days before his death, he handed in an essay on Literary Lapses, in which the attention of readers was called to the baneful influence exercised by many writers on the literature of our day and country. He had a sacred regard for the models of early writers, and it was his noble endeavor to assimilate what was best in them by diligent study and assiduous practice.

In our daily intercourse with him, we had frequent opportunity to test his sterling worth. He was a living example of noble and inspiring manhood. He lived for others, not for self, convinced that the fullness of life comes through giving rather than receiving. It may in truth be said of him that his life was a grand epic set to music in a minor key, but written in language so pure and holy that association with him was a signal grace to his companions and acquaintances.

His death, though unexpected, came at a most opportune moment—on the eve of the Commemoration of All Souls and in the midst of his labors, catechising the children of Bridgeville. His sudden removal leaves a vacancy that none can fill. We must find consolation in the rich legacy of his good example and in the abundant reward that he even now enjoys.

*"His path shall brighten more and more
Unto the perfect day;
He can not fail of peace who bore
Such peace with him alway."*

THOMAS J. McDERMOTT, '16.

Alumni.

SATURDAY, November 15, was a memorable day in St. Mary's, Ferndale, Connecticut, the house of studies of the Holy Ghost Order, nestled amid the beautiful Yankee hills, and overlooking the placid waters of Long Island Sound. Eight young men, among them five of our alumni, and a former professor, were raised to the holy priesthood by the Father General of the Order, Right Rev. Bishop Le Roy. The new priests are Fathers PATRICK J. DOOLEY, '07, CHARLES B. HANNIGAN, '07, JOSEPH ROSSENBACH, '08, PAUL SZTUKA, '08, JOHN LUNDERGAN, '08, and JOHN FITZPATRICK, the last-named a member of the Faculty during the year 1910-11; in addition, Father William Teehan, a graduate of Marquette University, and Father Frederick A. Hoeger, one of the pioneers of Holy Ghost Apostolic College, Cornwells, Pa. This ordination, the first to take place at Ferndale is, we trust, the auspicious inauguration, the shining vanguard, of a long procession of white-robed Levites. We beg the thrice-happy elect ones, in these first days of their Thabor, to pause to receive our hearty good wishes, and to remember us before Him who has made them "not servants, but friends."

AFTER a year's experience in the wilds of Africa, REV. AUGUST WINGENDORF, C. S. Sp., '07, has set down some of his impressions in a letter to one of his classmates. "To tell the truth," he writes, "missionary life in Africa is not without many pains and difficulties. But I expected them. . . . These savage people have heard the missionary hundreds of times, and still comparatively few have had the courage to take upon themselves the yoke of Christianity; the great mass cling as firmly as ever to their pagan superstitions. . . . Perhaps in a hundred years the missionaries' sacrifices will bear their fruit.

"On my last missionary tour, I was out three weeks, traveling half the time in a canoe, half the time on foot. The roads in this country do not merit the name. You can imagine the fatigue after five, six hours' walking. But during those hours the missionary feels himself near to God, and though he be far away from earthly friends, a better Friend walks at his side, keeping him and guiding his steps."

REV. RALPH L. HAYES, '05, now a member of the Pittsburgh Apostolate, assisted in giving a series of public lectures at the Cathedral lately. He is said to be a most impressive and convincing speaker.

T. F. RYAN, '08, announces that he has opened offices for the general practice of the law, at Nos. 70-74 Nicholas Building, and at No. 703 East End Trust Building, Pittsburgh.

DR. C. V. MCKELVEY, a former student, is now practicing Dentistry in this city.

CHARLES W. REILAND, '88, is manager of The Onondaga, the largest hotel in Syracuse, N. Y. The Very Rev. President was recently his guest for a few pleasant hours.

ANOTHER old Pittsburgh College boy whom the President saw on his way east was REV. MICHAEL SHEEHY, S. J., now a professor at Canisius College, Buffalo.

ED GOOD, who will be remembered as a boarder in the years '05-'07, is acting in capacity of salesman at the Joseph Horne Company's store. He was married, in June, to Miss Kelly, of Clairton.

WE met several of the "old fellows" at the Kiski game. They had come to cheer the 'Varsity in their tussle with their old rivals.

AMONG those at the game were WILLIAM J. TEEMER, '04-'05. After leaving this institution, he attended Case School, in Cleveland, and is now connected with the U. S. Steel Corporation at Ellwood City. He played half-back with DR. VICTOR VIESLET when the latter led the 'Varsity.

DR. MURPHY and E. H. KEMPF were also rooting for the Red and Blue that day.

DR. CHAS. RANKIN, '03, an old boarder and footballer, paid a visit to his *Alma Mater*, and watched the 'Varsity team in action. He is now connected with St. John's Hospital, North Side.

WE were deeply grieved to hear of the untimely death of GILBERT KIMMEL, '09-'10. After an illness of scarcely two days this promising young man was snatched away in the very flower of youth. The students and his many friends in the alumni tender their sincere expressions of condolence to the grief-stricken members of the family. R. I P.

JOSEPH A. BURNS, '14.

Exchanges.

○ F all the exchanges that greeted us in our sanctum during the past month, *The Notre Dame Scholastic*, of which four weekly numbers are at hand, and the *Niagara Rainbow*, share first honors. The former is a journal that needs but little encouragement, so we'll first of all do a little friendly "knocking". "The Practical Application of Wordsworth's Theory" is the leading article in one of the issues. It begins with a quotation of which at least one clause is later misrepresented. Wordsworth says it was his object "to choose incidents from common life" for his poems. This the author distorts into "an expression of the everyday affairs of life". It is not our intention to uphold Wordsworth's theory, either now or hereafter, though part of it is not beyond defense; but this interpretation of his simple statement, if not unfair, is certainly misleading. Moreover, we beg to differ with the author when he says: "Since poetry is immortal, its subject-matter must be the imperishable, for the immortal can not have in it that which is subject to decay". Can not poetry—the immortal kind—immortalize that which is subject to decay? Does not poetry—the immortal kind—often make the subject-matter imperishable? What were Troy without the Iliad? Without Homer's song, its fame had perished as its walls! However, if this is said in regard to man's primitive passions, we hasten to agree. "Dickens, the Champion of the Poor", is as good an exposition of that author's services to England's lower classes as we have ever read. This neatly written article shows a more than superficial acquaintance with Dickens' works, and a keen penetration into the deeper meaning of his pathetic scenes and realistic descriptions of want and misery. "The Valley of the Voice" is a fascinating story, made all the more agreeable by its unlooked for conclusion. The reader is led to expect the story to culminate in tragedy. It is not disappointing, however, for the fact that its finale raises a laugh. The author of "The Rat Root River Mine", a tragic story, is partial to uncommon, and long, sonorous words, which at first glance make the diction appear pompous. But upon closer examination one comes to the conclusion that, were the style less rich and florid, its power and vividness, as well as the excellence and interest of the story, would correspondingly decrease.

"A Region of Mystery", in the *Niagara Rainbow*, is an entertaining and imaginative description of the petrified forests in Arizona. The picture drawn shows "the sober facts as the eye

sees them, touched only by that coloring to which the scientific writer may not descend". It shows "the solitary remains of an earlier world and the lonely, altered wreck of a pre-human and luxuriant vegetation". The style is pleasing and graceful. There are but one or two sentences in which we could suggest alteration. "Thy Will Be Done" is an affecting story that reminds one of Longfellow's "Evangeline", save that the unhappy hero is not a Gabriel, but a son, and the afflicted heroine not an Evangeline, but a mother. It is a simple tale of blighted happiness, of woe and longing, and contains a high moral lesson of hope and resignation. "A Man in His Element" and "Monsieur" are two charming delineations of character. The one is a portrait of the atheistic scientist as he is frequently to be found in some modern universities. The other—well, the authoress will not tell us what he does: the wonder is in how he does it. We merely "have a glimpse of Monsieur in the candle-light—that is 'all of him that is not singing in heaven'".

The Collegian from Oakland, Cal., is a well-balanced monthly. Light and serious compositions are found in goodly proportion. Poems are scattered throughout its pages. "A Love Cross" is a mellow, soothing bit of poetry. The harmonious verses of "Peace" contain "thoughts that breathe and words that burn". "Social Regeneration" is an able discussion of a present-day question. The right road and the only means is forcibly pointed out to those who are seeking reform in a wrong direction, and whose first principle—knowledge—is false. "Infantile Gyneolatriy" is a very humorous description and explanation of a malady—and its symptoms—that confines itself to the adolescent masculine element. From what the author says, we shall attempt a definition of "Infantile Gyneolatriy". It is an "intrinsically individualistic" disease that is "normal where all other diseases are abnormal", that "must live its life, tearing the cockles of the youth's heart", and "must die its death"; for "it is metaphysically impossible to cure a normality". It is sometimes called "puppy-love".

We read many good poems on "the mature season" in our October exchanges, but "Autumn" in the *Georgetown College Journal* we consider the best of the lot. Only nine verses compose it—No, its brevity is not its merit: this lies in the softness and the music of the lines. The exchange department of the *Journal* is exceptionally well managed; in fact, it is taken better care of than any like department we are acquainted with. In passing judgment upon the two essays on Giuseppe Verdi that

have been submitted to us *per* our exchanges, our finding is that the one appearing in the *Journal* deserves the greater praise as a literary composition. For obvious reasons we do not venture to comment upon its appreciation of the Italian composer's operas. "The Anglo-Saxon's Literary Indebtedness to the Celt" and "The Present Status of the Drama in America" are serial articles which give promise of more useful information and enjoyment. We impatiently await their continuation.

In *The Solonian* the essay on Daniel Webster bears away the palm. It paints a lifelike portrait of the greatest American orator on and off the rostrum. "To Dellius" is a poem of seven stanzas. It is an elegant translation of one of Horace's odes, and in great measure faithfully renders the Roman bard's meaning. One line is not in harmony with the metre, and consequently has an unpleasant, jarring effect.

St. Vincent College Journal contains some real poetry. "Nature's Poet", "Dawn" and "A Song to Advancing Winter" are all beautiful little bits of verse. "Acoustics" is an amusing essay.

We could go on *ad infinitum* to draw attention to the meritorious compositions of our visitors. But we must draw a line "somewhere, sometime", and since there is no patent reason why this should not be done here and now, we conclude with wishes of continued prosperity, and right warm Christmas greetings.

JOSEPH S. SZEPE, '15.

Athletics.

THE ' VARSITY

KISKI 0—DUQUESNE 0

PICTURE, in your mind, a contest in which it is impossible to pick a victor—a contest in which every fair method known, is used by each antagonist in order to win—a contest in which each rival is urged to greater effort by coaches, supporters and spectators—then you have an idea of the struggle that took place between Kiski and Duquesne, November 1. Never has so exciting a game been played on the University gridiron.

When the two teams trotted out on the field, it was apparent that Kiski was heavier than the home team, but when one noticed the machine-like precision of the "Red and Blue" team, it was

easily seen that it would take more than superior weight to defeat them. From the kick-off till the end of the last period, there was no cessation of brilliant, praiseworthy plays.

Each player put up a good game, but special credit is due the splendid generalship of quarter-back "Johnny" Kane, who, despite his lack of weight, was able to make big gains against his husky opponents. Capt. Heinrich and Werder made substantial gains through Kiski's line, and got away several times for good gains around the ends. Shortley, the big end, was especially brilliant in breaking up the "Black and White" formations. Summary:

Referee—Wymard of Georgetown. Umpire—Foley of Mt. Washington Lyceum. Head Linesman—Manley of Huntington Prep. Time—Fifteen-Minute Quarters.

BETHANY 0—DUQUESNE 21

On November 8, Duquesne won from the heavier Bethany team with ease, by out-playing them at every stage of the game. The Bethany men, though extremely heavy, lacked the snap and team-work that is so essential to a winning aggregation. Duquesne, on the other hand, played first-class football, and at no time was in danger of being scored upon. Woods, the husky guard, showed his ability repeatedly in breaking up the opposing team's interference, while Kane played a star game, even though handicapped by an injured shoulder. Rodgers played the best game for the visitors. Summary:

Referee—Foley of Mt. Washington Lyceum. Umpire—Wymard of Georgetown. Head Linesman—Manley of Huntington Prep. Time—Fifteen-Minute Quarters.

WESTMINSTER 33—DUQUESNE 0

Duquesne journeyed to New Wilmington, Pa., on November 15, and were defeated by the fast Westminster eleven. The Westminster squad proved to be adepts in the use of the forward pass, which was worked repeatedly for large gains. They played a fine game and showed themselves to be masters of the fine points of football. It was hard to lose, after having played three consecutive games without having our goal line crossed, but perhaps we shall even matters up, next season.

ST. BONAVENTURE 6—DUQUESNE 0

The final game of the 1913 season was played with the

St. Bonaventure team of Allegany, New York, on Thanksgiving Day. The game was played at Oil City, Pa., midway between Pittsburgh and Allegany, N. Y. The "Red and Blue" played superior football during three periods of the game, but were out-classed during the last quarter. Several times during the first half, Duquesne would have scored had it not been for inopportune fumbling. Capt. Heinrich played a star game in this, his final game for Duquesne. The plunging of Werder and Howard was of the best, while Kenny played a steady game at centre, although handicapped by an injured ankle. The star of the game was Regan, the fast full-back for St. Bonaventure. His end runs were the sensation of the game. Summary:

Touchdown—Regan. Referee—Hess of Silver Lake. Umpire—Caldwell of Cornell. Time—Twelve-Minute Quarters. Timekeepers—Hallahan and Crane.

REVIEW OF THE SEASON

And, having, chronicled the various games in which our 'Varsity eleven participated during the season of 1913, it behooves us to cast a retrospective glance over the results achieved. For over ten years Duquesne University has been without a 'Varsity team to represent it in inter-collegiate football. On his return to his *Alma Mater* in 1912, Father Røehrig was placed in charge of what was then known as the Freshman eleven. His personal attention to the team, and the able coaching of Dr. Budd, a local gridiron hero, soon made the Freshmen a formidable aggregation. Encouraged by their success, both the Rev. Manager and Coach Budd began, at the close of last year's season, to lay plans for a 'Varsity team in 1913. Ably seconded by Father Patrick McDermott, their plans were realized and the season which has just closed, saw a team on the Bluff Campus that was worthy of D. U. The ambition of the interested parties was not so much to win all the games as to make Duquesne a name which must not be overlooked in Western Pennsylvania athletic circles. Though our 'Varsity was an unknown quantity, the managers were fully convinced that a good showing could be made against the foremost college teams hereabouts; and, with the hope of securing the best possible attractions, they booked games with elevens that now claim the championship. The schedule was one of the hardest that could be arranged. The first game proved a victory and did much to encourage the players. However, the next three games were losses. These

games were played abroad with Indiana, the Olympics of McKeesport and the Staats A. C. of Wheeling. The last two teams are the best semi-professional elevens in their respective states. The 'Varsity proved better at home than abroad. St. Francis and Bethany Colleges were easily trimmed whilst Kiski, which overwhelmingly defeated Indiana, was held to a scoreless tie. Westminster was too strong for us and we were defeated. The season ended at Oil City, with a defeat—St. Bonaventure beating us in the last two minutes of play.

Truly, the above is a record of which we can be proud. Besides, we have gained what we desired,—recognition in this section of the State. And, looking forward to next autumn we have every reason to expect to even better our present standing. Graduation, which usually tears a big hole in a college team, will deprive us of only three players—Captain Heinrich, Carlin and Burns. The remainder of the team will remain intact and, with this most substantial foundation, a champion team should be developed.

PERSONALS

Too much credit cannot be given to Coach Budd. He worked untiringly for the success of the eleven. His wide experience in football and his thorough knowledge of the game, enabled him to turn out a winning team. He devised numerous trick plays, the execution of which netted many a yard when needed.

"Jack" Conlin, the popular and star centre, and "Tom" King, the fast end, have both been traveling in hard luck all season. At Wheeling, Conlin had the muscles of his shoulder torn loose and was unable to play for several weeks. He was again in shape to play against Kiski. During the Kiski game one of the bones in his ankle was severely fractured.

King injured his ankle and his wrist during the season and in the final game, with St. Bonaventure, received a severe kick in the head. He played a good game all season and was one of the fastest men on the team.

Baum, full-back, sustained a broken collar-bone during a scrimmage practice in the early part of the season, which kept him out of the game for the remainder of the year. He played on the team last season, and displayed extraordinary line-bucking ability.

For the first time, we have had a "publicity man" in the person of "Jim" Manley. He saw to it that the sporting editors

of the local papers had their daily supply of news, relative to the progress of the D. U. eleven. He won the favor of the editors, who were eager for his "dope." By these daily accounts, much interest in our team was aroused locally, and many a football "fan" came to the campus who otherwise might have gone elsewhere.

PAUL J. GNAU, '18.

THE MINIMS

The Minims brought their season to an end with a most enjoyable trip to Mt. Pleasant and a most creditable victory over the High School Independents of that football-loving town. It is with sentiments of most cordial appreciation that the management and members of the visiting team desire to convey to Mr. M. J. Kelly their most sincere thanks for his generous hospitality and courteous attentions before and after the game.

Not once was the Minims' line in danger, while the Minims managed to cross the line three times. Two of these touchdowns were tallied in the first quarter by means of long end runs and forward passes. Neither team was able to score in the last half.

REVIEW OF THE SEASON

On Thanksgiving Day the Minims closed a remarkably successful season. They not only maintained but surpassed the records of previous years. Invariably their opponents outweighed them and often considerably, but the result was always the same—victory for the Minims, whitewash for opponents. In all, they played eleven games and ran up the magnificent total of 449 points to their opponents' 0. Too much praise can not be lavished upon their excellent and devoted manager, Father Baumgartner, their skillful and ever-watchful coach, J. A. Manley, and their own intelligent response to every demand for regular practice, fast play, and varied formations. Owing to their lighter calibre, they depended more on science than on strength, on team work rather than on individual effort. Their formations were numerous, but many plays were evolved from each formation; as a result, opponents were completely mystified and failed to determine against what point the coming attack was to be directed. No time was lost in calling plays; a whole series was indicated by the announcement of a single letter as a signal, and the team was set in motion whilst opponents were waiting for the customary babel of numerical clarion indications from the quarter-back.

The pivot on which the whole team seemed to turn was Paul McGraw, whose masterly generalship noted weak spots for attack in the opposing line, or opportunities for rounding the ends for substantial gains. Fleet of foot as Achilles of old, and elusive as the proverbial eel, he contributed sixteen touch-downs to the season's total. Kane, the counterpart of his brother on the 'Varsity, shone with scarcely diminished splendor' and came a close second with fourteen. Obruba, with legs working like the piston of an engine, quick in action and hard to stop, captured third place with eight. McGillick, a modern juvenile Hercules in stopping mass plays, and an effective battering ram in piercing the line, was only one behind Obruba. Crandall, with steady nerve and accurate eye and leg swinging like a mighty pendulum, kicked thirty-five goals from touch-downs, Kelly, so often called upon to dart the ball like a graceful rainbow across the field, kicked two field goals.

Connelly at centre passed the pigskin with precision, and in some inscrutable manner slipped between opposing centre and guard to down a ranner or block a kick. He was admirably supported by the stalwart Burns and McSorley, who were occasionally relieved by the efficient Mosti, O'Shea and Mulgrew. Tommy Nee proved a star at tackle. Maher, Murray and Anton were speedy ends, courageous and resourceful. McGuinness, Dudley Nee and Sullivan were most reliable substitutes in the back field.

All in all, it was a glorious little team, a team that all the students and lovers of clean football are justly proud of. When shall we have another like it?

THE INDEPENDENTS

We can give only the summary of the Independents' games:

- Nov. 7, Independents 48—S. H. School 0
- Nov. 15, Independents 6—East End Indians 6
- Nov. 19, Stephenson Tigers 6—Independents 0
- Nov. 22, Independents 6—Oakland 0.

This organization of young bloods certainly made good in this, their first season. Ambitious, untiring, self-reliant, they have achieved a record worthy of more experienced players. Out of seven games played, only one was lost and one tied, owing to the fact that the local team was heavily outweighed. Persevering and intelligently directed practice, added to their natural

dash, courage, and aggressiveness, brought this interesting little team to a high pitch of excellence. Their manager and coach, Mr. Sonnefeld, is largely responsible for this gratifying result. The red and blue is safe from dishonor as long as it is in the hands of the Independents!

PITT—Alexandre Dumas' famous play, "Camille", will be presented by the Pitt players, at the New Pitt theater, next week, in response to numerous requests.

The story of "Camille" is based upon an actual historical character, Marguerite Gautier, by name, an elegant demi-mondaine of Paris. Her first real love affair is with an awkward boy of the Provinces, Armand Duval, son of General Duval. Although Armand is engaged to a girl of good family, he sacrifices future, reputation, everything, in the worship of the unfortunate Camille. His devotion proves her salvation; for she quits Paris with all its wickedness and dwells with him in the country.

There, General Duval, father of Armand, searches her out and tells her that unless she straightway gives up his son the boy's future will be ruined. So great is her love that she leaves him, plunging again into the dissipation of Paris with men whom she actually detests. Armand, thinking she has been false, seeks her in Paris and at a public hall, openly insults her. Camille swoons and is carried to her home, where she dies of a broken heart in the arms of Armand.

Several years ago Miss Hall played Camille in Pittsburgh, and both press and public were loud in their praises of her singularly human interpretation of the part. Robert Gleckler will have the role of Armand Duval, while George Ridell will enact the haughty old General Duval. William Bonelli, Norah Lamison, Dorothy West, Wilson Day, and the other members of the Pitt Theater company, will have prominent roles. Stage Director Frederick Esmelton, of the Pitt players, is planning an elaborate scenic production of this revival.

Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXI.

January, 1914.

No. 4.

Longing.

RESTLESS feeling ever present
In the hearts of young and old,
Urging, pressing, ever haunting :
Who can count thy force untold ?

Luring men to paths of pleasure,
Dost them from their duty tear.
Potent weaver of thy meshes,
Will with eld thy strong nêts wear ?

Wails the nursling for its mother;
Homesick is the lad at school;
Sighs for maiden's golden tresses
Giddy youth, till called a fool;—

All, we burn with fervent longing,
Longing for the unattained:
Only cease our keen desires when
Life's last sunset fires have waned.

Draws me on a constant longing,
Joined with hope in sweet accord,
To a beacon in the distance:
Wilt Thou have me reach it, Lord ?

JOSEPH S. SZEPE, ' 15.

War and Peace.

CRUELTY is written across the page of every nation's history. In one country we have seen the true reformer persecuted, and his world reduced to a six-foot square imprisonment. In another, we have seen the unoffending minister of religion preach his farewell sermon with the scaffold as his pulpit and the gallows' rope as the last stole of his priesthood. In fact, we have seen that every country has been cruel, cruel in some way. Each country, in some way or another, has demanded, with more or less exaction, the "pound of flesh"; but there is one way which has been common to all nations, and that is War.

Time was when men fought duels to decide personal disputes. But the law is now the great arbiter between individuals. The sanguinary system of private duelling is almost obsolete to-day, and in reverting to it and its reproached horrors and follies, we are looking with a microscope at what is after all but a speck among human interests compared with the system of national duelling which is still undiscarded. Scarcely is the ink of a Hague Convention dry, till we again witness the angel of peace pleading in vain. At the present time, fortunately, peace is the rule and war the exception, yet war-scares are seldom out of the newspapers; and now, if ever, is the time to protest against war and to render it abhorrent, for it is a mistake to wait till the evil is upon us, before waking up to the use of every means of averting it. In this article, I might appropriately direct attention to the horrors and touching sights of the world's wars, but I forbear. I might tell of the house, miscalled a home, with its vacant chair and unpressed pillow; the killed sailor-boy in the silent noon of night lowered in a canvas coffin beneath the blood-empurpled wave; the siege, like that of a Genoa, where the starving inhabitants hunted worms in cellars for food, and a single bean sold for two cents; the battle, where "wounds, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips"; the long agonies of broken limbs and the longer agonies of broken hearts; the loud shrieks of the wounded and the melancholy moans of the dying; the syllabled prayer begun in this world and finished in another; and how, when the sulphurous clouds of battle-smoke have cleared away, a torrid sun beats with mocking splendor upon a hideous fleshy heap,—the food of swarming horse-flies and once a troop of men. I might, without exaggeration, paint for you all this revolting spectacle, (for no depth of coloring can approach reality), but I forbear; for war, to an enlightened people, is subject to the rubrics of reason

and may be rendered abhorrent accordingly, and therefore I shall restrict myself to a few reflections upon the folly, cost, and demoralizing influence of War.

War decides not which side is wrong but only which side is strong. Personal disputes are now submitted to peaceful courts; and is it reasonable to have justice to decide the difficulties of individuals and merely power to decide the difficulties between nations which are composed of individuals? Moreover, in War, violence rules,—yes, and many a hand slays that in times of peace would recoil even from the delicate cruelty of brushing the down off a butter-fly's filmy wing. And cunning likewise rules. The Battle of Yorktown was gained by a ruse, though a Washington used it,—and doubtless he justified it. In fact, as long as any judicial method itself is generally admitted as moral, particular cases will never lack justification. There was never a duellist who did not claim to have exhausted the resources of reason before resorting to the pistol; never a war-minister who did not call the heavens to witness the purity of his motives; never a Pilate who did not publicly call for water and wash his hands in innocence.

And see the appalling cost of war! Since the Norman Conquest in 1066 down to the present time, Great Britain alone has spent over 500 years in warfare; has waged in that time over 60 wars, and, think of it, some of these wars were fought on account of a punctilio! Napoleon, the shuffler of kingdoms, he "whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones, whose table earth, whose dice were human bones," climbed the cliffs of fame till he fell over the precipice of pride, and his frustrate exaltation cost no less than six and one-half million lives or over 12 times the combined population of these twin cities of ours. And yet generation teaches generation to revere his name!—Ah, sunny France! Your nest-birds may early learn to sing their matin song and to chirp their vesper verse, but the tiny tenants of your cradles are early taught to lisp the name of that taker of lives and breaker of hearts. Oh, it were better, ten thousand times better, to sink into the grave "unwept, unhonored, and unsung," than to purchase fame with the ambition of a Cæsar or an Alexander, a Charles XII. or a Napoleon—an ambition that seems akin to that of Milton's Western Satan who would rather "reign in hell than serve in heaven."

Of course, I do not mean to imply that all great soldiers have greatly debased the usages of warfare, nor to condemn the noble heroes that war has at times known. I am speaking mainly

against the war spirit, against that spirit of Militarism which prefers to build battle-ships rather than homes and schools; to turn the veldts red rather than the meadows green; to exploit other lands rather than develop our own; to drill rather than to educate; to pension the fighter rather than the toiler. That is what I speak against, and I rejoice that Militarism is already in a defensive position; the advocates of the war-system are already apologists. They are writers and speakers who must stoop to conquer;—they are writers who put a false interpretation upon historic precedent, patriotism, and the destinies of the human race. They touch nothing they do not—defile! They are speakers who suck the poison from the wounds of a dead pagan past and spit it upon us,—*that* is their eloquence!

Now, then, is the time to paint, against the dark back-ground of hate, the angel of love; to speak, against the rising storm of war, the stilling word of peace; to foster the virtuous ambition of promoting "peace on earth to men of good-will"—in short, to create a public opinion against war,—something to which often even the most absolute ruler is compelled to bow. Most statesmen will not regard the happiness of mankind till a public sentiment is awakened against war, nor will the beautiful ideal of peace ever be actualized without that same preliminary. And in view of that requisite, see how the gentle Leo, looking out from "the watch-tower of the world", has given the signal to all Christendom to hail and hasten the day when the sword Excalibur shall be flung out into the sea; when Mars' red chariot, whose pulverizing wheels crushed colossal thrones into the dust, will stand in dreary wreckage as an ebon silhouette on the far horizon of history; when not a battle-ship shall plow the swaying oceans and not an army wind its dragon length over hill and valley and plain; when every orator shall disregard the warrior, to extend praise to the peacemaker. Step forth, Wendell Phillips, and amplify your prophecy. Tell the world, if you will, that in some to-morrow when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will inscribe on the sky the names of earth's worthier soldier heroes; but peer further into the future and you will see that the same chronicler, "dipping her pen into the sunlight," will write on the blue arch of heaven, high over all, the names of the noble champions of peace,—and long after they have sunk into the grave, the marble monument above each will still point its immaculate finger toward the glowing inscription.

M. J. HEGERICH, '14.

Two Graves Jim Escaped.

OKLEY is a thriving village situated in the heart of an extensive agricultural region. Leading from the village towards the east is a well-kept country road. Shortly after leaving the village it comes upon a cemetery directly in its course. Instead of obliging the dead to make room for the living, the good country folk preferred to have their road wind about this burial place, since the cemetery was in possession before the highway was planned.

On the opposite side of the graveyard, bordering it and the main road, is a small farm. The only buildings to be seen are a little cottage and a rather large barn.

Before the dwelling a small plot had been skillfully transformed into a wondrous old-fashioned garden. There an aged woman with silvery gray hair and motherly countenance was bending over her flowers, diligently tossing aside the few dead leaves that were to be found. As she caressed the beautiful blossoms which her skill and tenderness had reared, she was happily musing.

"Yes, Tom is 'the flower of the flock'. He's a good son indeed—so like his father, Lord have mercy on his soul! And to think that to-morrow Tom is to marry pretty Katherine Rice, the most generous girl in the whole country-side!"

Up the road leading to the house toiled the figure of a man who was destined to overshadow her radiant gladness. His progress was slow, though it was evident, as he neared the house, that he had scarcely passed his teens; now and then he quickened his pace in that spasmodic fashion peculiar to the drunkard.

The young man had almost reached the cottage before his presence was discovered by the old woman. Then her features lost all their cheerfulness, and took on a most pitiable expression. But even in pain that face seemed to grow all the more motherly. Big tears coursed down her cheeks, and all she could utter was, "O Jim, my poor boy!"

Jim's one great failing was intemperance. His present condition was not new to his mother, but, coming at such a time, it stung her to the quick. She had often pleaded and sought to impress on his mind what a terrible curse drink would be to him, only to receive a ready but weak and worthless promise.

It was a long time, however, before the mother realized the futility of attempting to reason with Jim. Her only hope now was that a lesson might be brought home to him; and she prayed,

daily and hourly, that it would come before he was beyond redemption.

Jim staggered through the garden, tottered up the steps, and read the old-fashioned name-plate on the door: "'J. J. Dean'—Thash the plashe, a' right." He entered the first room, flung himself on a chair, and fell into a drunken sleep, while his stricken mother wandered off, as was her wont, to seek consolation in her beads.

In the course of Jim's restless slumber an evil spirit, seeking to confirm him as a drunkard, hinted that he should revisit the saloon. The illusion swiftly brought him back to life. He arose, intending to obey, when another wild suggestion presented itself. Acting upon it, Jim proceeded to his brother's room, arrayed himself in Tom's new wedding garments, and then set forth, bowing to right and left, for his degrading haunts.

Had he been in his right senses, directly on leaving the house he would have noticed a wall of black clouds swiftly approaching. As it was, he did not perceive them until darkness overspread the landscape and great drops of rain began to spatter the dusty road.

Men do most unreasonable things when under the influence of whiskey, and Jim Dean here proved that he was no exception. Instead of returning home, he broke into a staggering run and entered the cemetery with the intention of making a short cut.

Here the overhanging trees afforded some shelter, but this he was not seeking. He had decided to reach the village, and then only was he determined to halt.

It was dark enough in the open, but here the trees augmented the blackness. The wind swishing through the clustered branches made a dismal sound. All the ghost stories he had ever heard came back into his befuddled brain. Each white tombstone looming up from the darkness sent a cold chill to his heart.

He made frantic efforts to increase his irregular pace. A stout, low-hanging branch swept him off his feet. He sprang up, thinking a goblin had assailed him, and rushed into the waiting arms of a pale figure, but reeled aside. His feet became entangled in a mound of yellow clay: he threw all his energy into one last desperate leap; his body cleared the heap, only to descend into a yawning pit.

While the pit did not prove to be very deep, it was exceedingly moist, and this fact together with the charm that is said

always to accompany a drunken man, did much to break his fall, but played havoc with his brother's prospective wedding-suit.

The jolt which announced the termination of Jim's descent started all his superstitious fears scurrying away. It also served to sober him. He managed to stand erect, and after much difficulty succeeded in removing the mud from his blinking eyes, only to find himself inclosed by four solid walls of earth.

The height of the walls reached its limit not far above his head. It seemed an easy matter, then, to effect an exit. But he soon learned that he had reckoned without his host. The edge of the pit was like butter, and the thick mud beneath his feet, along with the slowly deepening pool of water that covered it, frustrated any attempt at reaching a firm hold beyond the brink by jumping.

Even with all these conditions against him, it was only from sheer exhaustion that he gave up.

Then a voice within began to chide him for his criminal folly. It reminded him of his happy youth, before he knew the taste of liquor. It reproached him for the degradation he was bringing upon his young manhood—the noble dreams he had abandoned—the God-given talents he had failed to use. With pitiless insistence it burned into his soul a picture of his dear old mother's helpless grief, and demanded why *he* had not made her the grateful return that Tom had given her for all her care of him. Even now he was putting that good, generous brother in a most embarrassing position.

Jim was profoundly moved. He paced—or paddled—to and fro in his narrow confinement, but could find no relief from that accusing voice. Was this to be the drunkard's grave that had been predicted for him? he asked himself. At last, he prayed for aid; and then he solemnly swore that the taste of intoxicants should never again gratify his unholy thirst.

This vow he would keep; he was positive of that: but what could he do to save Tom from that awkward situation?

If he could escape in time!—but that seemed improbable.

Just then his speculations were interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps. When the wayfarer seemed almost above, Jim cried, in a somewhat husky voice, "Help! Come help me out!"

The person, who happened to be a negro returning from a hunt, halted at this command which came from a new grave hardly a yard to his right. A weakness suddenly attacked his

knees; his teeth chattered and echoed like the rattle of musketry; his kinky hair uncurled itself, and an almost Caucasian pallor overspread his dusky face. His gun, exploding, seemingly of its own accord, flew from his unprotesting hand and fell into the grave.

Deprived of his only weapon, the darkey decided to take no chances. So, in an amazingly brief period he had left the graveyard far behind.

Hearing the terrified negro's hasty flight, Jim suffered a deep pang of disappointment. But he soon remembered the rifle which the hunter had, by a providential accident, left with him; and instantly hope once more appeared—this time to be realized, for by having the rifle perform the function of a ladder he had only to execute a simple manœuvre to place himself in the open.

By this time the storm had spent its fury and great patches of blue-green sky were appearing in the rifts of the clouds. Jim hurried home, and entered without being observed by his mother. After making himself presentable and leaving a note for Tom, should he return early, Jim again set out for the village. This time the journey was uneventful. He took the first train to Bingham, a town much larger than Oakley.

Here, after much difficulty, he procured a decent duplicate of the ruined wedding suit, and then returned home.

As for Tom, he was quite reasonable; and when Jim had renewed his pledge in the presence of Father Michæl, the mother fervently exclaimed, "He escaped one grave; now he is no longer in danger of falling into another. Thanks be to God!"

And the two brothers devoutly responded, "Amen."

DENNIS J. MULVIHILL, 4th High.

Ancient Coins.

NUMISMATICS, or the study of coins and medals, is of comparatively recent origin. The first book that treated of coins in a distinct and separate form, was Bude's work on the Roman Aes or As, which was originally published in 1516. However, the origin of numismatic studies may be traced to Petrarch, who first formed a collection of coins and medals with some perception of their true use. His example was followed by Alphonso, King of Aragon and Naples, as well as by the Medici, and various crowned heads. The fashion thence descended through princes and nobles to private individuals.

The derivation of the word "coin" is as follows: "Coin" comes from Latin "*cuneus*," which means a wedge; all coins were originally stamped by means of a wedge.

The uses of ancient coins are many: they bear testimony to the character and progress of art; they furnish data as to the respective values of the precious metals in relation to each other or to a certain commodity, especially wheat; they preserve the features of famous men and women; but above all, they throw a light upon many facts of history, which without them would be obscure and even unknown. "If all our records were lost," says Gibbon, "medals, inscriptions, and other monuments would be sufficient to record the travels of Hadrian."

Many coins bear the name of a city, accompanied by that of a river or a mountain; this determines not only the existence of the place, which might have been doubted, disputed or forgotten, but likewise its situation, thus distinguishing it from other cities of the same name. For instance, some of the coins of Ephesus have the word EPHESEON (of the Ephesians) beneath which is the word KAISTROS, which shows that Ephesus was situated on the banks of the Cayster. Another instance of this use of coins is that of the ancient Italic city of Hatria or Hadria, now known only by its coins, which gave its name to the Adriatic Sea, on the shores of which it was situated.

Treaties of alliance may also be traced on ancient Greek coins. When a coin of one city is found, countermarked by the emblem of another city, it denotes that an alliance has been formed, and that the coins of one city are by common agreement allowed to pass as current money among the people of the other city.

It is believed, chiefly on the authority of Herodotus, that the Lydians were the first people who "struck" money. The gold

stater of Miletus in Lydia is a specimen of the first coin ever "struck," and may date as far back as 800 B. C. The drachma of Egina is possibly the earliest silver coin known. An early silver coin of Thasus has the first attempt at a head, supposed to be that of Pan or Bacchus; but the unskilled observer will have to take it for granted that it is a head at all. The earliest examples of a monarch's name on a coin is that of Alexander the Great of Macedon; the obverse, or face, having the principal image upon it, represents a man leading a horse. It not only has distinct and unmistakable forms, but conveys the idea of action, especially in the steed. The reverse side contains the punch, divided into four squares, and border with the monarch's name.

These ancient coins became more perfect with the progress of art, until, when the Roman Empire was at its zenith, the coins reached their highest degree of perfection, both in design and execution. However, the decline of art was reached with the decline of the Empire, and thenceforth the coins were marked by a feebleness not only in the design, but even in the purely mechanical execution.

The study of coins can therefore become a very fascinating occupation, for it helps to bring us close to the men of other times, and the study of man, as a great philosopher once said, is man's proper study. What we know about the men who left no written records, we glean from the pots and kettles, the swords and axes, the carved and sculptured images, that they left behind. And of many ancient peoples whose inscriptions are still in great part a riddle to our twentieth century savants, their vases and statuary, their altars and temples, with their pictured decorations and symbolic ornamentation, tell us very much that is interesting. We are glad, even in the presence of the Annals of Herodotus or the Commentaries of Caesar, to find confirmatory evidence in the coins of the locality and period. Not a few editors of the classics have been able to clear up doubtful texts by reference to some curio-collector's numismata; and Biblical scholars have at the same source found new light on many a mysterious passage. And so, when a student finds his annotated Livy or his Ancient History bestrewn with fac-similes of more or less uncouth and mutilated coins, let him not be impatient with the editor, but learn therefrom, in a new way, to apply to himself the old maxim,

"Nil humani a me alienum puto."

WILLIAM C. FIELDING, '15.

The Irish Situation.

IS the world about to witness a bloody civil war, having as its battleground the sunny fields and pleasant hills of Ireland, or is that problem, which is the most difficult question that has confronted British statesmen in many years, about to be solved in such a way as to be acceptable both to Belfast and to Dublin? The Ulster Question is the black cloud upon the British political horizon at the present time, and is the principal one of the moment, not only throughout Great Britain, but in all lands and climes where the sons of Erin have settled. So intense has grown the feeling in support of, and against, Home Rule in Ireland, that the country is at the present time divided into two leading factions: those represented by Sir Edward Carson, who oppose the measure and who threaten, in the event of its adoption, to secede from the United Kingdom and set up their own Provisional Government; while on the other side of the question are to be found those represented by John Redmond, who are doing all in their power to further the Irish National movement.

That the opposition of Ulster is an organized movement cannot be doubted, inasmuch as a Covenant, circulated throughout the North, and calling upon all loyal men to rally to the support of Ulster and to the defense of the religion of the "Black North," has quite generally met with favor, especially in the counties of Antrim, Down, Derry and Armagh. To prove that the Ulstermen are not bluffing but are in earnest, Sir Edward Carson has organized an army numbering nearly a hundred thousand men, fully equipped and commanded by experienced leaders, trained by able drill officers. Yet Sir Edward says Ulster is loyal to the British Crown while at the same time she is preparing to resist a law which the Crown imposes upon her. The position of Ulster, when viewed in this light, is hardly tenable, and may be compared to that of the fanatic who cries out, "Long live the King," and at the next moment blows up the royal carriage.

And should Ulster resist Home Rule, what would be the result? First of all she would be called upon to face the powerful military forces of the United Kingdom. The British government would remove its staff from the postoffices and other government buildings and so would paralyze all communication with the outside world. The big bankers would immediately withdraw their loans, while the supporters of Home Rule, by drawing their money from Belfast, would cause a rush on the local banks. With-

out funds the province would be in dire straits, the army would be helpless, all government appropriations, such as those for education, local government and public works, would be cut off; and Ulster, instead of waging war with the rest of Ireland, would be forced by internal conditions to guard her citizens from sickness and starvation. So it is seen that anything that is to be gained by Ulster must be secured through parliamentary methods, since any policy of direct action can not be other than suicidal.

The motive-power for most of the Anti-Home-Rule agitation is to be found in the feud, which exists and has existed for many years, between the Catholics of the South and the Orangemen of the North. The latter look upon the Home Rule Bill, as it is now constituted, merely as a scheme on the part of the Catholics to deprive them of many of their worldly possessions and of many advantages which they now enjoy, and to force upon them, as they call it, "Rome Rule." However, the champions of the Bill declare that such an assertion is groundless, in view of the fact that the proposed measure does not in any way discriminate against Protestants, nor do the records of the Church contain any instance where she forced her doctrines upon unwilling subjects.

The only practicable way in which this difficulty may be solved, would seem at first sight to be through a conference of the leaders of the interested parties, but such a method of procedure appears to be impossible at the present time. The Ulstermen will not join in any conference which starts from the assumption that the bill before the country is the only basis of settlement. Winston Churchill, strongest pillar of the Asquith ministry, proposes to leave Ulster out of the Home Rule Bill. But here, John Redmond, leader of the Home Rule forces, must be considered. He declares that no exception of any portion of Ulster from the Home Rule Bill will be considered by him or his followers and demands Home Rule for the whole of Ireland. In these opposing declarations of the two factions is expressed the reason why an amicable settlement does not seem at hand, the cause that may make the smouldering embers of bigotry burst forth into a devastating flame.—*quod Deus avertat!*

JOHN R. O'KEEFE, '14.

A Legal Chaperon for Public Advertisements.

AMONG the necessary adjuncts of trade, probably none is so problematic and of such vital importance as advertising, while among the many remedial measures proposed for the rectification of the prevalent abuses of public notices, perhaps none is so salutary and satisfactory as governmental control.

In the winter of 1903, in Massachusetts, a law was passed prohibiting the erection of the glaring billboards without the permission of the State. Also in New York City and in the District of Columbia similar laws have been passed, but in a mood much more earnest and strict. In these places a tax is imposed on advertising billboards, thereby affording the government an opportunity to provide for any advertisements that may be deemed injurious to the people. Truly, would this not be a great protection for the public, if such laws existed the country over?

Foreign cities and nations manage public business notices more effectually than the United States. A tax is sometimes imposed favoring the government with a chance to scrutinize the advertisement before it is reproduced in public, while in Germany, Belgium, and Italy posters must be put up in columns prepared for them.

The economic issue too is very important; it is one that is most frequently abused and one with which the interests of the poorer class of people are bound up. Daily in the newspapers, for instance, hundreds of advertisements are printed introducing patent medicines, fifty per cent. of which is often nothing but "dope", as it is vulgarly but expressively called. Also in the case of quack physicians and surgeons advertised before the public; look how well these have worked their schemes and to what an extent they have swindled the unsuspecting public. Hundreds of similar familiar instances could be adduced, but it is unnecessary. Could these abuses be so prevalent under governmental supervision? Certainly not.

It perhaps would seem a difficult task to accomplish legal regulation of advertisements, but shall we give up the fight in view of the great moral, æsthetic, and economic issues involved? Shall we offer no obstruction to the ever-rising flood of public advertisements? Shall we abandon our towns and cities to them, relinquish the dream of dignity, peace and beauty in our

surroundings? Shall we have nothing sacred—sky, ocean, rock or tree, public buildings, monuments, and even churches? The churches and monuments of beauty-loving Paris itself have served as billboards for the abominable posters. Trees everywhere have died that their trunks might advertise a worthless pill. The romantic scenery has been forced to offer reminder of aches or appetite; in the glory of sunset is silhouetted against the grand sky the profile of a box of breakfast food, and the windows of defenseless homes look out on circus girls and malt Whisky—a misguidance, fearful beyond the telling, in its consequences!

It is a misguidance, too, all the more inexcusable since advertisers can gain their ends in unobjectionable ways, as for instance, as here indicated. with public advertisements under governmental control and censorship bearing the evidences of honesty and justice both towards the producer and the consumer. Thus, if advertising were subject to governmental control, something would be gained, while nothing would be lost: public morality would be ever upheld, æsthetics respected, the beauty of nature preserved; and while property owners would derive the same revenue as heretofore, and many a long ride would be rendered less tedious, the billboards would still win to themselves friends. where before, because of the prevailing abuses, all men of integrity must have been their enemies.

CHAS. J. DEASY, '17.

The Turkey's Fate.

(With apologies to the author of "The Minstrel's Curse.")

ONCE to the hen-house journeyed two men, a rustic pair—
One crowned with touseled ringlets, the other scant of
hair.

An axe the elder carried, a smile uplit his face;
While on the face beside him, the lines of joy you'd trace.

There dwelt a big fat turkey. to eager stomachs known;
And as the two came closer, they heard the turkey groan.
The younger grabbed him rudely, the elder just looked on.
He placed his neck upon the block, and zing! his head was gone.

HERBERT J. TERHEYDEN, 3rd High.

Man and Music.

THERE is in Music in these ultra-modern days so much that is untrue, so much that is hideous and abominable, yet withal audaciously claiming to be an advance on the old, that we are loath to call it Music. The question naturally arises wherein consists the value of tradition when confronted with such wholesale defiance of conservatism and such reckless plunging into new discoveries in the realms of sound. Many modern composers are so biased by the whims and gay caprices of the crowd that they seem to delight in apparently trampling under foot the rules of harmony. Such tendencies inevitably undermine the real value of music as an element in education.

Music, since it embodies the aesthetic and the refined, and since it is calculated to improve and develop the mind, has always been the dominant tone in the scale of intellectual progress. How vast and extensive is the history of music! Its history is the history of nations.

The term "Music" was originally applied to all the sciences over which the mythological Muses were believed to preside. Later, the Greeks themselves were the first to limit the term to our signification—an agreeable succession of pleasing and harmonious sounds. Just as there is no authentic account of a nation entirely destitute of religious ideas, however erroneous and false, so also there has been no nation of people without some idea of music, however crude. Even amongst the barbarians, music assisted in expressing the emotional state of mind and feelings, but in a vague and unsatisfactory manner. A musical composition must have three essential elements, rhythm, quantity and tone. The first two elements seemed to satisfy the untutored ear of the savage, whose tom-tom and Indian drum has no other quality than a harsh loud sound, the rhythm varying only with the stronger or more feeble beat of the performer.

We might trace the birth of Music back to the time of Adam. The lark sang in the Garden of Eden before Adam called it by name. The singing-bird was the first music-master; the winds sighing through the forest, or hissing through the grass, the rhythmic beat of the dashing waves,—all produced tone and melody long before Pythagoras ever dreamed of the music of the spheres.

During the Middle Ages, music was kept alive and preserved by the religious element in the Church. The Germans also did

much for the preservation of music by establishing guilds of meistersingers. These guilds were organized in Nuremburg and the chief meistersinger was the famous old musical cobbler, "Hans Sachs," the leading character in Richard Wagner's Opera, "Die Meistersinger." The influence of these guilds was due to the fact that they were purely democratic. Consisting of neither knights nor noblemen in their ranks, but gathered from the burghers and tradesmen, the guilds brought about the harmonizing of those two phases so essential to national enlightenment, namely, common sense and learning. Men sang at the workshop, at the forge and at the loom. It was these guilds that made the Germans a musical people.

The American aborigine has a music of his own, that is, to civilized ears, if not sweet, at least very expressive, and often thrilling. The early settlers already had some musical training, which was improved by their surroundings. American music early took on a distinctive character. Consciously or unconsciously the hearts of those listening to nature's matin and vesper hymn, grew purer and stronger. Music ever appeals to the purest element in the emotions of nature, soothing if it cannot solace.

Why then should we not foster and encourage good music? It is given to music to suggest almost every emotional state of mind and feeling with an intensity beyond verbal expression. Everyone possesses a love for music in some degree, whether it be the martial sound of fife and drum, the song of the birds at morn or the sound of the chimes at eventide. There is music for all; its scope is infinite. Play Beethoven for those who love tragedy, Mozart for those who crave more cheerful strains; give the romantic and imaginative a lullaby or a dreamy number. Play mazurkas and marches to inspire life and energy, Hungarian rhapsodies to display brilliancy. Popular music also has its place for those who need gayety, but above all learn to know that classic music is the loveliest and grandest of all the music we possess.

LEO A. McCrory, '15.



SANCTUM

Editorial.

The New Year and the Spirit in Which We View It.

THE first weeks of a new year are perhaps more popularly suggestive than any other times of how one may go through it attended with success and wreathed with four-leaved clovers. And we may indeed expect much in the way of prosperity and blessing from the new year; but, in this busy and materialistic age, there is need to indicate and advocate a suitable attitude of mind and heart.

Retrospection, for example, however proper at present, must not interfere with prospecting; mental glances over a personal past of any kind must not eliminate the look forward nor suggest conformity to old practices when there should be reform. It is thus that Oliver Wendell Holmes advises for a successful future:

"Yet in opinions look not always back;
Your wake is nothing; mind the coming track.
Leave what you've done for what you have to do,
Don't be consistent, but be simply true."

Then, too, fortune is largely conditioned by a subconscious expectation and an interior preparation on the part of the seeker. We should have throughout the year all the heed and hope of a gulch miner looking for gold. The fallen apple would have remained insignificant, had Newton's mind not been occupied with natural speculations. The cathedral lamp at Pisa would have oscillated for long years and ages without shedding other illumination than that of oil, if Galileo had not been sym-

pathetically predisposed to problems of matter and motion. Our vast continent would have been mistaken for a vague horizon cloud far across the landless leagues of a sullen ocean, if faith and hope had not subtended the view of Columbus. And so, too, in order to see and grasp the things here given us of God, it is necessary that we bring ourselves into a responsive mood.

Again, it should be remembered that half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness, thinking that happiness consists in getting and in being served by others, whereas it consists in giving and in serving others, and unmindful that real success in life means, how a man has bettered *himself*, not how he has bettered his material fortune, and that the great question of life is not "What have I?" but "What am I?" Finally it is well to note that those are truly favored and blessed who travel forth into the new year, relying not upon their own wisdom, but upon the directions of One always ready to be our Counselor, our Guide, and our Light. True joy, along with good fortune, is ever the happy consequence of the journey of those who follow that star which guided the Magi from the East.

MICHAEL J. HEGERICH, '14.



Our Catholic Novel.

THE recent holiday season has given its usual quota of new literature, in which, of course, as might have been expected, the works of fiction predominate. It is, therefore, only natural for us to ask if the Catholic novel finds a proportionate place in this annual production, and if the Catholic reading public give such works of fiction the encouragement they deserve. To all appearances a negative answer must be given to these two questions—and this unpopularity of the Catholic novel is the more deplorable from the fact that so many modern novels are necessarily offensive to Catholic doctrine and ideals.

Some critics and reviewers offer as an excuse for this condition the plea that the Catholic public is not a reading one; however, we know that they are not justified in saying this. Again, only recently, a writer in one of the leading Catholic magazines made the assertion that "the right sort of Catholic novel has not appeared". We may grant that the ideal Catholic novel has not

yet appeared, but in the same breath we may truthfully say that there are some very good Catholic novels that have not received the recognition and encouragement really deserved. The charm in the novels of such writers as Miss Sadlier, Maurice Francis Egan, Monsignor Benson and others, is undeniable. Is it because they are not given sufficient publicity that they are unappreciated? This may be partly true. We know how extensively the writings of non-Catholics are advertised, and we are also aware that our Catholic publications receive little mention in literary reviews. Overlooking this fact, however, it is forcibly drawn to our attention that Catholics themselves are very much at fault. We may blame the publisher for not advertising, berate the bookseller for not supplying the demand, and resort to other subterfuges; but we are forced to concede that the general Catholic reading public has not created the demand for Catholic books, especially the good novel. Our public libraries give evidence that there is no great demand for these works and it is noticeable in many of those with whom we come in contact that such books are not given support or encouragement.

It is however gratifying to say that many of the excellent books produced by our Catholic writers have found a warm welcome in many Catholic homes, and we may safely infer that they were a source of no little delight and wholesome recreation to mind and heart alike. We are now entering upon a new year. It is a time characterized by the making of good resolutions and promises of amendment. Let us, therefore, add to our list of resolutions the important one of giving our encouragement and a helping hand to Catholic writers and their literature, so that especially during future holiday seasons we Catholic readers may assert ourselves in a manner different from the past.

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.



Chronicle.

The University has been fortunate in securing the services of Prof. A. J. Hogarty as Athletic Director. Although a young man, he has had much experience and success as New Athletic Director in this line of work.

He was Athletic Director at Maurice Harvey's School, Barboursville, W. Va., Lexington High School, Lexington, Ky., and Bethany College, Bethany, W. Va. In 1911 the Lexington High School won the State championship.

Prof. Hogarty will have charge of all the athletics carried on in the University. At present he is coaching the basket-ball team. He is also conducting the gymnastic classes in which every student takes part. The boys are sure to reach a high point of physical development under his careful direction.

The election of the officers for the different Sodalities in the University was held during the past month.

The chief purposes of the Sodalities are the promotion of piety and the cultivation of virtue amongst the students.

There are five distinct Sodalities in the University, arranged in a manner suited to the different ages of the students.

The members of these Sodalities meet in the Chapel on certain days, recite appropriate prayers, and receive instructions on their duties from the Reverend Directors.

A solemn reception into all the Sodalities will take place on the First Friday of February.

The officers for the current year are the following:

SODALITY OF THE CHILD JESUS—Director, Rev. Leo J. Zindler, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, Harry F. Minter; First Assistant, Presley D. Tracy; Second Assistant, Hugh E. Kelly; Secretary, George P. Luther; Treasurer, Carl H. Haferman; Librarian, Lawrence J. McCann; Standard Bearer, Gerald R. Walsh.

SODALITY OF THE HOLY ANGELS—(First Division)—Director, Rev. Francis X. Roehrig, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, Charles F. O'Connor; First Assistant, William F. Blattner; Second Assistant, Edward J. Maginn; Secretary, Raymond W. Hayes; Treasurer, Charles Ackermann; Librarian, Daniel V. Maher; Standard Bearer, Edward T. Egan.

(Second Division)—Director, Rev. E. J. Knaebel, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, John L. Dobbins; First Assistant, Leonard P. Kane; Second

Assistant, Clement J. Land; Secretary, Patrick A. Diranna; Treasurer, Thomas C. Brown; Librarian, Dominic I. Foley; Standard Bearer, Charles F. McCrory.

(Third Division)—Director, Rev. Joseph A. Pobleschek, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, J. Emmett Creahan; First Assistant, Michael J. Shortley; Second Assistant, William J. Kremer; Secretary, Henry P. Wandrisco; Treasurer, Richard J. Bowen; Librarian, James H. Shanahan; Standard Bearer, Paul J. Gnau.

SODALITY OF THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY—Director, Rev. Albert B. Mehler, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, John J. Welsh; First Assistant, James C. Orris; Second Assistant, Joseph C. Butler; Secretary, George B. Frost; Treasurer, Owen B. McManus; Librarian, William F. Martine; Standard Bearer, J. Raymond Gallagher.

SODALITY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT—Director, Rev. H J. McDermott, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, Francis M. Hoffmann; First Assistant, John J. McDonough; Second Assistant, Perry A. Blundon; Secretary, Michael P. Hinnebusch; Treasurer, Philip N. Buchman; Librarian, Frederick C. Maley; Standard Bearer, Ladislaus J. Kadlewicz.

SODALITY OF THE HOLY GHOST—Director, Very Rev. Martin A. Hehir, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, Francis J. Mueller; First Assistant, Vincent S. Burke; Second Assistant, James A. Manley; Secretary, Leo A. McCrory; Treasurer, Harry A. Carlin; Librarian, Henry M. Connelly; Standard Bearer, Joseph S. Szepe.

The students of the School of Commerce held their first public debate on Sunday, December 7. A select programme was rendered. The singing was especially good. "Roll On, Thou Dark Blue Ocean," by Father Malloy, and "The Clang of the Forge," by Richard J. Bowen, were especially applauded. The instrumental quartet, as usual, did very well. The debaters did well, considering their inexperience. The decision was awarded to the speakers of the negative side. The programme follows:

March	Battle Royal	<i>Allen</i>	Orchestra
Recitation	The Blind Men and the Elephant	James J. McCloskey	
Vocal Duet	My Bonnie Is Over the Ocean	Linus P. McGuinness, Richard J. Bowen	
		Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe.	
Violin Solo	Nordische Sage	<i>Bohm</i>	Charles J. Clifford

Recitation	Horse and Rider	Michael J. Shortley
Vocal Solo	Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep	Mr. J. J. Sonnefeld
Waltz	Buds and Blossoms	<i>Cruger</i> Orchestra
Vocal Solo	Clang of the Forge	Richard J. Bowen
Instrumental Quartet	Foure	<i>Bach</i>
Rev. J. A. Dewe, Professor C. B. Weis, Richard J. Bowen, Charles J. Clifford		
Recitation	Dying Soldier	Paul J. Gnau
Vocal Solo	Roll On, Thou Dark Blue Ocean	<i>Petrie</i>
	Rev. John F. Malloy	
Serenade	d' Amour	<i>Von Blon</i> Orchestra
DEBATE	Resolved. That the United States Should Establish a Central Bank.	

Chairman—John J. Welsh.

Affirmative—William J. Wallace, Clement J. Mueller.

Negative—George B. Frost, Joseph C. Butler.

On Sunday evening, December 14, a programme of more than usual excellence was rendered and the audience was indeed an extraordinary one. The select programme, even more so than the beautiful weather, was accountable for the large audience.

Mr. John Grahame, D. Sc., C. A., Fellow of Oxford University, England, entertained the students and their friends with an address on "Reminiscences of Australia and Other Continents." He described the geography of New Zealand, its inhabitants and classes, their intelligence, wonderful instincts, customs, and the chief industries, namely, herding and mining. Interwoven with all this entertaining description were numerous interesting anecdotes.

The performers from the first to the last received much encouragement from the audience. Encores were called for quite frequently. Several new players appeared in the orchestra after being some time on probation. The programme follows:

Medley March	<i>Recker</i>	Orchestra
Recitation	In Trouble	Stanley P. Balcerzak
Soprano and Alto Duet	Oft in the Stilly Night	<i>Stevenson</i>
	C. Herbert Dyson, Thomas P. Ford,	
	Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe.	
Cornet Solo	Romance, A Mother's Love	<i>Isenmann</i>
	Paul P. Fidel	
Recitation	The King and the Child	James P. Bradley

Bass Solo Anchored Mr. J. J. Sonnefeld
 Medley of Familiar Home Songs *Recker* Orchestra
 Reminiscences of Australia and Other Continents

John Grahame, D. Sc., C. A.,

Fellow of Oxford University, England.

Declamation Fontenoy Michael J. Shortley
 Essay Evil in Sunday Clothes Michael J. Hegerich
 Baritone Solo The Lost Chord *Sullivan* Richard J. Bowen
 Piano Duet Festive March

Rev. J. A. Dewe, Leo A. McCrory

Declamation Rienzi's Address Jerome D. R. Hannan
 Bass Solo Nazareth *Gounod* Rev. John F. Malloy
 Instrumental Trio Largo *Haendel*

Rev. J. A. Dewe, Prof. C. B. Weis, R. J. Bowen.

Recitation The Chariot Race I. Victor Kennedy
 Choruses (a) Football Senior Students
 (b) Chanson du Toreador

Reading The Fate of Virginia James A. Manley
 Irish Jig and Hornpipe Joseph L. McIntyre
 Monologue The Schoolmaster's Guests Joseph A. Burns
 Waltz Bridal Bouquet *Sawyer* Orchestra

On Monday, December 15, a meeting of the students of the Senior, Junior, Sophomore and Freshman Classes together with the class presidents, was held in the

Meeting of the Students' Library, to elect the officers
 Athletic Association of the Athletic Association.

Rev. Fr. Mehler, the president of the Faculty Athletic Committee, presided over the meeting. Rev. Fr. Patrick A. McDermott conducted the elections.

Father Mehler opened the meeting and explained why was called. In part he said that henceforward the students would have a voice in all the athletic affairs of the University. There is every reason to expect most satisfactory results from this arrangement. The Students' Athletic Association begins its work with a splendid corps of officers, whose very names inspire confidence.

The following officers and board of advisors were elected: President, James A. Manley; Vice President, Edward A. Heinrich; Secretary, Joseph A. Burns; Treasurer, John M. Kane; Advisors, Harry A. Carlin, Francis J. Mueller, Thomas Kilgallen.

On December 18, a mass meeting was held in the University Hall. The meeting was called in the interest of the coming

Mass Meeting

euchre and reception which will be held on February 11. As the Melwood Auditorium was found to be too small, this important mid-winter social event will be held at the Bryn Mawr, which is the largest auditorium in the East End. During the rally speeches were made by Father Mehler, James A. Manley, Edward A. Heinrich, Joseph A. Burns, Henry A. Carlin and M. J. Hegerich.

All the speakers laid stress upon the great necessity of working in the interest of the University. "We want to have first-class material in every branch of athletics," they said, "and to secure the proper coaching as well to challenge the best teams we need more abundant funds. Furthermore, the only means of increasing our fund is by this Annual Euchre and Reception. Let every one sell as many tickets as he can, and remember it is a duty you owe to your *Alma Mater* and to yourselves." The following Committees have been selected:

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: H. A. Carlin, Chairman; E. A. Heinrich, J. A. Burns, F. J. Mueller, J. A. Manley, M. J. Hegerich, V. S. Burke, John Kane, Thomas Kilgallen.

FLOOR COMMITTEE: J. A. Burns, Chairman; L. A. McCrory, John Kane, James Lavelle, F. P. Anton, I. V. Kennedy, R. J. Bowen, B. Hughes, M. P. Shortley.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE: E. A. Heinrich, Chairman; P. A. Blundon, J. E. Creahan, T. King, L. V. Howard, J. C. McDonough, A. F. McDonnell, P. J. Gnau.

EUCHRE COMMITTEE: F. J. Mueller, Chairman; H. M. Connelly, J. R. O'Keefe, W. C. Fielding, V. S. Stancelwski, J. R. Hannan, M. P. Hinnebusch, T. P. Nee, E. J. Nemmer, T. McDermott, W. J. Fritz, J. F. Kernan, C. J. Deasy, D. J. Gorman, J. McIntyre, L. A. Brennan.

REFRESHMENT COMMITTEE: M. J. Hegerich, Chairman; F. M. Hoffmann, Paul Sikora, T. A. Drengacz.

FINANCIAL COMMITTEE: J. A. Manley, Chairman; Max. Ackerman.

DOOR COMMITTEE: V. S. Burke, Chairman; W. C. Heimbuecher, M. W. Drelak, J. S. Szepe.

PRIZE COMMITTEE: Thomas Kilgallen, Chairman; F. M. Hoffmann, L. A. Brennan, J. R. Hannan. Sub-Prize Committee: H. P. Wandrisco, L. H. Follet, E. H. Ricards, C. F. O'Connor, J. S.

Butler, J. R. Welsh, C. J. McQuade, G. P. Luther, J. Connelly, P. A. Blundon, W. J. Wallace, J. E. Creahan, C. J. Clifford.

PROGRAM COMMITTEE: John Kane, Chairman; Leo A. McCrory.

A large number of lady aides will assist to make this affair the greatest success that the University has experienced.

WILLIAM C. HEIMBUECHER, '15.

Obituary.

REV. ANDREW B. BEJENKOWSKI.

FIVE years are a short space in which to do one's life-work, according to the common estimation of men; but when that work is the priestly ministry, the man of faith is ready to affirm that five years are an ample span, a well-filled career, abundantly fruitful in good for one's self and one's fellow-men. The subject of this sketch labored just a little more than five years in the vineyard of the Lord: who shall say that he has not gathered a rich harvest and laid up a golden treasure in the heavenly store-house?

Rev. Andrew Bejenkowski was born in 1883, at Mielnie, Posen, Germany, and came to America while still a small child. He attended a parochial school in this city, and entered Holy Ghost College in September, 1898. He was always a good student and a favorite with his class-mates, by whom he was affectionately called "Ben". During his college days he was very active in the foundation of the Philarets, a social and literary organization for young Americans of Polish extraction. Of this association he remained president until his death, and was able, through it, to do an immense amount of good to his young fellow-countrymen. Father Bejenkowski graduated with the class of 1905, twelve of whose thirteen members have since become priests.

In the fall of 1905 he entered St. Vincent Seminary, where, in due course of time, he was advanced to the holy priesthood on June 27, 1908. His first post of duty was that of assistant at St. Thomas' Church, Footdale, Pa. But ere long the Rt. Rev. Bishop, seeing his zeal and other excellent qualities, placed him in charge of St. Hedwig's parish, Brier Hall, Pa., with its three

missions, Kiester, Smock and Republic. Here he remained until last fall, devoting himself to his flock and not forgetting the young men of the Philarets, whom he still sought to inspire and to urge on to higher things. At his own expense he sent several young men to college to prepare for the holy priesthood. It was while in the discharge of his missionary duties that he contracted the rheumatism and throat trouble that finally brought him to death's door. He was taken to Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh, but he preferred to be at home with his mother, who took excellent care of him. However, the trouble was deep-seated, and by November it was seen that he could not last much longer.

Rev. Father Sonnefeld, C. S. Sp., gave him the last sacraments on the day of his death, December 20, 1913.

As his body lay in state in the church of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the great love and esteem in which he was held were evidenced by the throngs that passed in and out to view his remains and pray by his side. The Philarets formed a guard of honor all during the day and night of December 22, and they testified that *during all that time* the church was filled. The office of the dead began at 9:30 on December 23, and was chanted by fifty-three priests, among whom were nine of his class-mates. Father Sonnefeld pronounced the panegyric.

The Right Rev. Bishop Canevin, who had kindly visited him in his illness, was present, and gave the last absolution.

May God console his sorrowing family, and grant him eternal rest!

. THOMAS A. DRENGACZ, '17.

J. HERBERT McHATTIE.

IN this issue of the MONTHLY we regret that we have to chronicle the death of a past student, J. Herbert McHattie, of Woodlawn, Pa. This brilliant student, with talent that could command success in any profession, after completing the common school course in his native town, entered the academic department of this institution, invariably headed his classes in all the examinations throughout his high school, freshman and sophomore years, and led his teams to victory on the diamond. Two years ago he entered the law school, but was constrained to interrupt his studies until he could resume them under more

favorable financial circumstances. He secured a position in the office of Jones and Laughlin's mills at Woodlawn, and held it until his death on Saturday evening, December 7.

Though his taking off was sudden and unexpected, it was not without human and spiritual consolations; he died in accomplishing an heroic act of charity, and was assisted in his last moments by the Rev. James O'Neill. Seated in a street car, he noticed a runaway dashing down a hill, evidently beyond the control of the motorman. Realizing his danger, he was about to leap to a place of safety when his attention was attracted by a lady calling him to help herself and child. He dashed to their rescue and saved the lives of both with comparatively slight injuries, but lost his own, the street car passing over him, cutting off both legs and terribly mangling his body. With great difficulty he was taken from under the car to a doctor's office close by. The members of his family were quickly on the spot, but not sooner than Father O'Neill, who was on his way to hear confessions in the mission church attached to St. Joseph's, Aliquippa. Father O'Neill had intended to take the street car, which would have arrived too late to permit him to be of any service, but he felt himself impelled, providentially we must believe, to leave earlier than usual and to walk to the little church. He thus reached the dying man in time to give him the last consolations of religion. Twenty-five minutes after the accident had happened, Herbert opened his eyes before they were finally closed in death, to see his mother and the priest at his side. Father O'Neill profited of the moment to give him a final absolution.

The funeral services were held in the church at Aliquippa where for years he had edified the congregation as an altar boy. Father McGarey, '98, sang the Mass; Father O'Neill, '98, was present in the sanctuary, and Father H. McDermott, C. S. Sp., delivered the funeral sermon. He was buried in the cemetery at New Brighton. *R. I. P.*



Alumni.

THE popularity of JOHN RYAN, '94, in his home city, Youngstown, Ohio, was recently evidenced by his re-election to the responsible post of city treasurer.

REV. MICHAEL A. SHEA, '10, was ordained priest at Galveston, Texas, on December 21, 1913, and celebrated his first solemn Mass on Christmas in his home town, Steubenville, Ohio. He was a welcome visitor at the University during the holidays. Father Shea will be remembered by a good number as an old boarder and an active member of the Dramatic Association.

ANOTHER interesting holiday visitor—it was a pity only the few boarders who spent the vacation on Bluff Street saw him!—was DAN FISHER, who strolled in, decked out in all the picturesque regalia of one of Uncle Sam's Jack Tars. He was full of stories of Mexico, Gibraltar, Rome, Paris, Berlin,—all of which, and more, he has seen. He displayed, with legitimate pride, the stripes of a petty officer. It is a pleasure to know that Dan is doing so well with the Navy, and he has our best wishes for continued success during the two years he has yet to serve.

THE Hónorable JAMES CLIFFORD McNALLY, until recently United States Consul at Tsingtau, China, was the guest of his *Alma Mater* one evening during the holidays. It so happened that one of his former professors in the "old college" on Wylie Avenue was present to welcome him, in the person of Very Rev. Eugene Phelan, C. S. Sp., Provincial of the Holy Ghost Fathers in the United States. Mr. McNally entertained the Faculty for several hours with personal reminiscences of China and Japan. He pictured the characters of these peoples and the conditions in their countries in vivid and picturesque language, leaving an impression which no amount of reading could convey. Mr. McNally has come much in contact with President Wilson, Secretary Bryan, and ex-President Taft, for all of whom he entertains the highest esteem. He is almost the perfect double of Mr. Taft, for whom he has frequently been mistaken. He is a staunch Catholic, and this fact has helped him in many ways in his difficult mission to the far East.



FOOTBALL BANQUET.

ON the Thursday before Christmas the boarders' dining-room was resplendent with red and blue pennants and Christmas green. The 'Varsity, Minim and Independent Football Teams, with the members of the Faculty Athletic Committee and the Very Rev. President, made up with the boarders a total of a hundred who sat at the festive board. After discoursing a delectable menu, the feasters listened to several toasts replete with Christmas cheer and genuine love of sport. The Very Rev. President praised the boarders and complimented the heroes of the gridiron, pledging himself to do all in his power to keep athletics up to their present university standard. Rev. P. A. McDermott felicitously outlined the causes of this year's gratifying success, and passed a eulogy on the players who are not to return to Duquesne next fall. James A. Manley was called upon to voice the sentiments of the students, and he did so gracefully, meting out their due share of praise to the Minims, who had responded so well to his coaching. Finally, Father Roehrig seized a favorable moment to express all the teams' indebtedness to Brother Ammon for his care of their dressing-rooms and of the grounds.

The banquet was followed by social sessions, at which the captains of next year's teams were elected. The 'Varsity captain will be "Mike" Shortley, the Minims' Leonard Kane, and the Independents' John Connelly.

THE MINIMS' FOOTBALL.

After their last game, the ball which the invincible Minims had carried across so many glorious fields was turned over to Father Malloy, whose deft hands, with the aid of gold, silver, and red paint, covered it with glittering arabesques. Each player then wrote his name upon it, and the team's record was also

inscribed upon it. This handsome trophy of a memorable season was then presented to Coach Manley, who had been led to believe it was to be raffled. It now adorns his room and is prized as a treasure.

BASKETBALL.

During past years, winter athletics in most colleges have been confined to activities on the indoor track. It is only during recent years, that colleges, seeing the urgent need of an exciting sport to occupy the winter months, have taken up basketball. It has proven a big success wherever it has been adopted, and most colleges now support 'Varsity teams. Duquesne, aiming as ever, to rank with the leading colleges in the country, has decided to introduce basketball and, with this view, has devoted every effort to securing a winning team.

The first difficulty to be encountered was the apparent lack of proper floor space, not that our gymnastic hall was not large enough, but rather precisely that it was too large and long. To obviate this difficulty a cage was ordered, and after passing through the deft fingers of the Brother engineer of the house, who worked unceasingly at it during the Xmas holidays, it has turned out to be "a thing of beauty". Even the salesmen of Spaldings, and the sporting editors of our city papers, have come up specially to inspect it and admire it. By a most ingenious system of hollow steel tubes at the four corners revolving on swivels, and with the aid of ropes and pulleys, the gymnasium can be transformed in a moment from a theatre into a basketball floor; the nets may be raised at will, and even the baskets may be lowered or removed out of sight in the twinkling of an eye.

Mr. Hogarty, the new Athletic Director, is in charge of the coaching and has formed a team that should be able to cope successfully with any college in the East. The players have all had abundant experience—a thing that counts more in basketball than in any other sport. In practice, Bleichner, Gillis, Gnau, Lavelle, Pierotti, Shortley, A. Sorce, R. Sorce, R. Werder, G. Werder and Williams, have shown up well and can be relied upon to put up a good game at all times. James A. Manley, student manager, has arranged a very good schedule of games—one that will give us ample opportunity of seeing the real worth of the team.

The following schedule has been arranged. It is not yet complete, as negotiations are under way for a number of other games:

Jan. 15, Bethany, at Home.
Jan. 17, St. Francis, at Home.
Jan. 24, St. Francis, at Loretto.
Jan. 31, Geneva, at Home.
Feb. 6, Marietta, at Home.
Feb. 14, Mt. Union, at Home.
Feb. 21, Grove City, at Home.
Feb. 27, W. and J., at Washington.
Feb. 28, Bethany, at Bethany.
March 7, California Normal, at Home.

Now, there remains but one thing that is necessary to insure the complete success of basketball at Duquesne, and that is, the loyal support of *each and every student*. Come to the games; bring your friends to the games. The larger the crowd, the greater the enthusiasm, and this is the thing that will make basketball a complete success. Let the team see that you are interested in them, and they will play all the better because of it.

THE GYMNASTIC CLASSES.

The gymnastic classes in all branches of indoor work have been resumed with greater zest and activity than ever, owing to the presence of a resident director of athletics. Every day at the noon recreation, during the cold spell, the younger students, especially, are lined up before the horizontal bars, and are put through all the customary exercises in such a way as to make them appear a part of the recreation rather than a formal athletic task. Then, for a short portion of the afternoon study the different classes take their turn at the various drills which form the usual programme of an athletic training.

Exchanges.

AS this is the first publication of our MONTHLY for the new year, we take the proffered opportunity to extend to all our readers and to all those laboring in the same department of other journals our best wishes for the new year, and hope to see the same high types of college journalism come to our table as have come heretofore.

Of the journals on our table, the *Notre Dame Scholastic* is,

as usual, one of the best. However, it has a close rival in the *Georgetown College Journal*. All the articles in the *Journal* are very well written. But in our humble opinion "The Present Status of the Drama in America" and "The Anglo-Saxon's Literary Indebtedness to the Celt" share first honors. The writer of the former discusses "the three pillars upon which rests the responsibility in the drama, namely, the playwright, the manager, and the public." He treats of each of these separately. A playwright, he says, must write of real life, and therefore cannot produce a work greater than himself. Then he shows that it is often through the inefficiency of managers that so many plays prove to be failures. He lets the public off rather easily. The writer of the other article treats of the direct influence of Celtic Literature and the indirect influence of the great Romantic movement upon English Literature. This article is directed against those English who despise their Irish neighbors and are too proud to acknowledge the influence of the Celt upon their own literature. "Some Recent Plays and Players," a serial, is a criticism which shows that its author has an extensive knowledge of plays. The *Journal* also has a good detective story in "The Meeting of Two Master Minds."

The December number of *St. Vincent College Journal* is exceptionally good. It has two long articles; one is an essay on the different meters—not poetical—and the other, a good piece of fiction. The Turks had carried off a large number of Christian children to be brought up as janizaries. Among them was a French nobleman who afterwards became chief of the Sultan's janizaries. After fifteen years we find him fighting against his own father. He is captured and restored to his relatives. If history may be credited, similar incidents were not uncommon when the power of the Moslem was at the zenith. Some time ago, there appeared in the *Pittsburgh Observer* an article on the permission granted to the Y. M. C. A. to erect buildings on the U. S. reservations in the Philippines and the refusal of a similar permission to erect a Catholic chapel. Under the title, "By Way of Contrast", the *St. Vincent Journal* has a strong editorial on the same subject.

The best specimens of poetry on our table this month are those in the Christmas number of *The Mountaineer*. "The Oriole and the Snowbird" and "Memories" are the best. "The Ghost of the Violin" is a well written story.

For one reason or another, we did not receive the usual number of journals, so we shall say *transeat* for the present month.

Duquesnicula.

THE parodists of the Third High have been perpetrating peculiar parodies of "Sir Launfal". Out of the passage, "And what is so rare as a day in June?" Herbert Terheyden has twisted the tortuous turns that follow:

And what is so nice as an automobile?

There, if ever, comes perfect "class".

Then fellows try their doom to seal

By smoking on top of a tank of "gas"!

Whether we scorch, or whether we burn,

We hear live stock groan, or we see it turn,

Ev'ry tire blow-out we feel, all right;

And instinct within us tells us our plight

That we've shot a tire to left or right;

So, grasping and holding very tight,

We jam on the brakes with all our might. . . .

And so on *ad libitum*. The imagination can supply the sequel.

With the same lilting lines of Lowell in mind, John Little let loose this lurid lyric:

Oh who is so full as a bibbler of wine?

That, if aught, giveth dreamless peace;

Then our feet come together and neatly entwine

And 'round we meander as graceful as geese.

Whether we sit, stand, ride or walk,

We see life sparkle, or hear it talk;

But every sot feels a shiver of fright,

An instinct within him that gropes and cowers,

And, grasping blindly about for a light,

Climbs through the grass and runs into the flowers.

Now don't accuse the poet of floundering: it is done intentionally, to convey the idea better!

The author of the above wrote it to further the interests of the Kappa Tau Alpha Upsilon. You did n't know there was a Greek letter fraternity on the Bluff? Why yes,—it *is* usually called the C. T. A. U., to be sure!

Stanley Balcerzak was making his first visit to a hospital. He came in very solemnly, and sat near his friend's bed. By and by a young interne, all in white, approached that quarter. Stanley turned to the patient, and whispered, "Mr. C., is that the man that cleans up? He's dressed just like the white-wings." "Yes," replied his host, "he cleans up, all right!"

The Old Year's Departure.

A YEAR has swiftly flitted past;
Our ship draws nearer to its goal;
The pages of our life-work roll
On slowly, gently, to the last.

Perhaps with joy we view the sheet
Where deeds are counted in the past;
Or do we saddened glances cast
Upon the page that spells defeat?

Mayhap affection, brightening
The joys and sorrows of the way,
Has crossed our path, from day to day
Our toilsome burdens-lightening.

Perchance mistakes and oversights
Against us ranged relentless foes,
And added to our load of woes
A fearful host of cares and blights.

Have all our labors met success?
Have aspirations oft been crowned
By Fortune, in her beauty gowned,
Our efforts joyfully to bless?

Ah! Failure, our attempts with scorn
And railing mockery may have viewed;
The while, with dauntless hope imbued,
Afresh we strove, morn after morn.

These memories are past and gone:
The Old Year wearily retreats;
The New Year's heart impatient beats;
To untried fields it marches on.

A new leaf in thy life's report
Thy guardian angel soon will turn.
Another lesson thou didst learn:
Behold, it holds a great import!

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.

Aubrey de Vere.

THE people of the twentieth century, and particularly the people of America—which, notwithstanding its rapid development, is practically a new country—are so taken up with the pursuit of material wealth and worldly honor, that they have but little time for the contemplation of the masterpieces of eloquence and poetry.

This is true, not only of the common, plain, every-day folk, but even of those who make profession of aiming at a certain degree of culture. They strive, in accordance with the tendency of the times, to learn many things, and end in the accomplishment of very few. They have ideals, indeed, but in these the intellectual, the aesthetic, the spiritual, often have scanty place. Still there must be some chord in their hearts to answer appeals made in behalf of all that is noble and uplifting. If our magazines have an immense circulation, it is doubtless due to the varied interests they espouse and the varied tastes they serve; and while they certainly contain not a little that is reprehensible and that indicates depraved taste in their readers, there is much in them also that is to a varying degree poetic, *spirituel*, artistic, and that argues in their patrons a well-defined appetite for the better things in literature.

To this latter class of readers the following reflections are addressed.

On January 21, 1902, the literary world lost one of its best and purest ornaments by the death of Aubrey Thomas de Vere, sweet-tongued poet, critical essayist, and forceful political writer. Mr. de Vere was descended from a family of soldiers and statesmen of whom we find mention as far back as the Crusades. His father, Sir Aubrey de Vere, was a poet of no little merit. While fulfilling the duties of a country gentleman, he found time to devote to the pursuit of literature. His fame as a writer rests chiefly on his sonnets, regarded by Wordsworth as among the most perfect of our age, and on the drama, "Mary Tudor," which has been pronounced one of the best dramas written since Shakespeare's time. "In the delineation of Queen Mary," says a critic, "we possess a portrait the most arresting that the modern drama has to offer—a portrait at once human and royal, at once tragic and convincing." It is a great pity that such an admirable character was not a Catholic, since he was manifestly so Catholic in spirit. His son says of him:

"Sir Aubrey de Vere was, in the true, but not the common, sense of the word, a patriot, brooding, like Wordsworth, on the past greatness of his country, and like him, identifying her greatness in the ages to come with her growth, not in wealth but in wisdom, in virtue, and in a temperate justice true to principle."

Aubrey Thomas de Vere became a Catholic in the year 1854. He was a Catholic not in name only, but in practice. His faith, firm as a rock, yet very childlike in its simplicity, was fortified by deep study and serious meditation of the truths of revelation.

In his youth, he enjoyed the friendship of Wordsworth, and in his old age he delighted in recalling memories of that poet, as also of Manning, Newman and Tennyson. The last named author he held in the highest esteem, and of him he wrote the following beautiful lines:

"None sang of love so nobly, few as well,
Of friendship none with pathos so profound,
Of duty sternliest-proved when myrtle-crowned,
Of English grove and rivulet, mead and dell."

The poems of Aubrey de Vere treat of many subjects; the history of the Church, the legends of his native land, of early saints, and of the classics. They are all so well written as to have elicited the admiration of the great critics of his time.

In Ireland he found much material for his pen. He wrote a beautiful description of Curragh Chase, his home, of which he said,

"I always see it bathed
In summer sunshine."

His love for his native land was intense. He delighted to dwell upon the fact that despite centuries of suffering caused by a more powerful nation, she was still steadfast. "The year of Sorrow, Ireland, 1849" is the subject of a work that is unsurpassed. Though filled with indignation at the manner in which his fellow-countrymen were treated, still he is perfectly resigned to the Divine Will.

Irish readers probably find "Innisfail" the most interesting of all his poetical works. "Its aim," wrote the poet, "is to embody the *essence* of a nation's history. Contemporary historic poems touch us with a magical hand; but they often pass by the most important events, and linger beside the most trivial." Aubrey de Vere has therefore endeavored to illustrate the great epochs of his

country's history by a series of poems, set to the varied music which each occasion demanded. Lively ballad and mournful elegy, stately hymn and tuneful ditty, tell of the ever-changing fortunes of Erin mavourneen.

"Simplicity with full-heartedness—whether in joy or grief—a childlike transparency of soul, a courageous spirituality,—these Celtic qualities Mr. de Vere's poetry preserves for us," says the author of "A Treasury of Irish Poetry"; "and because it preserves them," he continues, "his memory and his work are safe." What full-hearted grief in the "Dirge of Rory O'More" where the poet compares the country that has lost him to "the Silk of the Kine"!

"What seek'st thou, sad mother? Thine own is not thine!
He dropped from the headland—he sank in the brine!
'Twas a dream! but in dreams at thy foot did he follow
Through the meadow-sweet on by the marish and mallow!"

What graceful simplicity in the lines,
"Flowers I would bring if flowers could make thee fairer,
And music, if the Muse were dear to thee;
(For loving these would make thee love the bearer)
But the sweetest songs forget their melody,
And loveliest flowers would but conceal the wearer. . . ."

We know of no more spiritual appreciation of the worth of sorrow than our poet's sonnet:

"Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow;
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast: allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow
Or mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness; grief should be—
Like joy—majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end."

Not the least admirable of Aubrey de Vere's personal qualities was the absence of all trace of envy. Though he realized the

beauty of his own writings, he never complained when they were kept in the background, and others far less worthy were brought to the fore. He always felt that sooner or later his message would be understood and that his labor would not be in vain.

Aubrey de Vere was one of the greatest Catholic English poets of the nineteenth century. He has shown that in poetry, as well as in art, the highest source of inspiration is in the truth of Catholicity.

JAMES A. MANLEY, '14.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The preceding poem and essay were by mistake deprived of their rightful place before the Editorials.



BOYS!
A BIG EUCHRE MEANS BETTER SPORTS.
BOOM IT!

Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXI.

February, 1914

No 5.

A Study of the Sky.

I.

THEY never *pale*—those glorious orbs of night—
Nor cease to shine on our terrestrial sphere,
And while I view them now they burn as bright
As when they burst forth luminous and clear
On that first drawn—but still, as full, to me,
Of dim and deep, impenetrable mystery!

II.

They never *tire*—those tireless gems of light—
Nor cease to draw my ever-questioning gaze;
And thither though I stretch my fancy's flight,
They never less delight, nor less amaze,
Provoking, yet rejecting, all my quest,
Where science is scarce more than ignorance confessed!

III.

They never *pause*—those ever *restless* stars—
Nor cease to twinkle from their lofty home;
And though 't would seem as if those fretted bars
Were fixed and glued on that revolving dome,
Yet, well I know that through the heavenly space
They're whirling, speeding, each, with swift, relentless pace

IV.

And so, I love to view that wondrous scene,
To roam "those long savannahs of the blue",
And find, upon that vast and moving screen,
Fresh beauties ever ancient, ever new—
Thus culling the sweet lesson they convey:
That *I* should *love* the God Whom they so well *obey*!

P. McD.

Relation of the System of Landholding to National Prosperity

As Exemplified in Ireland.

(Written for the DUQUESNE MONTHLY).

IN Ireland, as perhaps in no other country, may the economist and student of social conditions observe the essential relationship that exists between the system of land-ownership under which a people lives, and the prosperity and peace which that nation as a consequence enjoys. Our contention is that in proportion as the land is owned by the people, to whom it rightfully belongs, will that nation be peaceful and contented, and that any infringement of the inalienable right of the people to the land of their birth will of necessity entail trouble, poverty, and discontent. Three different systems of land-holding may be distinguished in Ireland's history, and they divide that history into three periods of unequal length:

The first period extends from the earliest times down to the Norman invasion in 1169. It would appear that in prehistoric times the land was all common property. Portions of it were assigned to different families for cultivation, but both chiefs and people were liable to be called upon to give up these portions for distribution as often as such action was deemed necessary. As time went on, however, this custom was gradually broken in upon, and the lands held by some, being never resumed, came to be looked upon as private property. Accordingly, in the course of time we find the people divided into five classes. These consisted of kings of various grades, nobles, freemen with property, freemen without property, and the non-free classes. The nobles were those who held land as their own property, for which they did not pay rent. They were the owners of the soil,—the aristocracy. In theory, however, the land belonged not to individuals but to the tribe. The king or chief had a portion assigned to him during life for his support. But by far the largest portion of the arable land was tribe-land or common property, *i. e.*, it belonged to the people in general. The people were formed into groups of various sizes. The family consisted of the living parents and their descendants; the clan or sept was formed of several families; and the tribe of several septs. Each sept of the tribe occupied a particular district; each head of a family had a farm for the time being. But when any of these farmers died, his portion did not go to his children, but the tribe-

land occupied by the sept was redivided among all the male adult members of that sept. How far the peace and prosperity which Ireland enjoyed during this first period of her history was due to the system of landholding under which the people then lived, we shall not endeavor to see. Old customs and the Brehon Law safeguarded the tenants in many ways. It was expressly provided by law that the chief should not exact excessive rent from his tenants. Three rights of tenants were recognized by the Brehon Law. These were:

1. A right to some portion of the arable or tribe-land, and to the use of the commons or waste land, consisting of mountain, bog or forest.
2. A right to pay no more than a fair rent, which in the absence of express agreement was adjusted by law.
3. A right to own a house and homestead.

Among those, therefore, who held the tribe-land, there was no such thing as eviction, so that all had what was equivalent to fixity of tenure. This system of landholding which we have briefly described had no doubt its drawbacks. The frequent distribution of the soil hampered any extensive cultivation on the part of individuals. But the difficulty was somewhat offset by the compensation that each farmer received for improvements made. Its great advantage, however, was that under it the proportionate rights of the occupier were as clearly recognized and as firmly maintained as those of the landlord. The tenant had rights, and these rights were protected by law.

The main characteristic of the second system of landholding, which we are now to consider, may be set down as an utter disregard for the rights of the owners of Irish soil. The period during which the system exercised its activity began with 1169 and continued for over seven centuries. Two schemes of operation were employed. In the beginning every means was used to plunder and dispossess those to whom the land rightfully belonged. The continuation of this policy for centuries met indeed with comparative success. All the rich land came into the possession of plunderers. The best elements among the people fell in unsuccessful resistance to the invader, or fled in exile to more hospitable and more kindly shores. Those who remained, bravely attempted to eke out a miserable existence on the barren soil in the wild and waste districts of the country. Here, through the condescension of the conquerors they were suffered to remain, but on condition of paying exorbitant rents for

their wretched holdings. This is an outline of the second system of landholding in its twofold phase, which was inaugurated when in 1169 Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, the first Saxon invader of Ireland, descended on the coast of Wexford. We must, however, go somewhat into detail, as it was this system operating for a period of over seven hundred years that inflicted on Ireland the many evils which a century of legislation has failed completely to eradicate. Henry II. had long been casting eager eyes on this island that lay to the N. West, and he soon followed his subject, Strongbow, with a large army across the seas. He at once received the submission of most of the Irish chiefs, on presenting them with a document which he claimed to have received from the Sovereign Pontiff, authorizing him to take possession of Ireland. Henry introduced the feudal system as it prevailed in England, in place of the principle of land tenure and the arrangement between chieftain and people, which had hitherto existed in Ireland. He adopted a system of confiscation with regard to the lands of the chieftains and septs whom he had reduced to submission; and he divided these lands among his followers. He thus gave away nearly the whole of Ireland—which did not belong to him! His conduct naturally aroused the hostility of the native settlers, who, taking advantage of the dissensions among the Norman barons, gradually got back part of the lands.

The next wave of invasion, however, which extends over a period of two hundred years, was more successful. Under Henry VII., English armies penetrated even into Connaught. Henry VIII. set himself resolutely to break the power of nobles and barons, and in 1542, when he assumed the title of "King of Ireland", the country was relatively at peace. So far no systematic attempt had been made to expel the Irish in order to make room for new colonists. But during the succeeding reigns an entirely different course of treatment was followed. Regular clearance plantations were commenced, *i. e.*, the native people were expelled or exterminated, and colonists put in their place. Under Queen Mary, King's and Queen's Counties were established from confiscated territory and English settlers were placed on the lands. In Elizabeth's reign the Desmonds were maltreated into rebellion. Then their lands, comprising all Munster, were seized and distributed among the plunderers. When the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell were forced into revolt under James I., a similar operation confiscated all Ulster, and nearly thirty thousand of the King's Scotch subjects were planted where the

Irish had been. It was James who completely abolished the Gaelic system of land tenure and substituted that of England. He thereby destroyed the efficacy of countless titles and caused the confiscation of nearly half a million acres of Irish soil. In the last years of the 16th, and the early years of the 17th century one-half of the entire population perished. Under Charles I. all Connaught was confiscated. At this time the Irish wool trade was ruined, lest it might interfere with the wool trade of England. But in spite of the hardships which they endured under the Stuart Kings, the Irish loyally upheld their losing cause. Accordingly, on the execution of Charles they were almost the first to feel the iron hand of Cromwell.

There is no redder page in history than that which records his invasion of Ireland. He entered the country in 1649, and, as one writer has put it, at every step of his foot the land gushed blood. The garrison of Drogheda was massacred (30,000 men); Wexford was taken, and its defenders put to the sword; shiploads of Irishmen, including women and children, were sent as slaves to the West Indies. Thousands were driven as exiles to France and Spain. Cromwell's policy of extermination was as nearly successful as such an enterprise could be. Three out of the four provinces into which the country was divided were confiscated. Connaught alone as the poorest and least fertile was reserved for the Irish owners. Yet even Cromwell failed to carry out completely his pitiless programme; the Irish continued to exist in Connaught and even in the other provinces, because the English colonists wanted to use them as laborers. The extermination was so incomplete that in fifty years the Irish were able to rebel again. Reassured by the promises of the hunted James II. that the rights of Catholics would be restored by him, they arose and espoused his cause against William of Orange. The Battle of the Boyne, however, ended their hopes, and a million acres more were confiscated by William III. and planted with his followers. This was the last of the great plantations,—the *last* because the work was virtually completed and the Irish landowner had been removed;—to be replaced by the English adventurer and speculator.

So far the conquest had been successful, in that it had robbed the rightful owners of their land. It was now necessary to look to the future, and to make impossible the restoration of these stolen lands and stolen rights. Accordingly, to the era of confiscation succeeded the era of penal laws. The bearing of these laws on the land question may be seen from the following

enactments: Catholics could not hold property in land, or take land on lease for a period longer than thirty years, and then only on the harshest conditions. If they engaged in trade or industry, they had to pay a special tax, and could not employ more than two apprentices. They could not inherit an estate from a Protestant relative, nor act as guardians of their own children. The property of a Catholic was equally divided among his children on his death, the law of primogeniture being confined to Protestants. The object of this last law was to provide that if a Catholic chanced to make a fortune it should soon be dissipated. According to Lecky: The object of the penal laws was much less to produce a change of religion than to secure property and power by reducing to complete impotence those who had formerly possessed them.

The persecution of penal times was in the main successful, for it started a stream of emigration which has never ceased, while it reduced those who remained to a state of servitude. Poverty spread like a plague. At intervals of a few years came famines, the greatest being that of '47-'49. In 1841 the population of Ireland had been 8,175,124. Land of course was in great demand, and the land owners, taking advantage of this demand, encouraged the subdivision of holdings, so as to increase the rents and the number of the votes they could control. Then came peace, and a sudden fall in the price of agricultural products; and the landlords decided that they could make more from grazing than from the rentals of tilled ground. Tenants were driven from their farms and their houses leveled. But as there were no industries to which the people could turn, they simply had to have land. Hence competition drove rent to exorbitant prices, and only by the most supreme effort could the people keep themselves from starvation. A single bad harvest meant hunger for hundreds of thousands. Three harvests in succession failed, in 1845-'46-'47. The number killed by hunger was estimated at 729,033. Between 1846-'51, 1,240,737 emigrants left the country; between 1849-'52, 263,000 families were evicted. Strange to say, this famine was not a true famine, arising from scarcity of food. While thousands were perishing at home shiploads of cattle were leaving the country for foreign ports. The trouble was that the produce of the land was used up in paying rent to the landlords. What the people lacked was money to buy the necessities of life. The money they had went to the

landlord, to keep him from pulling down their homes, and casting them out on the roadside.

The famine had the effect, however, of turning the world's attention to Ireland's condition, and of stimulating, if not awakening completely, the conscience of England. Accordingly, in 1870, Gladstone introduced a bill which had for its object to improve the condition of the Irish farmers. This bill inaugurated a series of measures which had for their object the bettering of conditions in Ireland, and which paved the way for the introduction of the third system of landholding under which the injustice of centuries is rapidly disappearing. By the land act of 1870, it was established that the tenant who devoted years of labor to clearing land and erecting buildings, thereby acquired a proprietary interest in the whole, and that the product of his toil could not be taken from him without payment. That we may understand what benefit this act of Gladstone's was to a starving nation, though we to-day regard the measure as the merest step towards justice, it is necessary to realize the essential difference that exists between Irish landlordism and that of other countries. Elsewhere the proprietor of agricultural land owns the land and everything upon it. He builds the house, pays for the clearing and draining, and does the repairs. In Ireland, on the contrary, the landlord supplied nothing but the land, and to that he had no right, for he or his ancestors had received it from the Crown. The tenant paid an exorbitant rent for the bare ground. He had to clear the land, drain it, make roads, build houses. His industry alone created from the bare soil the farm for which he paid rent. Until the land act of 1870 was passed, all the labor of the tenant, though he spent a lifetime in making his farm, gave him absolutely no interest in the property. The fences he erected, the roads he made, the buildings he put up,—all were the property of the landlord. That was the law. And any time, with cause or without cause, rent paid or rent unpaid, he could be evicted from his home at the landlord's whim, and the work of a lifetime passed automatically into the ownership of the tyrant. Such were some of the conditions which Gladstone, in his land act of 1870, tried to remedy. The measure was imperfect, however, because it provided no means for resisting capricious rent-raising. Accordingly the landlord, when compelled to compensate an evicted tenant for the improvements he had made, simply recompensed himself by raising the rent on the incoming tenant. The defects of the land act of 1870 were to a large extent remedied

by the act of 1881. This bill established three great principles: fair rent, fixity of tenure, and free sale. Thus a tribunal was created to fix reasonable rents upon the lands; the improvements made by the tenant could not be alienated from him; he could not be evicted except for refusal to pay the rent named by the court. And he had a certain right of sale of his interest in the property. This was the greatest measure of justice which the tenants had yet received. Yet as it applied only to yearly tenants, leaseholders were excluded, and this defect was left unremedied for nine years. Then came the Ashbourne Act of 1885, which was the first real recognition and adoption of what is known as Land Purchase. This act provided for the advancing by the State of the entire sum necessary to purchase lands, the tenants repaying it to the government in annual installments. A series of acts following one another in quick succession authorized the appropriation of more and more money, by which to purchase the land from the landlords. Recent legislation has secured the compulsory sale of the land, thereby forcing the few landlords who had hitherto refused, to sell their land. This, then, is a summary of the third system of landholding, under which the injustice of centuries is being undone, and the land is reverting into the possession of its original and rightful owners.

How then do matters stand at present? With the majority of the landlords already bought out, and the remaining few compelled to fall into line, we have the establishment in Ireland of a peasant proprietorship. The thousands of tenants who formerly paid exorbitant rents to the landlords are now paying one-half or one-third of that sum to the government, not indeed as rent but as purchase money, to buy out their holdings. The continued payment of this reduced amount for a fixed number of years will entitle the farmer to complete ownership and absolute possession of the land he occupies at the expiration of that period. That this is the best and fairest way of remedying the wrong and injustice of seven centuries, not all perhaps will maintain; but that it is so far the most equitable solution of the problem which England has offered for acceptance, few on the other hand will deny. That it is a really satisfactory settlement of the difficulty may be seen from the eagerness with which the people have embraced it, and also from the contented and prosperous condition of the farmers who have already availed themselves of the measure. When the provisions of the land-purchase act have

been completely carried out, and the land once more shall have come unto the possession of the people, and when into the people's own hands, the government of their native land has been entrusted;—then, and only then shall justice be done unto Ireland, and only then shall be inaugurated that period of peace and prosperity to which Ireland has been a stranger for centuries.

M. H. WARD.



Spring.

The Winter with his grisly storms no longer dare abide,
The pleasant grass with lusty green the earth hath newly dyed,
The trees hath leaves, the boughs do spread, new changed is the
year,
The water brooks are clean sunk down, the pleasant boughs
appear,
The Spring is come, the goodly nymphs now dance in every place;
Thus hath the year most pleasantly so lately changed her face.

—*Earl of Surrey.*

POLITENESS.

The Marquis d' Harcourt walking arm in arm with Voltaire, a person took off his hat to the Marquis, who returned the salute. "Why do you bow to that fellow?" says Voltaire; "he's one of the greatest blackguards of the day!" "What of that?" replied the Marquis, "I would not allow a blackguard to outdo me as a gentleman!"



The Genealogy of Words.

LANGUAGE is one of the most lawless of human institutions. Its growth does not seem to follow any rules. It does not increase proportionately and evenly, like an organic being, nor does it crystalize, like the rocks, into beautiful but unvarying forms. Rather should we compare the expansion of human speech to the formation of the snowball, whose component parts adhere because they are juxtaposed. The most unimaginative among us are constantly, though unconsciously, using metaphors, whose original meaning has long since been forgotten, and whose adoption, in most cases, was the result of the merest chance. The writer has come upon the explanation of some of these usages, which, he is sure, will be found not only entertaining, but useful as well.

To say of a man that he is a "brick" is to bestow a high compliment upon him, despite the fact a brick is unattractive. This expression had its origin in the days of Lycurgus, the Spartan legislator. He maintained that it was unnecessary to build a wall around a city, if the soldiers were properly trained and drilled. On one occasion a great ambassador from a far country inquired of Lycurgus how it was that no walls surrounded the town. Lycurgus took his visitor out to the field where the army stood drawn up in order of battle, and pointing to the long ranks he said simply, "These are the walls of Sparta, and every man is a brick."

The old saying that "the pen is mightier than the sword" may be traced to the Mohammedans. Among their maxims showing how much they esteemed learning, we find the following: "The ink of the doctor is equally valuable with the blood of the martyr." Another reads, "Paradise is as much for him who has rightly used the pen as for him who has fallen by the sword."

We speak of a man as being "mad as a hatter," meaning to convey the idea that he is angry. This expression should read, "mad as an atter." "Atter" is the Saxon word for adder or viper. The word "mad" was formerly used in the

sense of venomous. Hence the expression really signifies "venomous as a viper."

An impostor is sometimes referred to as a "humbug." In Scotland there once lived a man whose name was Hume. His house and estate was known as The Bogue, and his countrymen referred to him as "Hume of The Bogue." After a time this man gained an unenviable reputation as an impostor and prevaricator, so that with the passage of time, if anyone was suspected of misrepresenting, he was referred to as a "Hume of the Bogue," which afterward became shortened into the single word "humbug."

It is said that a trapped animal will fight "to the bitter end," meaning "as long as it is able." The word "bitter" is derived from the nautical term "bitts," a frame of two pieces of timber located in the fore part of the ship for the purpose of holding the anchor cables. Accordingly, the bitter end, or the bitt end, of the cable is the end fastened to the bitts, and when a cable is out as far as it will go it has reached its bitter end. As a consequence, when anything has reached the last extremity we say that it has come to the "bitter end."

The reason for a glass drinking vessel to be called a "tumbler" is not so apparent, until one inquires into its early history. In medieval times, the host considered it a slight if his guest left any of the wine remaining in the glass. In order to prevent this, the glasses were made round on the bottom, so that when placed on the table they were unable to stand up, and the guest must drink his wine before setting down his glass. Because the glasses fell over, they were called "tumblers." While the tumblers themselves have passed out of existence, their name still remains and is attached to our innocent up-to-date drinking glasses.

If we are determined to attain a certain object and don't care how we do it, we say we will succeed "by hook or by crook," that is, by one means or another. There are two explanations offered. The first refers this expression back to the old forestry laws of England, which allowed the peasants to gather wood on condition that they should take only dead limbs and never cut the trees. For the purpose of pulling down dead branches and removing sticks from the underbrush, various hooks and crooked poles were used, and these tools became known as "hooks and crooks."

The second and more reasonable explanation is the following:

the last word in this phrase is really a corruption of "Croke". Years ago there lived in England two eminent lawyers, named, respectively, Hook and Croke. This gave rise to the expression, "If I can't win my case by Hook, I will by Crook."

The word "dollar" is derived by a roundabout method. It comes from the German word "thal", meaning valley. There is a little silver mining city in northern Bohemia, called Joachimsthal, or Joachim's valley. In the sixteenth century the reigning duke of the region authorized this city to coin a silver piece called "Joachimsthaler." The word Joachim was later dropped and the name "thaler" only remained. The coin went into general use in Germany, and also in Denmark, where it was called "daler". From Denmark it traveled to England and was adopted there, with some change in spelling. Thus the silver unit of money in the United States came to be called the "dollar."

One of the many explanations offered for the fact that a "baker's dozen" consists of thirteen units, is the following: In the early days when bread was sold in open market instead of in shops, women took up the trade of selling bread from door to door. They received from the baker thirteen loaves for the price of twelve, the odd loaf constituting their profit. Another explanation is that the custom refers back to medieval times, when the baker's trade was surrounded by many laws, and severe penalties were imposed for any shortage in weight. In order to avoid the possibility of falling below the standard measure, it became customary for bakers to allow an extra loaf with every dozen.

The "greenroom", or theatrical restroom, takes its name from the green-hued walls of the room set apart by David Garrick behind the scenes of Drury Lane Theater for members of his company in the intervals between cues. Green was chosen as a relief to the eyes after the glare and strain occasioned by the footlights.

The names given to many countries are very appropriate. For instance, "Africa" comes from the Phoenician "afer", meaning a "black man", and the Sanskrit "ac", meaning "land" or "country". "Cathay", the poetical name for China, was first bestowed upon that oriental land by Marco Polo, and is supposed to be a corruption of the Tartar word "Khitai", the country of the Khitaians. The word "Japan" is a western corruption, through the Portuguese "Gepuen", of the native name "Nippon", or "Land of the Rising Sun."

Charles Dickens.

THE diversity of public taste has existed at all times. This is especially noticeable in literature. It has always puzzled literary critics why some authors who are without really great qualities have immense vogue; while others who possess them are cherished merely by a small number of readers. The world of fiction gives ample evidence that the public is not slow to censure, even if quick to praise, in the prompt recognition of novels pleasing to the taste, as well as in the failure of those that are not. The saying, "there is no disputing about tastes" is indeed applicable to the problem of public taste in fiction. The success of certain novelists may be partly due to the fact that, in the expression attributed to Lincoln, they write "just the kind of thing that a man would like who liked that kind of thing."

There is one writer of fiction about whom we may safely say, not that he had his small band of faithful admirers, but on the contrary he addressed a widely varied constituency of readers, namely Charles Dickens. Many of the sayings and doings of the characters of his novels are recognized as "properties" of English literature and are tacitly assumed to be familiar to the reader. Even those who do not admire his writings must recognize him as one who has written his name in bright and indelible characters upon the annals of nineteenth century English literature. It must be acknowledged that Dickens is not a mere meteor but a bright and permanent star in the firmament of Victorian letters. It is indeed true that many critics have at various times predicted a decline of his fame and popularity; but the words of such writers as Henley, Lang, and Chesterton are sufficient to refute them, and at the same time to assure us that there is a niche for Dickens in English literature's hall of fame.

Of the British novelists of that century Dickens was the one who possessed in the highest degree the native gift of storytelling. Some critics may say that his "Pictures from Italy" proves him to be of limited culture; but, if this be granted, they must admit that his faculty of telling a story commands attention. In spite of the flaws detected by the prying eye of the critic he is emphatically a man of genius. The fact that Dickens began to write fiction as a young journalist had its advantages as well as its disadvantages. When a writer who has barely attained man's estate engages in the writing of fiction, various faults due to inexperience, haste, and lack of education will very naturally arise. As if in compensation for these faults, the gift of youthful

authorship had many advantages. While he was still a newspaper reporter he was often obliged to write under pressure, and was thus unconsciously cultivating spontaneity as well as naturalness. His great power of observation was sharpened and his constant grappling and contact with the technical side of composition was a profitable apprenticeship for his future great career.

It is evident that Dickens has a distinct moral aim inspiring his narrative, and may be regarded as a moralist as well as artist. Unlike George Eliot, whose lesson must be sought after, Dickens makes his doctrines especially prominent; they are the formative principles of his stories. His convictions are evident in his books. He had strong notions of necessary reforms in the political and social system of that time. He had sympathy for the poor and oppressed; he taught improvement and reform as only one who had personally experienced and witnessed their condition could do. His attack on the law and lawyers is noticeable in "Bleak House", while equally evident is his attack upon the workhouse management in "Oliver Twist" and the administration of public business in "Little Dorrit".

Another prominent phase of Dickens' genius is his ability to caricature. He makes use of one or two striking points, some trick or peculiarity in his characters, and elaborates upon it to such an extent that it is brought before our eyes to the exclusion of the other characteristics of the person described. In fact, we identify the people of his novels by one particular point. Witness the personality of Corker, whose prominent characteristic is a display of white teeth accompanied by a half-snarling smile. The mention of his name recalls these features. In the same way, Uriah Heep is made memorable by certain tricks of caricature. Likewise we remember the prominence given to Captain Cuttle's glazed hat, Mrs. Gamp's umbrella, and Mr. Wilfer's curly hair. Certainly honor is due to Dickens' power of evoking human beings, whom we cannot help remember. He places in the imagination types as varied as they are numerous. With the mind's eye we may picture Micawber, Joe Gargery, Mrs. Nickleby, and many others; while we may readily recall their quaint ways and sayings that are like intimate companions.

The great constructive power of Dickens cannot fail to inspire admiration. "David Copperfield", often referred to as his best work, and the one which Dickens himself held in the greatest favor, reveals his consummate skill in this regard. In fact, some

critics have favorably compared it with Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" from the architectural point of view. Perhaps Dickens intended it to be his crowning achievement. At any rate, he had great personal interest in this work. He says in its preface, "Of all my books I like this the best" and further on, "Like many fond parents I have in my heart of hearts a favorite child, and his name is David Copperfield." At the time it was written Dickens surely was an artist. Equally remarkable as models of well framed stories are "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "Dombey and Son". They indicate the conscientious care of the artist in working out his plots; there are no knots, no flaws in the thread of their narrative. All the incidents used have some bearing upon them and contribute towards the attainment of the general result.

All admirers of Dickens insist on claiming for him the title of a great humorist, and with reason. Unquestionably he deserves that title, for he certainly succeeds in provoking laughter. Many passages in his works will always remain irresistibly comic. He is without doubt a dry person who does not laugh when Mr. Pecksniff describes his place of abode as "the little unassuming village where we takes the liberty of dwelling", and again, in speaking to young Martin, "You have struck me, my dear sir, with a stick, which I have every reason to believe has knobs in it." Dickens seems to delight in expressing absurdities that we know overstep the bounds of human nature, but nevertheless we laugh at their utter ridiculousness. His "Sketches by Boz" reveals him as a master of smiles, but the "Adventures of Mr. Pickwick", which closely followed, revealed his humor in full. Although intended only to subserve the interests of the noted artist Seymour, as reading matter for his series of comic pictures, it was so keenly enjoyable that the pictures became secondary in importance.

A master of smiles, so also may Dickens be called a master of tears and pathos. Contrary to some of his reviewers, we may say that his fame is not dependent upon his ability to provoke a laugh. In many parts of his works he grips his audience and holds the attention with his pathetic scenes. His sympathy for humanity compels interest and draws his readers towards him with a magnetic influence. Very often he uses a melodramatic touch with great effect. Very probably this theatric tendency is due to his inclination to the land of make-believe even from his early youth. We read that he was interested in the stage and its people, was an amateur actor, and wrote for the stage. This

leaning towards the dramatic and melodramatic is often evident in his writings.

To omit mention of Dickens as a writer of Christmas stories would no doubt create a noticeable hiatus in the description of his literary activity. His "Christmas Carol" is one of the best tales of its kind in the English language, and is destined to live as long as the great festival itself. Thackeray admirably summed up its influence upon humanity when he called it "a public benefit". In this story Dickens especially reveals his tenderness and sympathy, particularly in his delineation of Tiny Tim whose often quoted sayings so clearly reflect the sentiments of Christmas. His other tales of this holy season, "the Chimes" and "the Cricket on the Hearth", are replete with the same tenderness, but it is the Carol that recalls and elicits our admiration and affection.

But it was not in prose alone that Dickens expressed the pathos and the sympathies for the poor and lowly that welled up into his heart at the thought of Christmas. We find these same sentiments in many of those short poems that adorn the Christmas numbers of his "Household Words", and although they bear no signature, we feel at once the impress of a Dickens in the simple theme as well as in its simple dress. One of these is entitled "The Orphan's Dream",

"It was Christmas Eve—and lonely,
By a garret window high,
Where the city chimneys barely
Spared a hand's-breadth of the sky,
Sat a child, in age—but weeping,
With a face so small and thin,
That it seemed too scant a record
To have eight years traced therein.
And she wept for years like jewels,
Till the last year's bitter gall,
Like the acid of the story,
In itself had melted all;
But the Christmas time returned,
As an old friend, for whose eye
She would take down all the pictures
Sketched by faithful Memory.
Of those brilliant Christmas seasons,
When the joyous laugh went round;
When sweet words of love and kindness

Were no unfamiliar sound;
When, lit by the log's red lustre,
She her mother's face could see,
And she rocked the cradle, sitting
On her own twin-brother's knee;
Of her father's pleasant stories;
Of the riddles and the rhymes,
All the kisses and the presents
That had marked those Christmas times.
'Twas as well that there was no one
(For it were a mocking strain)
To wish *her* a merry Christmas,
For *that* could not come again.

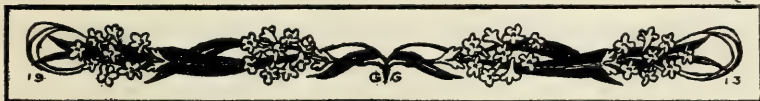
But the poor little thing prayed, and the Divine Master sent her a gentle sleep, in which she dreamt of the angels, "sweeping with their wings the sky aside", and of the long vista of arch-angels; and of the great throne, on which

"There sat One; and her heart told her
'Twas the same, who, for our sin,
Was once born a little baby
In the stable of an inn."

At last, after the music, and the strains in which she discerned, not the voices of old Judea's shepherds, but of those that on earth she had loved so well, and that had gone before her, she is mercifully wafted from that last happy dream to the everlasting Christmas in the realms above!

Our reflections upon Dickens' qualities as an artist combine to form the conclusion that his fame will endure and survive the siege of time as well as the attack of critics. His name will live, and the social note of his fiction will reach through the corridors of time, forever proclaiming him the champion of the poor and the pioneer of that democratic sympathy which became so distinct in the fiction of the latter part of the nineteenth century.

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.





The Future of the Monroe Doctrine.*

IN the field of international relations no more important problem confronts present day statesmen than the future of the Monroe Doctrine. Since 1823 it has been the guiding light for American diplomats, and, although insulting to the Great Powers, it has never been challenged. But the fact that the world has so far been content to let us alone in our claims is no proof that the doctrine is a just one and that this forbearance will last forever. On the contrary, all the nations of the world, our own not excepted, are busily preparing for the clash which is inevitable if the Monroe Doctrine is to be continued as a part of our foreign policy. And while it may seem unpatriotic to argue in favor of the abolition of such a time-honored doctrine, still, if we only pause to consider it in its modern application, instead of making an idol and a fetich of it, we are led to the conclusion that a change is badly needed. Indeed, we have been so influenced by the siren voices of patriotic fanatics, that we are afraid to think for ourselves, and too many of us seem to have forgotten that real patriotism comes not from following the Congressional messages of Presidents, but from being first of all true to one's self, next true to the principles of justice and right, and lastly true to our country. Acting upon the definition of patriotism, I venture to oppose Monroeism, and I submit the following arguments in support of my position:

The Monroe Doctrine is illegal. It is an accepted fact that any doctrine which is international in its scope should conform to the canons of International Law. But the Monroe Doctrine is international in its scope, and yet denies the canons of International Law in that it gives to the United States power over land that she does not own, and in as much as it sets a rule of conduct

*This article is the summary of the Negative Speech delivered in the recent Debate on the subject of the Monroe Doctrine.

not only for our own government, but for all the nations of the globe. An additional proof lies in the fact that since its promulgation in 1823, not only has it failed to secure recognition by foreign nations, but it has even been distinctly repudiated by all. And why? Because it is like a coat of many colors. It wears only such aspects as Americans care to give it. It has, in consequence, the virtue of a most complacent elasticity, and I honestly do not know of anything in the remotest degree affecting the Western Hemisphere that it could not be stretched to cover in case of emergency.

So much for International Law. Now about the laws of our land. The Constitution of the United States affirms that the executive branch of our government has no authority to settle questions of international importance, and yet the Monroe Doctrine was given to the world by the Chief Executive of the United States, James Monroe. Thus it can be proved that the Monroe Doctrine violates both international and domestic laws, but there is another law which it contradicts. It is the law of justice and right. Surely we are not within the bounds of justice when we assume a protectorate over the entire American Continent—over land in which our interests are small compared to those of other nations. At least we are safe in saying that such action on our part is not in keeping with American fair play and square deal.

There is no need for the Monroe Doctrine. The cause that led to its inception has long ago ceased to exist, and it is high time that the doctrine itself should follow in its wake. There is no longer a combination of hostile nations in existence for the purpose of destroying republican institutions, and therefore the Monroe Doctrine has outlived its usefulness.

It has been argued that it is needed to keep other nations away from this continent on the ground that proximity means impending danger, but this is not true. The United States is already girded by a chain of foreign holdings, one of them being as large as herself. Yet no one considers that Canada, or England through Canada, is in any way a menace to the security of the United States. If through all these years the possession of Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda and Jamaica by England; of Guadeloupe, Martinique and French Guiana by France; of St. Thomas and Santa Cruz by Denmark; and of Dutch Guiana by Holland, has been found compatible with the maintenance by

America of a small army and navy, it is difficult to understand how the acquisition of a part of Brazil by Germany, for instance, would endanger the United States or increase our army and navy. Why, the very conditions which Americans picture to themselves as a calamity to be warded off at any cost do, as a matter of fact, and in all their essentials, exist at this moment without causing them the slightest anxiety. And the whole question of the Monroe Doctrine as a great guarantee of peace, that keeps us constantly in dread of war, is so absurd that space is wasted in its discussion.

The Monroe Doctrine is a most inconsistent policy, and I doubt if its author ever intended its scope to be one-half as broad as it is to-day. It gives our government the right to interfere between South America and the rest of the world, but says nothing about who shall bear the responsibilities. This enables any one of the South American Republics to insult a giant European Power and get off unpunished. The United States will not allow the Power to inflict the punishment, and she will not do so herself. This sounds like very poor diplomacy, and points to the fact that if we are going to act as sponsor for this continent before the world we should accept the consequential obligations as well as advantages. Such is the price we must pay for entering the arena of world politics, and we may as well accept the fact gracefully as have it forced upon us by the logic of events.

There is another grand example of the inconsistency of the Monroe Doctrine. If we insist that Europe keep off this continent, why do we interfere with European affairs? We boast that America is for Americans, but why stop here? Why not go on to the logical conclusion that if America is for Americans, then Europe is for Europeans, and Asia is for Asiatics. And why did the United States in 1898—just when she was flaunting the Monroe Doctrine in the eyes of Spain, and forcing her to live up to its provisions—travel across the Pacific and take forcible possession of a group of islands, lying in tropical seas, over seven thousand miles from home? These are some of the inconsistencies of the Monroe Doctrine which alone would warrant its abolition.

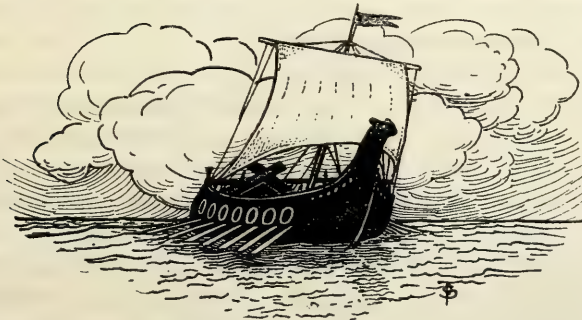
It is leading us to imperialism, than which no greater evil can befall a Republic. This may sound like a false alarm, but we are bound to change our opinions when we consider that, although our forefathers never intended this nation to be one of conquest,

and although the words Republic and Conquest will ever fail to harmonize, still by the aid of this unjust doctrine we have rivaled the great European Empires as conquering nations. Since 1823 we have moved our boundaries in all directions, and to-day, by hook or by crook, there are 10,000 islands flying the Stars and Stripes. Do these facts not point to imperialism? If they do not, then it is impossible to explain our interference in Asiatic affairs, our attitude towards Cuba and our actions in Panama and Mexico. And it is difficult to understand why we maintain the Monroe Doctrine, which has ever served as a cloak to shield illegality, inconsistency and injustice.

We are, indeed, in the midst of a great crisis, in which rash judgments may lead us far from the cherished ideals of our forefathers, and expose us to manifold evils. It is not yet too late to turn from the path that leads to imperialism; but we must not falter, lest we stand trembling on the brink of doom.

Let this, then, be a plea for a change in our foreign policy. Let us in the future speak, not as men of the time of Monroe, but as practical men of the twentieth century. Let us not permit ourselves to upset the peace of the world in an effort to maintain an antiquated doctrine, but rather let us change the Monroe Doctrine from a standing invitation to trouble to a principle which, through world recognition of its justice and soundness, shall perpetually and peacefully protect the intrinsic interests of the United States.

HENRY A. CARLIN, '14.





SANCTUM

Editorial.

Application as a Means to Success.

AMONG the various qualities responsible for the success of those who have honorably attained positions of prominence and the richest rewards of their profession, that of application invariably stands out in bold relief. Great men of science, art, literature, and pre-eminent workers in all branches of human industry testify to the necessity of perseverance for the attainment of a commanding position in any rank of life. Excellence in all branches of work is determined by the extent of our application. We do not achieve distinction by chance or accident but by dint of ceaseless labor and persistent plodding. Just as the diver who untiringly perseveres brings up the priceless pearl, so in other walks of life the reward depends upon the effort. Hence we see the great value of cultivating a habit of mental application, which lies at the root of human progress. It is necessary alike to the man of genius, the possessor of talent, and the person of moderate ability.

Many affirm that genius is application and an infinite capacity for taking pains; at any rate, achievement is the outcome of unremitting study supplemented by either talent or genius. There have been many instances of great precocity, but not a few of those so gifted have been failures; and of the persons who have attained success many have not won enduring fame.

We may turn to any department of world industry for notable examples of the attainable as well as desirable quality of application; but let us consider some who have been successful as artists. Of the many believers in the maxim "genius is patience"

Michael Angelo is one of the foremost. He was an indefatigable worker and surpassed most of his contemporaries in the number of hours given to study. Not infrequently he rose during the night to resume his labors; and sometimes, too fatigued to undress, slept in his clothes. Another artist equally remarkable for his persevering labor was Titian, who in a letter to Charles V. referring to his painting the "Last Supper" said, "I send your Majesty the 'Last Supper' after working at it almost daily for seven years." The art of music also furnishes us with many such examples. Adversity could not conquer the great composer Handel, of whom it is said, "He braved everything, and, by his unaided self, accomplished the work of twelve men." It was related of Meyerbeer before he revealed his genius in "Roberto", "Prophète", and his other works, "He is a man of some talent, but no genius; he lives solitary, working fifteen hours a day at music."

Many other such instances are to be found amongst noted composers and musicians as well as famous exponents of the sister arts, painting and sculpture, but those few suffice to illustrate the importance of application. Examples are more potent than mere words; they create interest and furnish models for imitation. Let us, therefore, resolve to keep in view the man who has reached the heights of success in the face of opposition and adversity by means of application and perseverance.

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.



The Eugenic Issue Again.

IF we may credit the daily sermonic accounts of the local press, it would appear that the popular evangelist at present in our midst often hit the moral mark. It must be said, however, that not infrequently he resembled a man throwing stones with terrific force but with little accuracy. Of the many statements obtruded upon our attention and impressing us as needing rectification, perhaps none is more typical and significant, than his forecast and approval of the introduction of sex-instruction in the schools of the land. "I believe," he is reported to have said, "that the time will come when this hygiene will be taught in the public schools. I would rather have my children taught it than

Greek or Latin." There is here implied the assumption of all advocates of the novel system: that such knowledge will promote personal purity. But knowledge of the folly of immorality is not a practical deterrent. The publicity of the divorce courts does not lessen the number of divorces. Physiologists are not found to be necessarily the best men morally. Some pastors who are learned and able to indicate to others the path of righteousness, themselves "the primrose path of dalliance tread." The man with murder in his heart is not cured by having a noose dangled before his eyes. Tables of statistics do not avert the drunkard from indulgence in the presence of temptation. Nor will the prospect of impaired health on the part of the individual and of the race efficiently repress stubborn human passion. What everyone knows is not what everyone wills, still less what everyone does.

Knowledge is not moral power. To decrease desire, to maintain the reticence of the past, and to remove incentives as regards sensual matters is the proper thing. Not more information, but more will is needed. Christ, not eugenics, will purify humanity. It is indeed regrettable that a virile Christian reformer of such fine courage should fail to fit properly the hygienic facts into the sling of his telling rhetoric. Let us come back to the old and only effective remedy, so aptly proclaimed by Pius X. as the remedy of the hour: "*Instaurare omnia in Christo*"—"To restore all things in Christ."

MICHAEL J. HEGERICH, '14.



A Vision of the Past.

Sweet memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy haunts of long lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

—Rogers.

Chronicle.

On Wednesday morning, January 7, a Solemn High Mass of Requiem was offered up for the repose of the soul of the late Rev. John Willms, C. S. Sp., Central Director of the Holy Childhood Association for the Redemption of the Children of Infidels. This Requiem for late Rev. John Willms, C. S. Sp. tribute was paid to his memory in consideration of the fact that, for the first eight years of his priestly life, he was connected with this institution as professor of Ancient Classics, and for one year, '85-'86, served as president. Even in recent years his face was familiar to the student body, as he often visited the scene of his former labors in the interests of the apostolic work he had so deeply at heart.

On January 15, a mass meeting of the student body was held in the University Hall. The meeting was called to discuss further the Euchre and Reception on February 11, at Bryn Mawr, and to report to the students, what had been done to date by the various committees.

The officers of the Athletic Association urged the students to do their utmost to make the event a grand success. President James A. Manley commented on the success of the Basketball team, and pleaded for the staunch support of the student body, to emulate this success in the other branches of Athletics.

Harry A. Carlin explained the important connection the coming Reception had with the life of athletics. "To be strong in athletics," he said, "is to win for Duquesne a name of which we shall all be proud. Therefore let every one try to do his best to boost the Euchre."

Much enthusiasm was aroused, judging by the attendance at the Bethany-Duquesne game the same evening, and by the sale of season tickets for basketball.

About the middle of January we received a message from Dr. Brashear, of the Allegheny Observatory, that he was expecting every day a visit from a young

Father Selga, S. J. Spanish Jesuit priest, who, after a course of study and experimentation at the various Observatories of the Eastern and Southern Schools and Universities, was on his way to the Philippines, where he was destined to take charge of the famous Observatory which

the Jesuit Fathers have erected at Manila. The very next evening our expected visitor arrived in the person of Rev. Father Selga, S. J., who remained with us for two days, and by his interesting talks upon things astronomical, and upon his experiences at Georgetown, Johns Hopkins, Harvard and Yale, proved a most entertaining and instructive conversationalist.

In company with Rev. P. A. McDermott, of our own University, who also takes a deep interest in this absorbing and fascinating science, and who is making up a fine selection of slides upon the Solar System, he visited the local Observatory, where he was most hospitably entertained by Dr. Schlesinger and Professor Houston. He was then conducted to the great workshop of Dr. Brashear, on Perrysville Avenue, where the world-renowned optician exhibited the mysteries of that establishment, from which have emerged the greatest and most powerful telescopic lenses that the world has ever seen. The Rev. Father was highly delighted with his visit and expressed the hope that before long he would be sending back to Pittsburgh from far off Manila, some large orders for telescopic photographic apparatus which he expects to make use of in his new home.

The first public debate of the Freshman Class was held on Sunday, January 11. A very select programme was rendered.

Freshman Debate

Despite unfavorable weather, the entertainment was well attended. "The Policemen's Chorus," by the Freshman and Sophomore Classes, was exceptionally good and elicited great applause. The debate was on a live topic and well handled, the decision being awarded to the affirmative side by a slight majority of votes. The subject treated was: Resolved, That the Government Control Advertising. Thomas A. Drengacz was chairman; Charles J. Deasy and Francis C. Streiff spoke in favor of the proposition, and John J. McDonough and John J. Sullivan argued against it.

On Sunday, January 18, the members of the Literary Union held the most interesting debate of the year. The excellent

Seniors' Entertainment

literary and musical programme, together with the important subject of the discussion, rendered the evening most delightful to a capacity audience. Four seasoned debaters argued for and against the present applicability of the Monroe Doctrine.

The speakers on the affirmative side, E. A. Heinrich and J. A. Burns, maintained the following propositions: The original purpose of the Monroe Doctrine, namely, the protection of American interests from the aggression of European Powers, exists to-day; in consequence, the strict enforcement of that Doctrine is more than ever essential to our national welfare. It creates among the republics of America a genuine Pan-American spirit, and makes them a unit against the whole of Europe. It is not a defiance to the nations of Europe; it is simply a warning not to interfere in American affairs.

The speakers on the negative side, F. J. Mueller and H. A. Carlin, argued as follows: The United States was not justified in proclaiming the Monroe Doctrine. This Doctrine has led to imperialism; it is aggressive instead of defensive, and we ourselves have violated it. It is contrary to international law; it is unnecessary and inconsistent. It should be fundamentally changed, so that it may hereafter be applicable to a region and circumstances in which it will be defensible in justice and in right.

Cogent reasoning and effective delivery were evident on both sides, but the preponderance of the votes went to the negative speakers.

The regular meeting of the Total Abstinence Society was held in the University Hall on Thursday, January 22. The attendance was exceptionally large, many new members being present.

Total Abstinence Meeting The Society voted to take part in the C. T. A. U. field day in the early summer. The members were asked their opinions as to the best possible way of getting new members. Each one present pledged himself to bring at least one new member to the next meeting.

The Diocesan Union will hold its next monthly meeting at the University.

By a special arrangement with the publishers, the University Dramatic Club will this year present "A Bachelor's Honeymoon" as the annual play. This farce has had a great run in the principal cities of the country. It was written for laughing purposes only. Misunderstandings, intentional and unintentional, diverting complications and hilarious disentanglements, make it a rival as a fun-maker to all plays previously staged by the Club. The cast includes a number

of students already versed in the thespian art, and others chosen after much thought, in view of their evident talent. Mr. Clinton E. Lloyd, who has charge of the Oratorical Department of the University, and whose name is best known in this section through his dramatic production of *Hiawatha* at Squaw Run, Aspinwall, last summer, will coach the actors. His many years' experience on the stage, as well as his familiarity with the principles and practice of voice culture, will be of inestimable value to the participants.

The play will be staged at the Pitt Theatre about the middle of May. The Pitt is considered Pittsburgh's most beautiful playhouse.

The second term examinations were held in the University the week commencing January 26. The examinations were written in all subjects, and oral in the English branches.

**Second Term
Examinations**

The following students obtained first place in their respective classes: Senior, Francis J. Mueller; Junior, Joseph Szepe; Sophomore, Jerone D. Hannan; Freshman, Philip N. Buchmann; Fourth Scientific, Thomas W. Kenney; Third Scientific, Perry A. Blundon; Second Scientific, Edward J. McGrael; First Scientific, Clarence W. Robertshaw; Advanced Commercial, John J. Welsh; Second Commercial, Paul J. Durkay; First Commercial, Victor H. McCollum; Fourth High, Linus P. McGuinness; Third High, James M. McCarthy; Second High A, Gerard V. Buchele; Second High B, Michael J. Shortley; First High A, Stanley A. Witkowski; First High B, Francis Kron; Second Prep., Leo Malinski; First Prep., Carl H. Hafermann. One hundred and sixty-six honor certificates were awarded.

A special class has been formed for the convenience of those who passed the recent high school examinations or entered from elementary schools.

JOHN McDONOUGH, '17.



School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce.

DUQUESNE is one of the few prominent institutions having a separate department for the expert training of business executives. In this department is concentrated every effort to increase the business knowledge and executive efficiency of those who attend the classes. This type of higher training must not be confounded with the ordinary, and very essential, commercial instruction given in every large city by numerous commercial colleges, among which also Duquesne enjoys, and has long held, a leading place.

Those students who have been fortunate enough to graduate from the commercial department of Duquesne will find their labors much lightened; but in no case will this relieve them of the necessity for a higher business training in the department of Accounts, Finance, and Commerce, if executive efficiency and prompt success are sought.

The ordinary commercial course prepares for Book-keeping, Stenography, Clerkship, etc., and is of high school grade, whereas the University business training, such as is given by Duquesne's new department, under the active and expert direction of Professor Walker, prepares for the degree of Certified Public Accountant, financial situations, superintendency, and executive positions in corporations.

But, says the hard headed young man (who often believes himself a full fledged accountant when in reality he hardly knows the first three letters in the accounting alphabet, and nothing whatever about executive business) "why not get the knowledge in business itself, why go to the University?" Yes, you can learn these things outside the University, by practical experience perhaps. But how long will it take you? Who will take the time to explain? In all but very small concerns, and in executive positions, the work is now strictly routine. How will you escape this routine and gain the knowledge desired necessary to make you an executive? How much opportunity and income will you lose trying to compete for executive positions with the university trained young men who know thoroughly the principles and practices of business? Clear and exact knowledge is the basis of sound reasoning, and the result is judgment, the distinguishing quality of the highly paid executive. That is why the few good university departments of higher business education have demands for several times the number of graduates they are able to supply, because they make better business men, can fill executive positions on short notice, and the well informed manager knows it.

We are the youngest department at Duquesene, in fact only four months old. But allow us to remark that we are quite a healthy infant, and well beyond the creeping age. Watch us grow, but don't ask the reason why. Just come around and see. You will find the class attended by the liveliest bunch of progressive young business men in Pittsburgh. And you will find a spirited discussion going on over the most up-to-date business methods, not theories but facts. The men say they enjoy the work and wouldn't be without it. We started in October with ten students, the enrollment is now nearly fifty. And Father Hehir is talking about ordering more chairs.

School of Law.

THE second term of the Law School began February 2, 1914. Moot Courts are being held every other Tuesday in the evenings at the Law Library.

On Tuesday, January 22nd, an action of trespass was tried with Mr. McGinness assisted by Mr. Lally representing the plaintiff, and Mr. [Friday assisted by Mr. Weis representing the defendant. Mr. Laughlin of the Faculty presided. The Judge presiding refused a non-suit, but ultimately was compelled to give binding instructions for the defendants.

The Faculty of the School was very much gratified with the success of Oscar G. Meyer, a student of the third year class, who at the December examinations for the Bar successfully passed the same. Mr. Meyer is the first student from the Law School to present himself for examination, and therefore has the honor to be the first student to be admitted. He deserves great credit for his energy and studious habits. The other students of the school, and especially those who will very likely present themselves for examination in June, extend their congratulations as does also the Faculty.

The third year class is working every minute with a view to preparing for the June examinations both for the School as well as for the Bar. As this is the first class to present itself for examination to the Bar, they are all imbued with the spirit to succeed.

John P. Egan, of the second year class, was taken ill a short time ago, but we are pleased to announce he is recovering and soon will be back to class.

Mr. Lucksha and Mr. Weis, of the first year class, who presented themselves in December for preliminary examinations successfully passed the same and are now regularly registered.

Obituary.

REV. JOHN WILLMS, C. S. Sp.

REV. JOHN WILLMS, C. S. Sp., a former president of the College, died on January 3, in the Mercy Hospital, after an illness of three weeks. Father Willms was born in Germany in 1849. At an early age he became a member of the Holy Ghost Order, and was ordained priest in Paris in 1876. After his religious profession in the following year, he was assigned by his Superiors to the duties of assistant pastor in St. Mary's Church, Sharpsburg. In January, 1881, he was transferred to the Holy Ghost College, now Duquesne University, where he taught the ancient classics and German, and of which he was president during the academic year '85-'86. He was appointed in the latter year pastor of St. Anthony's Church, Millvale. During his administration he thoroughly organized this new parish, and bought the property on which he built the present church and rectory. In 1893 he succeeded the late Father Schwab as pastor of St. Mary's, Sharpsburg, a post he filled with zeal and edification until he was nominated, 1896, Director General of the Holy Childhood for the United States.

In the discharge of the duties of this important office up to the moment of his last illness, he traveled extensively, interesting bishops, priests and people in bringing the light of the Gospel to pagan children in many lands, and in raising funds for the support of missionaries who devote their lives to the salvation of their benighted brethren. His efforts were crowned with well-merited success. His enthusiasm and genial qualities won for him a host of friends. Rev. Francis A. Retka, C. S. Sp., of St. Stanislaus's Church, this city, has been appointed his successor.

Father Willms is survived by one brother, a member of the Holy Ghost Order stationed at Cornwells, Pa., and by one sister, a nun of the Order of St. Joseph, teaching in Port au Prince, Haiti, West Indies.

On Monday, January 5, Father Willms was buried from the Church of St. Stanislaus. His cousin, Rev. John Otten, C. S. Sp., sang the Mass, and was assisted by Rev. T. Meyer, C. S. Sp., deacon, and Rev. P. A. McDermott, C. S. Sp., subdeacon.

The Right Rev. Bishop Canevin, after pronouncing the absolution and dwelling upon the obligation incumbent upon the people of any parish to remember in their prayers the priest

whom God had sent amongst them because of the weighty responsibilities and the duties with which he is charged in their regard, spoke in a most touching manner of the devotedness and apostolic labors of the "genial and dearly beloved" Father Willms whose mortal remains then lay before them. "If", said he, "a cup of cold water given in the name of Christ, elicits such magnificent eulogy on the part of God, and if the work that is done for the poor of Christ is so sure of substantial and lasting recompense, what must we say or think of the untiring work accomplished and of the years so faithfully spent by our departed friend and confrere in behalf of those little, abandoned children of God, scattered throughout the pagan world, whose faces he had never seen, and who, in turn, had never even heard of Father Willms's name? To-day we have all over Christendom those beautiful mediaeval cathedrals which are the wonder of modern times. No one now knows the names of their builders nor of the pious souls who in their zeal contributed to those vast and lasting structures. Their glory before men is as naught; their identity is lost in the gloom of the ages, but their names are recorded in the Book of Life. So it is with those who, like the devoted Father Willms, have been and are, day after day, silently but efficiently contributing to the up-building of God's holy Church. The result of their zeal is manifest even to men and will, we trust, be lasting before God, and yet their names will be soon forgotten. But what of that, so long as the reward will surely be theirs!

"From all this we gather a fruitful lesson touching the work which we in this country should undertake for missions amongst the poor, abandoned, pagan souls in foreign lands. The Church is not a local organization, and it is for us, therefore, to remember that, whilst working out our own salvation, we must never forget those distant portions of the vineyard that have not yet been tilled, but whose needs appeal to our devotedness and spirit of self-sacrifice."

REV. JOHN A. COSTELLO.

(From the "Indiana Catholic," Indianapolis, December 3, 1913.)

The solemn and impressive obsequies of the Rev. John A. Costello, who died in this city, Friday, November 28, took place Tuesday morning at 9:30 o'clock at Holy Cross Church. The remains of the saintly young priest, clad in the garments of his sacerdotal office, lay in state in the Church from Monday afternoon until after the ceremonies. Members of the Holy Name Society acted as guards of honor and were in attendance throughout Monday night. Hundreds passed in mournful procession to take a last parting glimpse of the remains.

The Solemn Pontifical Requiem High Mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D., Coadjutor Bishop.

Fully seventy members of the clergy from all parts of the State came to attend the obsequies.

The Rev. John A. Costello, at the time of his death, was assistant pastor of Holy Cross Church, but on account of ill health was obliged to give up his duties a few months ago, and he retired to his home. Death was due to tuberculosis from which he had been a sufferer for years. In the hope of regaining his health he had made two long sojourns in Colorado, from the last of which he returned two months ago.

Father Costello was born in this city, November 5, 1883, made his first studies for the priesthood at Holy Ghost College, Pittsburgh, and took his seminary course at Mt. Saint Mary's College, Cincinnati. His first appointment, following his ordination at Cincinnati, June 7, 1908, was at St. John's Church, this city.

EXTRACTS FROM THE SERMON BY REV. FATHER GAVISK.

"During the four years or more that he was connected with this Church it seemed strange how so young a man, so modest and so unassuming, could have made so great an impression upon his fellows that when he dies there are gathered together here his brethren of the clergy from this and other dioceses in such large numbers, that this Church is so filled with people,—surely there must be something more than the mere sacredness of the character which could make an impression upon all of us as it has upon this occasion of his funeral.

"You good people in your good faith believe in us priests, and you trust in us. You trusted in this young man who came

into your midst a little over four years ago just as much as in older men. With him gray hairs counted for nothing. You did not take that into consideration. He was a priest of God and upon him had been laid the hand of the bishop in solemn consecration, and you looked upon him therefore as the representative of God and as the mediator between the offended Creator and the sinful people.

"The priest is related in so many ways to the people. Think of your lives, how blank they would be without the services of the priest! . . .

"Christ said: 'Men will hate you and persecute you.' It is this, therefore, that the priest may expect; he must find it, perhaps not so great as in the days of the martyrs, but the priests of the present time should at least have the martyrs' spirit. In the canon of the Mass, after praying for living and the dead, he adds, 'To us sinners, grant some part and fellowship, with Thy holy apostles and martyrs.' Martyrs and apostles, that is what we are destined for, martyr and apostle was he consecrated for. I knew Father Costello well enough to know that he had this idea of the holy priesthood. It is not those about whom books are written who alone possess heroic spirits. There is a certain heroism in everyday life, a certain heroism among the priests, and that heroism was in the young man, the young priest who lies dead before you.

"He went about at times when he was at St. John's when I did not think he was able to do the work, but so sensitive was he and so wrapped up in the spirit of martyrdom and the spirit of apostleship; as I call it, that he would not have me refer to his physical condition.

"Father Costello reminded us of one of the younger saints as he stood in the pulpit. Every word that fell from his lips seemed like a crystal stream of beautiful purity. . . .

"While we have, as I said, words of praise for his character, at the same time you must remember what Saint Paul said. No man is more conscious of his infirmities, it seems to me, than the priest. He knows sin because of his close contact with it. Therefore, we request this further evidence of your friendship: be faithful to the duties of your Catholic calling, be faithful to him in prayer."

Alumni.

IN a recent communication from Chippewa Falls, Wis., REV. CHARLES T. RUDOLPH, C. S. SP., furnishes some interesting descriptions of his first experiences as a missionary in the Northwest. He has lately returned from Africa, where he labored zealously in the propagation of the Faith amongst the poor benighted natives. He calls himself an "exotic plant" and finds quite a contrast between the hot waves of Africa and the cold blasts of Wisconsin. Fr. Rudolph has our communion of prayers for his success in guiding souls along the road to Heaven.

A BEAUTIFULLY appointed wedding was held in the Church of the Annunciation lately, when DR. WILLIAM CLAUDE PUHL, a former student of the University, and Miss Stella M. Meyer were united in marriage. Health, prosperity and many years of happy wedlock to Dr. Puhl and his bride.

MICHAEL J. MARTIN, a past student, and a brother of one of Pittsburgh's leading Catholic aldermen, John A. Martin, has been appointed by President Wilson to the post of Federal Deputy Revenue Collector. We feel assured that Mr. Martin is the right man in the right place.

THE sterling qualities and inestimable worth of the young men who leave D. U., has attracted the attention of the city officials, as is evidenced by the fact that many of them were chosen to fill civil positions under the new regime. JOSEPH F. JOYCE was appointed by the Mayor to serve as a member of the Board of Civil Service Commissioners. Mr. Joyce is a man of varied business experience, having been engaged in the fire-proofing business, and served in the capacity of vice-president of the American Structural Steel Company; he is now a representative of the Johns-Manville Company.

MEAD J. MULVIHILL was chosen solicitor for the borough of Arnold.

WILLIAM C. JACOB, a rising young lawyer, is one of the newly appointed Assistant City Solicitors.

CHAS. K. ROBINSON, ESQ., Professor at the Law School, has been retained as an Assistant City Solicitor by John P. Hunter. All these gentlemen have our hearty good wishes for success in their new undertakings.

MEAD J. MULVIHILL, '06, and WILLIAM C. JACOB, '06, have

combined their legal practice, and have rented a suite of rooms in the First National Bank Building. They practice now under the legal name of Mulvihill and Jacob, Attorneys-at-Law.

JAMES C. McNALLY, who was appointed to the Consular Service from Pittsburgh several years ago, was recently nominated by the President to be Consul of the United States at Nuremberg, Bavaria. Mr. McNally is serving at Tsingtau, China. Some time ago charges were preferred against Consul McNally of being implicated in real estate schemes in China. An investigation was held by former Governor Joseph Folk, Counselor of the State Department who, after thorough investigation, declared the charges to be unfounded. This finding was approved of by Secretary Bryan and, while Mr. McNally was appointed as a Republican, he is given a more desirable assignment, although the salary he is to receive will be the same.

LEO A. McCrory, '15.



WE regret that "owing to circumstances over which we have no control" our Exchange items have been crowded out of this issue. But we promise to make compensation, with interest, in the next MONTHLY.

JOSEPH S. SZEPE, '15.

Athletics.

THE formal opening of the basketball season in the University occurred on Friday evening, January 9, when the 'Varsity achieved a brilliant victory over the Bethany College five. The game, aside from the fact that it was fast and interesting throughout and thoroughly enjoyed by the large crowd of rooters present, was very auspicious inasmuch as it marked the inauguration of basketball as part of the athletic activities of the University. Not only was the opening a success, but it is doubtful if the old "gym" has ever witnessed such enthusiasm, or has been the subject of such a great transformation as characterized the initial contest of the season. Since then the whole student body seems to have contracted the basketball "fever," and this popular winter sport is now occupying the whole stage of sportdom on the Bluff.

To date, the team has met with very great success, and has achieved results far beyond our expectations especially for the first season. By the record of the games thus far it has been sufficiently demonstrated to all that the school is represented by a very fast team, one which is equal, if not superior, to any college five in this section. Out of four contests they have been returned the victors in three, all of which were won by very decisive scores.

After the ability of every candidate in the field had been carefully considered, the following were chosen by Coach Hogarty to represent the 'Varsity: Sorce, Pierotti, R. Werder, Williams, G. Werder, Gillis and Shortley.

At the forwards Sorce, Pierotti and Gillis have been showing up in remarkable form; Sorce especially being considered one of the best men playing in college ranks to-day while the other two are both fast men and clever "shots."

R. Werder, who has been appointed Captain, has been playing a high-class article of ball at centre in every game. Shortley is being coached at this position so as to relieve him when the occasion demands.

The guard positions are well filled by Williams and G. Werder both of whom have been much in evidence in every contest.

Season tickets have been procured by Mgr. Manley, and these are being disposed of to all the students, which action it is hoped will insure a good attendance at every game.

JANUARY 9, BETHANY 28—DUQUESNE 43.

In the initial game the 'Varsity showed up well, despite the fact that their team work was rather unsettled at times. Williams played a very strong game at guard for Duquesne, and was constantly in the fray. Sorce and Pierotti also did some clever shooting. Rodgers was the individual star for Bethany, his work at foul shooting being especially good. Summary:

DUQUESNE			BETHANY		
Sorce	.	F.			Rodgers
Pierotti	.	F.			McMullen
R. Werder	.	C.			Nicholson
Williams	.	G.			Mahon
G. Werder	.	G.			Wilkin

Field Goals—Pierotti 7, Sorce 5, R. Werder 3, G. Werder 2, Rodgers 3, McMullen 2, Nicholson 2. Foul Goals—Pierotti 6, Sorce 3, Rodgers 14. Substitute—Eneix. Referee—Phelan. Time—Twenty-Minute Halves.

JANUARY 10, DUQUESNE 42—ST. FRANCIS 17.

St. Francis' College five were the next victims to fall before the prowess of the 'Varsity tossers. The game was marked by a very decided improvement over the first contest. During the first half honors were about even, but in the second stanza Duquesne ran completely away from the visitors and brought the final score up to 43-17.

Sorce and R. Werder did excellent work in the shooting line, while G. Werder displayed great aggressiveness at guard. Heilman was the headliner for St. Francis.

R. Sorce	.	F.			Heilman
Pierotti	.	F.			Aaron
R. Werder	.	C.			Lachrie
Williams	.	G.			Kirby
G. Werder	.	G.			Leonard

Substitutions—Gillis for Pierotti, A. Sorce for R. Werder, Dugan for Aaron, Dozyk for Heilman. Field Goals—R. Sorce 4, Pierotti 1, R. Werder 4, Williams 2, Gillis 3, Lochrie 2. Foul Goals—Williams 14 out of 25, Hielman 12 out of 16. Time—Twenty-Minute Halves. Referee—Phelan.

JANUARY 17, DUQUESNE 39—ST. FRANCIS 32.

The following Saturday the 'Varsity traveled to Loretto, Pa., where they played a return game with St. Francis. There they sustained their first defeat of the season in a very close and

interesting contest 39-32. Inability to shoot fouls lost the game for Duquesne.

Sorce	F.	Heilman
Pierotti	F.	Aaron
R. Werder	C.	Lochrie
Williams	G.	McGarrity
G. Werder	G.	Leonard

Substitutions—Gillis for Pierotti. Field Goals—Sorce 6, R. Werder 3, G. Werder 1, Heilman 3, Aaron 2, Lochrie 2, Leonard 1, Foul Goals—Williams 9, Gillis 3, Leonard 23. Referee—O'Reilly.

JANUARY 30, DUQUESNE 50—GENEVA 19.

The Geneva College quintet was the next attraction in the University "gym." In this encounter the 'Varsity continued to improve in form and exhibited wonderful team work. Duquesne scored almost at will, and when the final whistle blew the count stood 50-19. Sorce played a brilliant game throughout while R. Werder and Pierotti were also much in the limelight.

Sorce	F.	Tod
Pierotti	F.	Clyde
R. Werder	C.	Downie
Williams	G.	Park
G. Werder	G.	Loeffler

Field Goals—Sorce 7, Pierotti 5, R. Werder 6, Gillis, Clyde 2, Downie, Loeffler, Perrett. Foul Goals—Williams 8, Gillis 4, Downie 4, Perrett 5. Referee—Phelan.

FRESHMAN TEAM.

In addition to the 'Varsity a freshman team has also been organized. Those composing it were chosen from the list of candidates that remained after the final selection of the first team, and includes on its roster the following players: Bowen, Burns, Drelak, Gnau, J. Kane, Lavelle, Welsh and Bleichner. The management of the team has been intrusted to "Shorty" Creahan, under whose entergetic disposition and capable business methods, the team will no doubt prove a success. At present he is occupied arranging a very attractive schedule, which will give the team ample opportunity of proving their ability to the utmost.

EDWARD A. HEINRICH, '14.

ACADEMICS.

Since D. U. has adopted basketball as a winter sport, the Varsity has not been the only team to bring fame to the Red and

Blue. The High School department is represented by a team that has made a most enviable record up to date. The Academics, for so they are called, are a very well balanced team and a great deal of team-work has been developed. What the Minims were in football, the Academics are in basketball. The team is being managed by Father Knaebel, whose presence and encouragement are a great factor in keeping up the interest and spirit so far manifested. The coaching is being capably handled by Manley, who displays as much ingenuity in perfecting basketball plays as he did in working out football formations.

ACADEMICS 33—EAGLES 10.

In their first game, January 24, the Academics completely out-classed their opponents and were able, by accurate shooting, to pile up a score of 33 to their opponents' 10. Lineup and summary:

Corrigan	.	.	F.	.	.	Larkin
Crandall	.	.	F.	.	.	Loxterman
Diranna-O'Malley	.	.	C.	.	.	Ruch
Horan-Steimer	.	.	G.	.	.	McNamara
McGillick	.	.	G.	.	.	Kelly

Field Goals—Crandall 6, Diranna 5, Corrigan 2, Horan 2, Larkin 2. Foul Goals—Crandall 4 out of 8, Horan 1 out of 2, Larkin 1 out of 2, Loxterman 5 out of 9.

ACADEMICS 46—TWO COLORS 9.

The second game, played January 27, was even easier for the Academics than their first, as can be seen from the result, 46 to 9. Diranna starred for the Academics as a point-getter and McGillick played a splendid game at guard. The summary:

Field Goals—Diranna 6, Crandall 4, Corrigan 3, Horan 3, Muehlbauer 2, O'Malley 1, Harenski 3. Foul Goals—Crandall 5 out of 10, Madden 2 out of 3, Harenski 3 out of 8. Referee—Gnau.

ACADEMICS 13—E. L. A. SECONDS 6.

On January 31, the Academics were forced to show the best that was in them in order to win the game against the East Liberty Academy second team. Both teams played a close guarding game—a fact that made scoring difficult. Lavelle starred with 3 field goals in the second half. The summary:

Field Goals—Lavelle 3, Diranna 2, Horan 1, Keeler 1. Foul Goals—Crandall 1 out of 8, Keeler 4 out of 5. Referee—Gnau.

PAUL J. GNAU, '18.

Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXI.

March, 1914.

No 6.

The Winter Song of the Flowers.

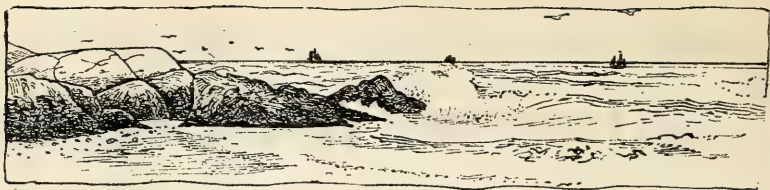
WRAPPED deep beneath her snowy-textured veil,
Earth's face lies buried from my sorrowing eyes,
And Winter's hand is laid on hill and dale,
The while my soul for touch of Springtime sighs.
But lo! methinks I hear soft voices sing:
"We'll come again with all our beauty in the Spring!"

Whence are those voices, bringing thus to me—
Who deemed all Nature lay before me dead—
The cheering hope that makes me feel and see,
Though resting in their cold and wintry bed,
Those "other children" of great Nature's King
Alive, but bursting with impatience for the Spring?

They are the voices of the hidden flowers,
Now little more than rough, unsightly roots;
They lack the beauty of those vernal bowers
That soon will glow and gleam with budding fruits
Whose brilliant hues, the busy bee will bring
To cull therein the honeyed harvest of the Spring.

Sing on, ye flowers, your faith-reviving song,
Rebuking thus my cold and gloomy fears!
Henceforth, I'll join the noisy, cheerful throng
That ceaseless wafts its praises through the years.
Should sorrow o'er my heart its shadows fling,
I'll think of you, and how you hail the coming Spring!

P. McD.



Shall the "Author of Nature" Be Eliminated?

IT is by no means an uncommon incident in the present age to behold this staid old world of ours rudely roused from its scientific slumbers by the excessive protesting of some ambitious scientist seeking to air his views respecting that enigma of centuries, the origin of life. This feverish chase after the source and composition of life is a logical outcome, for it is only natural that man should propose to himself, as the greatest subject of his speculation, that principle which forms such a constitutive element of his being, and to fathom, if possible, the genesis and innate nature of that ceaseless energy which throbs in the wheels and pistons of the vital machinery on which he operates.

Of this we were presented with an example only recently, when all Europe was treated to a surprise at the declaration made by Prof. Edw. Schafer, president of England's greatest body of scientists, in regard to his views on this subject. Following in the trodden path of many of his predecessors in scientific research, Prof. Schafer refused to attribute to God the slightest participation in the origin of life, but on the contrary maintained that life in its final analysis is only a chemical action, that in a swamp sometime and somewhere (facts not definitely mentioned), a little salts, potassium, phosphorus, etc., chanced to unite, which union was followed by a slight stirring, a pulsating movement, and behold! life begins. Although never himself an eye-witness of such an event, still he claims that if scientists are only sufficiently observant, they will behold life created.

This opinion of Dr. Schafer is not a novel idea, but rather an expression that has survived the ravages of time from the dawn of speculative thought. The question of the origin of life, and the power of man to bring about its "artificial creation", is a problem that has agitated the minds of savants and laymen, of peasants and philosophers of every age and of every clime. Life is the great awe-inspiring mystery, and the fascination connected

with researches towards its discovery exert no less an influence over the mind of the modern sage than the dream of a "vital elixir" or a "philosopher's stone" held over the alchemist of old.

In regard to the view of this celebrated English scientist, which is nothing else than spontaneous generation in the strict sense, it must be admitted that such ancient philosophers as Democritus and Epicurus championed it, while in modern times it numbers among its adherents such scientific lights as Hobbes, Priestly and Huxley. But although scientists have repeatedly endeavored to demonstrate the genesis of living from non-living matter, yet all their attempts have been characterized by a lamentable failure to secure even the scantiest support for their theory. In the whole history of abiogenetic research there is not a single discovery which indicates a definite advance towards a verification of this or any other theory tending towards the solution of this tremendous problem. The goddess of life floats still in the blue ether, as far away as ever. Men have claimed success, but when summoned to substantiate their claims before a scientific jury their theories have invariably exploded, and vanished like mists when brought into the light of scientific truth, so that in consequence, the law of biogenesis—"omne vivens ex vivo"—is still the unshaken law of the universe.

While the absurdity of spontaneous generation has been conclusively proved to the cohorts of science by the experiments of Pasteur, yet an analysis of the various motives which impel certain men, such as Dr. Schafer, not only to espouse the cause of this theory, but even to manifest an inordinate zeal in attempting to establish its truth, reveals a most significant fact, and one which is of vital importance to society and religion, and in consequence emphasizes the necessity of opposition toward it on the part of all Christians. It is this:—if the principles of spontaneous generation were to triumph, it would result in the complete subversion of the moral order; for, to deny God's participation in the origin of life is to abjure His existence, and simultaneously with the overthrow of the Supreme Being, all notion of morality and submission to a higher authority crashes to a heap of ruins. This is the condition of affairs to which all rationalistic and materialistic minds would reduce the world; and in their scheme of atheism, they are upheld by a host of persons who are prepared and anxiously waiting to announce the annihilation of all religion upon the ground of this great scientific discovery. These men chafe under the restraint which the idea of Creator, religion, and

human society imposes upon them, and they seek a loop-hole of escape from these bonds in the vindication of their doctrine. It is this aspect of spontaneous generation that causes this doctrine to assume such menacing preparations.

Moreover, it is now a widely known fact that in the schools of medicine throughout the world, this theory seems to be courted in general favor, and to receive precedence over all others yet advanced. Two reasons, however, may be assigned for this: first, the formal method of science; and secondly, its dread of the hyperphysical and the supernatural, which scientists regard as a cloak of ignorance. Science is very reluctant to grant even the slightest concession to the supernatural. With her, either nature is capable of solving the question, or else it must be relegated to the list of eternal mysteries. They prefer to explain life by the natural method of spontaneous generation than to have recourse to revelation.

However, if, *per impossibile*, some fortunate investigator should succeed in creating life out of inanimate matter, or by striking upon a certain combination of chemical atoms, would it necessarily prove that there was no first intelligence, no first cause? Far from it. It would only convince reasonable minds that all matter is under the reign of law. Chemical atoms never combine by chance; on the contrary, they repel and attract one another precisely the same everywhere, and produce results which can be exactly predicted. Did these atoms resolve among themselves to act always according to a definite plan, and was this plan to include in its scope human life as we see it to-day, with its mother's love, its epic poems, its religion, its arts,—all this to be carried out through countless ages without a "hitch"? If so, O, wonderful atoms! thousand times wonderful atoms!

Does this theory of the origin of life seem more reasonable than the doctrine that recognizes belief in God, in a reasoning, conscious, creative principle, which, eternally existing, animates and rules these atoms, and is responsible for those majestic manifestations which we behold in every living species? If this were so, every scientist and every materialist, in his efforts to abolish the hand of God from any participation in the affairs of this mundane sphere, would be forced to an infinitely greater extent to deal in theories more uncertain, more unreasonable, and more precarious, in the establishment of his doctrine, than must the most orthodox theologian who seeks to prove the existence of Supreme Creator.

The utter absurdity of the destruction of God according to this materialistic concept of the universe is clearly manifest, if we but turn our eyes, in the solitude of a bright summer's night, towards the broad expanse of celestial regions above us. Were all the mysteries of this enchanting wonder-world unravelled before us, were all its provinces explored, all its laws discovered, and the constitution of every body and of every organism laid open, yet the human mind would not rest satisfied with this knowledge, but in the unlimited scope of its faculties, must soar to the solution of a higher and more difficult problem, viz., "Whence is this wonderful universe?" And the mind will never rest content until it has risen to the realization of a Self-Existent Being above the finite world, to the personal Deity, all wise and all perfect, to the Providence that superintends all and directs each being to its proper end.

At the present day, it must be admitted that the seemingly impassable gulf that once separated religion and science in the minds of those possessed of a rationalistic tendency has been spanned. Religion, by its very nature, implies the notion of a Supreme Ruler, while science as a unit no longer denies, if it ever did deny, the existence of God; although a few among her ranks have deviated from the path of the many. Concerning the nature of God, the sustaining principle of the universe, science not only remains silent, but does not even profess to decide the question, although Herbert Spencer has concluded that the Ultimate Reality (his name for God) was unknowable. The essence of God, the essence of life and energy may be insolubly mysterious to science, but whether God is unknowable or not is a deeper question. Spencer and even the great Emanuel Kant may say yes; yet, ranged against them are millions of Christian souls who reply in the negative. God is revealed, not in the laboratory of the scientist, but rather in the workshop of the human heart, to such as reverently seek Him and conform to His will. To all such as these He is not only the most real of all beings, but must remain the One Reality, known and approached through love, and consciously realized to the depth of one's being.

This intimate and personal realization of God's being is thus beautifully described by Newman, in his "Grammar of Assent": "Now certainly the thought of God, as Theists entertain it, is not gained by an instinctive association of His presence with any sensible phenomena; but the office which the senses directly fulfil as regards creation, that devolves indirectly on certain of our

mental phenomena as regards the Creator. Those phenomena are found in the sense of moral obligation"—in other words in the intimations of Conscience. "If, as is the case, we feel responsibility, are ashamed, are frightened, at transgressing the voice of conscience, this implies that there is One to whom we are responsible, before whom we are ashamed, whose claims upon us we fear. If, on doing wrong, we feel the same tearful, broken-hearted sorrow which overwhelms us on hurting a mother; if, on doing right, we enjoy the same sunny serenity of mind, the same soothing, satisfactory delight which follows on our receiving praise from a father, we certainly have within us the image of some person, to whom our love and veneration look, in whose smile we find happiness, for whom we yearn, towards whom we direct our pleadings, in whose anger we are troubled and waste away. These feelings in us are such as require for their exciting cause an intelligent being: we are not affectionate towards a stone, nor do we feel shame before a horse or dog; we have no remorse or compunction on breaking mere human law: yet, so it is, conscience excites all these painful emotions, confusion, foreboding, self-condemnation; and on the other hand it sheds on us a deep peace, a sense of security, a resignation, and a hope, which there is no sensible, no earthly object to elicit. 'The wicked flees, when no one pursueth;' then why does he flee? whence his terror? Who is it that he sees in solitude, in darkness, in the hidden chambers of his heart? If the cause of these emotions does not belong to this visible world, the Object to which his perception is directed, must be Supernatural and Divine; and thus the phenomena of conscience, as a dictate, avail to impress the imagination with the picture of a Supreme Governor, a Judge, holy, just, powerful, all-seeing, retributive, and is the creative principle of religion, as the Moral Sense is the principle of ethics."

EDWARD A. HEINRICH, '14.





The Oldest Alumnus.

“YES, I’m an old man now, nigh onto a hundred—Duquesne’s oldest alumnus they call me.”

The boy looked up into the placid, wrinkled face above him, then down to the city below.

From where they sat, in the summer of 1994, he could see the beautiful metropolis of the world, Pittsburgh, at its busiest hour. The towering buildings piercing the air hundreds of feet above the street, seemed like wonderful chimneys belching forth, not smoke, but aeroplanes.

Like brilliant butterflies they flew from roof to roof. Every few minutes an aerial train would dart in from some far away city, scattering right and left the taxi-flies.

“I suppose things were different when you were a boy, grandpa?” he asked.

The old man smiled. “I remember the time when air-shoes were never dreamt of. If people wished to go anywhere, they had to ride on the ground or walk. Even automobiles were considered a luxury.”

“What was an automobile?” asked the boy in surprise. “I never saw one.”

“You didn’t? Well, there is one in the museum. You ought to see it some day. They were considered very wonderful things in their time. I used to drive one, and I thought that when I went seventy miles an hour I was ‘going some’. Yes, times have changed.”

The boy laughed. “Well you people certainly were easily pleased! But was Pittsburgh always as large as this?”

“No, only since 1947. It was then that great deposits of rich radium-bearing ores were discovered in Troy Hill, raising it from the sixth city in the country to the greatest in the world. All of those skyscrapers you see along the sides of Herron Hill, Mt. Washington, and in McKees Rocks, were built at that time

for offices of the new companies. That eighty-six story building over near the ruins of the old Shingiss-Haberman bridge, stands upon what was once the campus of Duquesne University."

"Is that Duquesne's old location?" the boy exclaimed. "I didn't know that they were so near the city."

"Yes, when the Bluff was removed, their magnificent group of buildings that had been erected only a few years, was razed. The great value of their property, however, enabled them to locate in one of the pretty suburbs only sixty miles out of the city."

"I'm going there next year, you know, grandpa."

"That's right, my boy, but though you are going to a finer school, you will meet no better Faculty than I had there over eighty years ago. Perhaps you have noticed that three-figured marble group that stands in front of the main building. Do you know why that is placed there?"

"It's in honor of the Duquesne Triumvirate, I believe," replied the boy, "but I don't know what three men they were."

"Well, that 'Triumvirate' was composed of the three men who were at the head of the school in 1911, the year it received the university charter. The group was a gift of the alumni."

"We have also placed a tablet over the door of the gymnasium bearing the names of the school's first student athletic committee. In the halls of the laboratories——."

Suddenly the wireless telephone bell on the boy's belt began ringing.

"What's wanted?" asked the old man.

"It's mother. She wants me to fly up to the North Pole for some ice for dinner. Goodbye, grandpa, I'll be back in a little while."

FRANK P. ANTON, '16.





What Will Be the Harvest?

IT is plainly to be seen, by anyone who *will* see, that in the affairs of men, both as individuals and as nations, a crisis has been reached by this old world of ours. Possibly, this is no more than natural and in accordance with the normal development and growth of the human race, but a crisis it is nevertheless, a turning-point, a parting of the ways, and as such must be resolutely and firmly faced by those who have any interest in the welfare of their fellowmen, in the eradication of evil, in the suppression of vice, in the stability of law and order and in the prevention of anarchy. But this suggests a thought as to the large number of men, who, too blind to see that the welfare of their fellows most intimately concerns their own interests, are content to sit quietly at their ease in the midst of every comfort, self-satisfied, when they should be up and doing their utmost to better conditions for the less gifted and the less fortunate.

This is the great reason why such a state of affairs has been allowed to grow so pressing and so dangerous, and as it is only by removing the cause that the evil effects can be averted, it is to the task of making men realize their duty towards men, that we must direct our endeavors and sound our alarms.

There are a number of problems that must be solved satisfactorily if we are to escape the terrors and horrors of world-wide warfare, religious warfare, civil warfare, class warfare, and anarchy in comparison with which the scenes attendant upon the French Revolution will be dwarfed into insignificance. This may seem like borrowing trouble, like calamity-howling, but only to those who, consciously and deliberately or otherwise, belong to that class of self-complacent, useless idlers mentioned above. These problems are so vast, so complicated, so intricately interwoven into our national life, that it will require revolutionary measures to effect a lasting, sufficient solution and readjustment. And yet, they are so urgent that their solution must be undertaken, and that at once. They are so numerous that they can be

little more than mentioned or referred to within the limits of this article, and accordingly, no detailed treatment of them separately will here be attempted. The most important of these problems are the following:

(a) The rise and spread of Socialism and the causes of that extension;

(b) Divorce, the bane of modern civilization and the real, ever-increasing menace of our country in particular;

(c) Race-suicide, with which it is customary to mention the name of France as a horrible example, but which is every bit as prevalent in some classes of American society;

(d) Increase in crime, wide-spread, constant, menacing increase;

(e) Commercialized vice, the peculiar offspring of Modern Times, for which we cannot hold mediaeval darkness and ignorance responsible;

(f) Inter-class strife, particularly the mutual, grave injustice between Capital and Labor and the terribly wasting effects of the resultant struggles;

(g) Gross dishonesty, especially in business and politics. And so on; the choosing finger might be pointed successively to a multitude of examples, too numerous to signalize here.

Broadly and frankly, the reason for the existence of this legion of evils at the present day is the fact that we have "advanced" too far, advanced, that is, too far from the rugged, noble, pristine virtues of our ancestors, on the toboggan of irreligion and infidelity. We have discovered that we have no need of religion, which may perhaps be all right for children, old women, and fools, but we, strong, virile, masculine,—oh, no! we need no religion, no faith, no worship, no God. We have come to the brilliant conclusion—alas, too many of us have!—that religious sentiments and faith are the products of a feeble mind and that God is the creation of an excited imagination. Think of it! Man, who otherwise cannot know whence he came, what he is, why he is here, or whither he is going, cannot or will not solve for himself the problem, "Given self, to find God"! Sad state of affairs; and yet, in most cases, it is the *will* rather than the *ability* to find a rational basis for religion, that is absent. It is to be doubted whether there ever was a real, persistent atheist. Men there have been, and men there are, who are permitted to survive the blasphemous avowal, "There is no God—What is the use of religion?—Morality is but a deceit"; but when the

speakers of such sentiments come to die, when they stand upon the threshold of the eternity they have so long denied, their pride-sustained atheism falls to the ground; it gives them no comfort; it does not wipe from their fevered brows that fear-produced death sweat, and they cry out, at least in the bottom of their hearts, "O God, have mercy."

Here then, lies the remedy for the host of evils that are thronging in upon civilization, more dangerous, more desperate than the flood of barbarians that the frozen North poured forth upon prostrate Rome; this is the best weapon against the hordes of threatening dangers. See how plain, simple, old-fashioned, primitive, wholesome, Christian morality acts as a deterrent upon the dangers mentioned above.

(a) As the spread of Socialism is largely due to the unsatisfactory relations between the workingman and his employer, simple justice, which is one of the first fruits of religious faith, would tend to ameliorate conditions by removing the irritating injustice at the root of the evil.

(b) Religion prevents to a large degree the causes of divorce and hence lessens the number of divorces as well.

(c) Race-suicide, the inevitable concomitant of Divorce, is absolutely impossible to those living up to the precepts of a right conscience.

(d) The spread of religious life obviously prevents increase in crime.

(e) It is with nations as with individuals; a nation can no more escape decay and death under the scourge of public immorality than the immoral individual can continue in good health, whether moral, mental, or even physical, and hence it is not any of the many proposed remedies that will avail in this instance, but only a return to the simple virtues and morality of our fathers.

(f) Labor disputes will be to a large degree obviated by simple, ordinary fair play between employer and employed, who are equally at fault for the present strained relations between them.

(g) All sorts of dishonesty which is to-day rendering the faith of one man in another impossible must inevitably be banished by upright morals.

By this short comparison of the proposed remedy with the evident evils and the resulting observable sufficiency of the remedy, it can readily be seen that if we would evade the dire

effects of utter anarchy, we must revert to the habits, the life, and morals of preceding ages; in a word, we must again live in accordance with the Decalogue. Here we have our problem solved. But what will be the outcome if this remedy is not applied? If Socialism continues to spread and breeds anarchy; if the triplet harpies, Divorce, Race-Suicide, and Immorality, continue to prey upon the vitals of the nation; if the human race continues to sow this wind of evils, what *can* be the harvest except the whirlwind of destruction and ruin? WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE?

FRANCIS J. MUELLER, '14.

To The Newsboys.

BRAVE Boys—who all the yester haps and deeds,
With strain of wearied lungs, vociferate,
Through streets, that Winter's winds depopulate,
Till with the dawn your heavy task recedes—

We owe you much of all that sprightliness
That gives our city's life its cheerfulness,
And look to you as to the sturdy heirs
Of all our civic exploits, and our cares!

But,—when the world retires in Death's dark night,
Awaiting but the flash of that great light
Of final dawn, and clash of trumpet-sound,
To rise, for e'er, from Time's sepulchral mound—

Will *you* be there, to herald all our deeds
That of our destiny have been the seeds?
And to the crowds arising from the sod
Cry out the doomsday sentence of Earth's God?

MICHAEL J. HEGERICH, '14.

Curious Phases of Symbolism of Form And Number.

THE love of Symbolism has shown itself almost universally, from the cultured Greek, the learned pagan priesthood of the valley of the Nile, or the stuccoing followers of Hindooism, to the North American Indians, or the dwellers in the mysterious cities of ancient Peru, Yucatan, and Mexico. Symbolism is equally at home on a Japanese fan or lacquer tray, in the carvings of a Celtic cross, in the rich mosaic pavements of an old Roman villa, or in the paintings and wealth of sculptural work of our grand cathedrals. Even the Mohammedans, to whom images are forbidden, have the crescent under which they so long fought against the cross. Indeed, we may well say that he is but a poor specimen of manhood who has no symbol which he cherishes. Many a man who does not know that his own name is only a symbol without which he could not be distinguished from the rest of men, dimly understands that it is his pride and duty to carry it untarnished through life.

But while this general love of Symbolism is remarkable, more singular still are certain aspects of it, two of which are here suggested as very significant, namely symbolism of form and of number.

In symbolism of form, it is strange that the undulant serpent, the beguiler of Eve, and probably the first known symbol, with all its powers as a charmer, has never been so popular a model in art among our race as has the dragon. Doubtless the many paintings of St. George and St. Michael exist because of a love and demand for the decorative and symbolic monster. It is curious to note, too, that pictorial symbols are often afterthoughts. Many a study of the head of a model indifferently moral has been titularly described as "Purity". The introduction of some musical instrument has not infrequently made a St. Cecilia of a woman who did not know the treble from the bass. Again it is curious to observe that symbolism of form is bound up especially with the non-personal element. Even the endeavor to represent a whole nationality by a personal emblem has never been successful. John Bull is very much lacking in dignity and Uncle Sam is unsatisfactory. But the British lion has a firm hold upon the imagination, and men have fought and died for the Lilies of the Bourbons as well as for the Eagle of the Napoleons; men mourn for "the Harp that once in Tara's halls the soul of music shed" and glory in the Stars and Stripes.

In numerical symbolism, it is interesting to note how often the same idea seems to be involved in the use of a number, especially as regards religion. For instance, in number seven the idea of perfection seems to be implied. The creation of the world with the seventh period marking its completion; the seven-fold circuit of Jericho prior to its complete overthrow, and the Moslem pilgrimage which is consummated when seven circuits have been made round the sacred stone at Mecca, are a few representative examples. We can readily understand the signification of such numbers as three, or four, or twelve, for it has a natural derivation from well-known truths, or historical facts, or personages, but how singular symbolic meanings have become attached to many other numbers, and have maintained the connotation even during long ages, is indeed a considerable peculiarity. The number forty, for instance, is expressive of trial. The Israelites wandered forty years in the wilderness, and forty years of bondage they also had to serve under the hard yoke of the Philistines. Moses was forty days on Sinai. Elijah was in hiding forty days. For forty days the deluge fell, and yet for another forty days Noah was shut within the ark. The men of Nineveh had a like period of probation under the preaching of Jonah. The fasting of Christ in the wilderness again was for forty days. More remarkable still symbolically is number nine which seems to stand for completeness. There were nine Muses. And we have been taught that it takes nine tailors to make a man; that a cat's tenacity of life is equal to nine times that of other animals; that possession is nine points of the law; that if we want to make a flogging effectual and complete, the cat-o'-nine-tails must be brought out; while we can pay the hero of the banquet no higher compliment than to toast him three times three. The witches in "Macbeth" for the effectual working of the charm and tragic mischief sing round the cauldron—

"Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine."

Curious, too, that this number, unlike others, scarcely appears symbolically in Christian art.

There are many other notably peculiar features in symbolism of form and of number, while symbolism of sound, of color, and of language, and above all, symbolism of action, are not without many curious phases also, but present spatial limitations forbid an article all-content.

MICHAEL J. HEGERICH, '14.

Legends of St. Patrick's Boyhood.

WHEN God His Gospel wished to spread
Into the land of Druids' sway,
Straightway a noble saint He led
To Erin's shore, to show the way
Of Faith to man's eternal goal
To those who worshipped mistletoe
And knew nor of the human soul,
Nor God, nor Lucifer, His foe.

Like Hercules who, as he lies
Within his crib, a helpless child,
O'ercomes two serpents, huge in size;
So Patrick, as an infant mild,
Assisted by the power of God,
A three-fold miracle performed:
He brought forth water from the sod
When o'er the soil a cross was formed
By blind old Gormas, to whose eyes
The power of sight again he gave,
And whom henceforth he bade be wise.

They say that he from out the grave
His sister snatched, in youthful days:
And that some icicles through him
Like faggots flamed into a blaze:
That waters, o'er a well's broad rim,
In great abundance having run
And having flooded houses 'round,
Commanded by Conchessa's son
Retired and in the well were bound.

And Patrick grew in age and grace,
Becoming wiser day by day;
His heart, like Christ's, knew nothing base,
His thoughts midst holy raptures lay.

Just as the furnace tries the gold,
The fires of sorrow prove the just.
The noble youth is captured, sold
A slave to Milcho; slave, he must
Now pass his life beneath the yoke.
Just as the son of Jacob came
To Egypt, to the Irish folk
Submissively Patricius came.

In time of famine, Joseph fed
 The people from his hoard of corn:
 But Patrick, with the Heav'nly bread,
 The souls of Ireland fed, each morn.
 His lord entrusted to his care.
 The swine; the youth, within his soul,
 Embrac'd the will of God; with prayer
 Approaching nigh unto his goal.

And Milcho had one night beheld
 A vision; Patrick, all on fire
 (For flames from all his members welled),
 Within the palace of his sire,
 Came nigh, emitting wond'rous light.
 But from the flames the master fled;
 The fire extended to the right
 And caught his children in their bed
 And burnt them e'en to dust! A storm
 Of wind dispersed their ashes o'er
 The whole of Ireland. Then a form,
 Most strange to see, on Erin's shore
 Arose from their collected dust;
 A huge and pow'rful church stood there.

Said Milcho, "Certainly I must
 Command the youth this to lay bare;
 What means this flame, what means this church,
 What does this vision all portend;
 I'll have the slave its meaning search."

Him did the Holy Ghost defend
 And put into his mouth this speech:
 "The Faith of God, the fire you saw,
 I soon unto you all shall preach.
 Thou wilt not hearken to this law.
 In God thy children shall believe
 And shall, in Heaven, rest in peace;
 Their dust as relics will relieve
 The poor and weak till time shall cease."

Thus prophesied the sainted youth,
 And God has verified his word.
 St. Patrick, keep us in the truth,
 And bring us home unto our Lord!

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.

Our National Flag.

PROBABLY all Americans believe that they know their national flag, but many, if tested, would be unable to draw it without looking at illustrations, and more still, perhaps, would be unable to recount its past without referring to histories. Yet the flag of our country has not only a very interesting history but distinct differential features as well.

The thirteen stripes were introduced, in 1775, on the upper left-hand corner of a standard presented to a Philadelphia light-horse troop, but this usage was not nationally significant. The primitive flag, we believe, is properly said to have been improvised by General George Washington from his family coat-of-arms, which consisted of three bars running across the escutcheon and three stars in the upper portion. With splendid courage and defiance he took this heraldic family design and devised a flag with thirteen stripes, representing the thirteen colonies. Instead of using the stars of his crest, he set on the blue ground the conjoined crosses of St. Andrew and St. George. He floated this flag over his headquarters, on the heights of Cambridge, near Boston, on January 2, 1776. That our flag was invented and first formally floated by Washington, and that his own personal protest against British rule represented by it preceded by six months the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence are facts not generally known because not emphatically taught in many of our schools.

The first national legislation with regard to the flag was made on June 14, 1777, when Congress, in session at Philadelphia, officially resolved that the flag of the United States shall be of thirteen horizontal stripes of alternate red and white; with a union of thirteen stars of white on a blue field, signifying a new constellation rising in the West.

This resolution was taken on the recommendation of Robert Morris, the famous financier and treasurer of the Revolution, and of George Ross, a Pennsylvania signer of the declaration of the Declaration of Independence, who at some time during the previous year, had been appointed a committee to devise a standard ensign for all the colonies. This committee of Congress, accompanied by General Washington, called upon Mrs. Ross, an upholsterer, who resided on Arch Street, Philadelphia, and engaged her to make the flag. It is said that a rough design was submitted to her by Washington. She noticed that the stars as drawn had six points and, by deftly folding a piece of paper and

then, with a single clip of her scissors, cutting a symmetrical five-pointed star, showed the committee that the correct star of only five points can be made as easily as the more regular form with six points. Upon this evidence, Washington, in her back parlor, revised with pencil the drawing he had exhibited to her and, soon after, the sample flag was made and presented to Congress, and was accepted as the national standard. It should be noted, however, as very significant, that the foregoing incident has at times been gainsaid, especially by the historian, Martin I. J. Griffin.

The regulation flag was first carried at the battle of Brandywine, September 11, 1777, and was borne in all the subsequent encampments, marches, and battles of the Revolution. It is generally conceded that the first salute ever fired in honor of the Stars and Stripes by foreign naval vessels was on December 1, 1777, when the ship "Ranger", commanded by Commodore J. P. Jones, entered a French fort, flying the new flag.

By order of Congress in 1794, and by reason of the admission of Vermont and Kentucky into the Union, two stripes were added to the original thirteen, the following year; but later legislative action reduced the number of stripes back to thirteen, and gave each new state a little stellar representative in the blue field of the flag, thus making our glorious banner to become, with the cressence of the years, more and more star-spangled.

Our flag is hailed as "Old Glory". Though the flag of only a young nation, it is yet twenty-three years older than the present flag of Great Britain, seventeen years older than the French tri-color, nearly a century older than the present flags of Germany and Italy, and eight years older than the flag of Spain. Our flag has also naturally been called a "floating piece of poetry," but its highest beauty is in what it represents. "Under it," says Henry Ward Beecher, "rode Washington and his armies. Before it, Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point. . . . It cheered our army driven out from around New York, and in their painful pilgrimages through New Jersey. This banner streamed in light over the soldiers' heads at Valley Forge and Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton, and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of this nation."

Again in 1812, it vindicated the principle that American seamen should not be impressed into service on foreign ships. In 1845, it gave freedom to Texas, and in 1861 brought liberty

to four million slaves in this country. It has floated in pompous folds in the tropic winds of Tripoli and Mexico, of Manila, Porto Rico, and Cuba. Stanley has carried the same famed fabric to the heart of Africa, and brave hands have planted it amidst the white desolation of the frozen North and in the bleaker lands of Antarctica.

Ours, then, is a glorious banner. May it ever wave over the land of the free and the home of the brave; may it by its sacred emblazonry ever recall to us the patriot past and inspire us with loyalty; and may it soon add to its historic glories of liberty the freeing of a million toil-taxed children from the crying slavery of Greed's mills and sweatshops.

MICHAEL J. HEGERICH, '14.

Snowbirds.

○ TELL me, little creatures,
Why is't you're perching there
Beside my very window
To sing your morning prayer?
My soul to-day is burdened,
My heart is sore distressed,
And conscience seems to chide me;
In vain I seek for rest.
For once, I, too, was happy;
My heart, like yours, was free
From pain and care and sorrow:
I sang in blithesome glee.
Perhaps 'tis God who sends you
To cheer me on my way
And turn my heart to Heaven,
Where it should always stay.
Henceforth, I, too, will praise Him,
And offer Him at morn
My every thought and action:
May they my crown adorn!

HENRY M. CONNELLY, '14.



SANCTUM

Editorial.

Historical Society's New Home.

AN event of more than usual historical interest to the people of this section was the formal opening of the new building of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania in the Schenley district on Tuesday, February 17. The significance of this event was two-fold, since it marked not only the attainment of a goal which the Society had been striving to reach for a period of eighty years, but also the one hundred and sixtieth anniversary of the first attempt by white men to settle in Pittsburgh.

For many years this Society has been working zealously to establish their home, and in the meantime have done much to keep alive the history of this section.

While engaged in this work of fostering patriotism and true citizenship, its members have in a great measure contributed to the advancement of the material interests of the people by setting afoot various celebrations which stimulated business, promoted friendship in commercial relations, and brought about advertisement of the district that led up to the discussion of such projects as the improvement of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and the construction of the Lake Erie and Ohio river ship canal.

Now that the Society occupies a building of its own it has a better opportunity for carrying on its praiseworthy objects. Its members will accumulate a fine library of historical works dealing especially with the history of this section; but the annals and records of the nation will not be ignored, as it is the intention to obtain complete histories of the states and the whole continent. They will secure many important documents, relics, and pictures, relating to the history of Western Pennsylvania, which the student

of history will be permitted to consult under certain prescribed regulations. The Society will also continue its custom of inaugurating civic enterprises such as the Sesqui-Centennial celebration of 1908, and judging from its success we may safely look forward to many interesting events.

The community certainly owes a debt of gratitude to this Society for all it has accomplished, and especially for its grand new institution which affords another opportunity for intellectual advancement, and will without doubt promote genuine civic pride as well as pure patriotism in the minds and hearts of the people.

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.



Saint Ego.

SAINTE EGO is a familiar figure in the world to-day, so much so that our familiarity with him breeds contempt. He may be identified in many ways, but especially by his habit of seizing on a creditable trait of character and of ignoring the bad traits. If employers oppress their work-people, he is habitually heard to boast: Well, whatever else I am morally, I am not a sweater! When a story of avarice and meanness is told, serious personal vices are overlooked and he congratulates himself: Well, whatever else I am, I am not a money grubber! Should the excess of the gutter or unfortunates in social slush confront this same mass of overwrought self-esteem, he flatters himself: Well, whatever else I am, I am not beastly nor base!—and so on, always pronouncing the word "I" as though it weighed a ton.

Then, too, Saint Ego is wont to magnify his own acts, to minimize the acts of others, and verily to believe that he has a corner on wisdom and sanctity. Were we punning, we might aptly characterize this type of pharisaic egotist as a person who is all "I's" and yet can't see anything but himself. Indeed in literature, we have recently seen him as an autobiographer using the pronoun "I" so often in his personal panegyrics as to warrant the suspicion that the printer was obliged to borrow "I's" from his fellow printers because his own stock had been exhausted. Saint Ego ever recalls the good deeds he has done and expects the censer of adulation to be swung in his presence, instead of making his deeds seem small in comparison with the greater things that he should be doing and the still greater acts that he

should hope to do. Alas, this habitude is referable to many men who occupy public places with private spirits!

Indeed all men, in some measure, are prone to persuade themselves that they are righteous. But the stubborn fact remains; first, that one daisy does not make a meadow, nor one swallow a summer, nor one star a constellation; and second, that moral colors prejudice the sunlight of sanctity, that virtues frequently exclude holiness, that the good is often allowed to eclipse the better and the best. The desire to appear exceptionally virtuous often prevents a man's becoming so—forsooth, even until his swelled head cannot wear Heaven's crown. Let him who would affect moral singularity first determine to be thoroughly virtuous, and he will be sure to be very singular. It is indeed a pity that men so often do not forego assertion of their forlorn little identities and do not keep in view the fact that he who falls in love with his own moral image is fated, like Narcissus, to dwindle away more and more in his self-complacency and at length to be even consumed by it, while, we may say, as in the fable, a replacing relic flower, the monitive violet—structurally the most perfect flower known to botanists—ever vindictively abides to teach the moral that, as the sweet emblem of humility comprehends all the parts of a plant, so humility itself holds the essence of universal goodness.

MICHAEL J. HEGERICH, '14.



What Is It?

ALTHOUGH there is only one month of the year in which I am found, yet the Spring and the Winter can claim me as theirs. I in vain try to hide myself in the night, though I am never seen in the day. I favor the indigent twice as much as the rich, yet I care not for the poor man. I have always had something to do with kings and princes, nevertheless, Napoleon Bonaparte and Alexander the Great, in their own names, refused my presence. Even animals, birds, fishes, insects, and reptiles, cannot possibly do without me, but I am not more partial to one species than another. With the vegetable world my presence is not wanted. I am of use to the Greeks, French, Italians, and other nations; but Englishmen, alas, always find me

in disgrace; however, I care not one iota how they abuse me. The Greeks, though they often put me out of my way, yet not unmindful of my services, do not entirely forget me, and with them I am frequently an object for subscription. Women always see me indistinctly, unless they are quite blind; and I am sure to be met with once in a man's life. I am always in office and surrounded in business. I often stand alone, and though my character is drawn in Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, yet I still aver that I was in his mind's eye when he wrote his other plays. I have five brothers, but one is a queer fellow, and if you were to ask me his name, why, I should say, "don't bother me." I have many other relations besides, with all of whom I associate, but I am distinguished from all of them by a peculiar mark over my eye!



The Passing of Winter.

OLD blustering March with his trumpet is here,
Bitterly voicing his ice-laden blast,
But soon the grey sky will be azure and clear,
When the winds with their burden of woe shall have passed.

Bright April is rustling her mantle of green,
While her footsteps are heard o'er the flower-bedecked hill,
In the sky, midst her tears, her glad smile can be seen,
And her voice may be caught in the murmuring rill.

JOHN R. O'KEEFE, '14.



Exchanges.

WE join hands with the author of "The Decadence of Modern Song", an essay appearing in the December number of the *Abbey Student*. It is a strong exposure of "rag-time" and its influence for evil. To quote the author: "The great bulk of our modern songs are nothing but silly, sentimental twaddle, utterly lacking in the rudiments of common sense and having an immoral and objectionable strain all through." This is, unfortunately, far from exaggeration. It is a notorious fact that our popular music has become vitiated and passion-appealing; that it is a very fount of immorality. But how could it be otherwise when our "rag-time" has its source in the ancestry of negro music and was first uttered by a savage, sensuously-formed mouth? "The Tale of Constantine" is a poem woven around the illustrious name that has so often been handled in prose. It is much longer than the ordinary run of verses we are accustomed to find in college periodicals, but it is by no means tiring. The metre is brisk and well suited to the verse. Results such as "The Tale" shows are worth any effort.

St. Thomas Purple and Gray is the —th paper to publish an article on "a rather queer sort of individual," namely the Socialist. "The Advantage of the Labor Union Over Socialism" is the article in question. The style is clear and elegant; the sentiments are consistent and win our applause. "Moslem Learning During the Middle Ages" revived many facts dormant in our memory, but we could not recall that we had ever heard before that particular gratitude was to be paid to Arabian philosophers for their *faithful* rendition of Aristotle. On the contrary, we have always and invariably been led to believe that Arabian translations were frequently erroneous and even perverse.

The *Georgetown College Journal* comes to the front with "A Defense of Red-Blooded Fiction", which can pass unquestioned: the Defense is modified and merits support. Uphold truly "red-blooded" fiction, that which stirs *human* nature, and you will be unopposed; venture to uphold so-called "red-blooded" fiction, but the one which is in reality morbid and stirs *animal* nature, and you will provoke authorities. By all means, let stirring tales be a part of our literature; but let not all our fiction be "red-blooded", or a general chorus shall rise in protest and cry halt! "Modernism *vs.* Orthodoxy"—two rather big words to be juggled in so narrow a space; two formidable antagonists these to be

pitted against each other: on the one hand, those who would destroy the foundations of the structure of knowledge, forgetting that at the same time they would be knocking in the roof; on the other hand, those who would continue to construct on foundations tried and found secure. It is not difficult to make a choice between the two factions. The author treats the subject well. His style is full of life and vigor—typical of the *Journal*.

"The Result of a Wager", in the January number of *The Solanian*, from Quincy, Ill., is an interesting ghost story. In one or two spots the description stirs us a little above the ordinary, but the style could scarcely be called elegant. The conclusion brings as big a surprise to the reader as to the hero. Ghostly apparitions do not as a rule find so humorous an explanation, though we are inclined to hold that the ghostliness may be explained away quite as naturally. This opinion we cannot claim as original with us, but here it stands with our modest and unpretentious sanction. "Macbeth" is a commendable essay. The author is more happy in fathoming the motives for the murder of Duncan than in his delineation of the weird sisters. It is regrettable that *The Solanian* maintains no exchange department. We would advise the Messrs. Editors to eliminate part of their "Solaniana", some of which, *horribile visu*, are rough and unrefined. Why not use the space thus gained for something better and more elevating?

The Morning Star of February shines with greater luster than those of which we had previous visions. The simple, tasteful cover first attracted our attention. It should prove a light to the publishers of the many gaudily-bound papers scattered about us. The author of the article on "Hamlet" joins the ranks of those who are "searching for new clues to throw fresh light on this baffling character." By dint of very strong reasons he establishes us firmly in the belief that Hamlet's madness was feigned, that it had a certain method and was a means to his end. In regard to the discussion anent the characters of Shakespeare's Brutus and Antony we do not intend to render a decision. Our reasons are simple: in the first place, we have heard only the one side; and then, does not the bard of Avon himself answer the question? Why not rest content with his answer? Why raise difficulties? Why carry on such a controversy? If the dispute dealt with the historical characters, we could see some grounds other than contentiousness for it. But when it is merely a speculation on poetical characters, the products of a pen wielded by a

man, we are tempted to exclaim: *Cui bono?* Poetry appeals differently to different imaginations. Were each one to proclaim his own impressions as the criterion, who but the poet would suffer? Shakespeare's dramas have been backed and misinterpreted and distorted often enough and long enough.

The comparatively small circulation of the books of Catholic authors has been repeatedly deplored. The limited demand for Catholic works, one of our exchanges points out, is in great measure due to their high price and to insufficient advertising. If they were as much advertised and commended elsewhere as in the college journals before us, they would undoubtedly have a far wider circulation. "Thomas A'Kempis" in *The Collegian*, from Oakland, Cal., partly deals with this question. The article is a critical investigation of the saint's works, and at the same time a recommendation of Catholic books for a just appreciation.

Bigotry, the author thinks, is on the wane and is leaving the way open for such an appreciation. We can only hope that he is right. "Modus Operandi" is a misleading title over an engaging article. We expected to read a moral treatise. So, bracing up, we gathered enough courage to delve into what we believed to be a learned dissertation. Imagine our surprise when we saw that the author was not to be taken altogether seriously; when we found a light article on short-story writing. Nevertheless we discerned an implicit moral, viz., that under-graduates should not "inflict" short-stories on their fellow-beings unless they be Poes, or Doyles, or Maupassants *in potentia*. "Catholicity and "Patriotism" rises to the defense of Catholics against the accusation that they are the servile army of Rome and traitors to their country. A few examples of glorious Catholic patriotism are cited; some instances in which Catholics did not hesitate to "sacrifice their blood on the altar of patriotism for their country." The author is too anxious to refute the charge and neglects to berate Catholics, who themselves make such an imputation possible. Many Catholics are such only in braggadocio: they will "wrangle for religion; write for it; die for it; anything but—live for it."

JOSEPH S. SZEPE, '15.

Athletics.

IN a few short weeks the final curtain will be rung down upon the initial basketball season in the University. It is only natural then, that we should take a hasty glance over the past two months, in order to ascertain what we have accomplished in this respect. Ordinarily, the record achieved by the 'Varsity "tossers" this season, is one that would do credit to any institution. Yet when we consider the fact that this was our first attempt to place a representative team on the floor, and that in consequence many obstacles and additional expenses had to be overcome, which necessarily follow the introduction of any new sport, this record appears all the more wonderful and creditable, and in consequence more gratifying to the followers of the team.

It was not without misgivings, at least in the minds of some, that this popular winter sport was inaugurated in the University, yet all question as to its success speedily vanished immediately after the season had opened. And now that this step has been taken, and that it has proved a success from every point of view, there remains no doubt that in the future it will constitute one of the chief athletic activities of the school.

In meting out the share of credit for the team's successes, mention must first of all be given to Mr. Manley, who acting in the capacity of manager in addition to his position as president of the students' athletic committee, has proved himself a veritable "demon" for work, and has manifested a greater interest in the cause of athletics than any student for many years past. Although handicapped by a late start, he succeeded in arranging a very attractive schedule for the first season, and many an interesting contest has been witnessed in the cage this winter.

In regard to the team itself, no individual could be singled out as worthy of special mention more than another, but on the contrary the credit of the season rests with the team as a whole, and it is precisely because of this fact, viz., unity and team work, that so much has been accomplished. Out of nine games played they came out victors in six. The following are the games staged since last issue:

FEBRUARY 6, DUQUESNE 23—MARIETTA 20.

On February 6, Marietta College was the attraction in the local "gym". Without a doubt the game put up by the visitors was the best witnessed here this season. Throughout the whole contest the opposing teams held each other even, and it was not

until the final whistle sounded that Duquesne was assured of victory.

Although the 'Varsity were forced to exert themselves at every moment, yet their superior team work told in the end. The visitors however, were always dangerous, owing to Sutton's great accuracy in foul shooting. The playing of R. Sorce was the feature of the contest. Lineup:

Duquesne 23			Marietta 20		
Sorce	.	Forward	.	.	D. Parr
Pierotti	.	Forward	.	.	Sutton
R. Werder	.	Center	.	.	Humphrey
Williams	.	Guard	.	.	Miller
G. Werder	.	Guard	.	.	Hinman

Substitutions—Gillis for Williams, R. Parr for D. Parr. Field goals—Sorce 4, R. Werder 1, G. Werder, D. Parr 2, Sutton 1, Humphrey 1. Foul goals—G. Werder 10 out of 17, Sutton 12 out of 15, Williams 0 out of 4. Referee—Phelan. Time—20-minute halves.

FEBRUARY 14, DUQUESNE 43—MT. UNION 19.

The 'Varsity continued their winning streak by downing the Mt. Union quintet by the decisive score of 43-19. At every stage of the game the superior strength and team-work of Duquesne was evident, and in consequence they scored almost at will. Although a trifle one-sided, yet the game was made interesting by the brilliant shooting of the 'Varsity men. Pierotti and Sorce excelled in this respect, each having 6 baskets to his credit, while R. Werder was not far behind with 5. Williams and G. Werder also played well, Werder making 9 fouls out of 11 trials. Lineup:

Duquesne 43			Mount Union 19		
Sorce	.	Forward	.	.	Jackson
Pierotti	.	Forward	.	.	McClure
R. Werder	.	Center	.	.	Bletzer
Williams	.	Guard	.	.	Shoemaker
G. Werder	.	Guard	.	.	Wilson

Substitutions—Shortley for R. Werder, Gillis for Williams. Field goals—Sorce 6, Pierroti 6, R. Werder 5, McClure 4, Wilson 3. Foul goals—G. Werder 9 out of 11, Jackson 4 out of 10, Wilson 1 out of 10. Referee—Phelan. Time of halves—20 minutes.

FEBRUARY 21, DUQUESNE 44—GROVE CITY 26.

By defeating the fast Grove City College aggregation February 21, the growing reputation of the 'Varsity took another decided "rise," as this fine team has always held an enviable position in basketball in this section. The local "tossers" clearly outclassed the visitors in every department of the game, and as in previous contests worked with machine-like precision. The floorwork of Williams and Gillis featured, while the foul shooting of G. Werder was exceptionally good. For Grove City the work of Thorne at forward excelled. Lineup:

Duquesne 44		Grove City 26	
Pierotti . . .	Forward . . .	McCord	
Sorce . . .	Forward . . .	Shaw	
R. Werder . . .	Center . . .	Black	
Williams . . .	Guard . . .	Bigler	
G. Werder . . .	Guard . . .	Turner	

Substitutions—Gillis for Sorce, Harper for McCord, Thorne for Shaw, Hazelwood for Bigler. Field goals—Sorce 5, Gillis 5, Pierotti 3, Williams 2, R. Werder 1, G. Werder 1, McCord 1, Shaw 2, Black 1, Thorne 3, Harper 1. Foul goals—G. Werder 10 out of 13, McCord 6 out of 8, Harper 4 out of 6. Referee—Phelan. Time—20 minutes.

FEBRUARY 27, DUQUESNE 20—W. & J. 42.

On February 27, the 'Varsity met their first defeat of the season at the hands of the strong Washington and Jefferson team, on the latter's floor. R. Werder, captain and center, was unable to take part in the contest, having sustained an injured ankle in the previous game. His absence from the lineup may be assigned as one of the causes of Duquesne's initial defeat, as he had been performing brilliantly all season, and his presence inspired confidence in his team mates.

However, it must also be admitted that the 'Varsity had an off-night, for after holding their opponents safe in the first half, they allowed them to run away in the second, rolling up a total of 42 points against 20 for the locals. The superior weight of the W. & J. men who guarded well, gave the 'Varsity forwards very few opportunities to shoot. Shortley who took Werder's place at center, played well for his first appearance in the lineup:

W. & J. 42 Duquesne 20

Goodwin . . .	Forward . . .	Pierotti
Fisher . . .	Forward . . .	R. Sorce
Brady . . .	Center . . .	Shortley
C. Nuss . . .	Guard . . .	Williams-Gillis
Braden-F. Nuss . . .	Guard . . .	G. Werder

Goals from field—Goodwin 8, Fisher 3, Brady, C. Nuss 5, Braden, F. Nuss, Perotti 3, R. Sorce 3, Gillis 3. Goals from foul—C. Nuss 4 out of 16, G. Werder 2 out of 8. Referee—Doubleday.

FEBRUARY 28, DUQUESNE 24—BETHANY 27.

The next evening the 'Varsity played a return game at Bethany College, but were defeated in a very close contest. The game was uninteresting owing to excessive roughness. Duquesne clearly outclassed their opponents, scoring 10 baskets to Bethany's seven, yet lost the game because of the fact that the referee called 22 fouls against them to eight against their opponents. Lineup:

Bethany 29 Duquesne 24

Rodgers . . .	Forward . . .	Sorce
McMullen . . .	Forward . . .	Pierotti
Nicholson . . .	Center . . .	Shortley
Eneix . . .	Guard . . .	Williams
Smith . . .	Guard . . .	G. Werder

Substitutions—Wilkin for Eneix, Gillis for Pierotti. Field goals—Rodgers 5, McMullen 2, Nicholson, Sorce 5, Pierotti 3, G. Werder, Gillis. Foul goals—Rodgers 13 out of 22, Williams 2 out of 3, G. Werder 2 out of 5. Referee—Harman. Timers—Hogerty and Lappe. Time—20-minute halves.

FRESHMEN.

Although not organized until late in the season, nevertheless the Freshmen have steadily rounded into form, and at present compose a very formidable aggregation. Under the leadership of Capt. Kane, and ably assisted by Gillis, Shortley, Gnau, A. Sorce and Lavelle, the team has put up some very good battles. Unfortunately they dropped the first two contests as they were pitted against Beltzhoover Lyceum, a team much superior in weight and years. The last two games however ended in decisive victories. In both cases their opponents were completely overwhelmed, and never had a chance for victory. The account of the last two contests is as follows:

FEBRUARY 21, FRESHMEN 70—CARNEGIE TECH PLEBS 11.

On February 21, the Freshmen registered their first victory of the season when they administered a severe drubbing to the Carnegie Tech Plebs. At no time of the contest were the visitors in the "running," and the only redeeming feature of the game was the excellent shooting and team work of the Freshmen. Gillis was the star for Duquesne with 12 baskets to his credit. Shortly coming next with 9. Lineup:

Freshmen 70		Carnegie Tech Plebs 11	
Gillis	Forward	Healand-Nixon	
A. Sorce	Forward	Solomon	
Shortley	Center	Priestly-Stevens	
Gnau-Bruchwalski	Guard	Kock	
Kane	Guard	Peters-Priestly	

Field goals—Gillis 12, Shortly 9, Kane 5, Lavelle 4, Sorce 3, Priestly 3. Foul goals—Gillis 4, Priestly 5. Referee—Pierotti. Time—20 minutes.

MARCH 3, FRESHMEN 74—BELLVUE 17.

The Narbo team of Bellvue proved an easy proposition for the Freshmen five. Five field goals and 7 fouls were all the points that the visitors could register, while the locals piled up a total of 74 points. Gillis, Shortly, and T. Sorce, were the chief point-getters for the Freshmen, while Captain Kane and Gnau played effectively at guard.

Freshmen 74		Narbo 17	
Gillis	Forward	McGlinchy	
T. Sorce	Forward	J. Ellinger	
Shortly	Center	Taylor	
Gnau-Bleichner	Guard	Young	
Kane-Bruchwalski	Guard	W. Ellinger-Smith	

Field goals—Gillis 15, Shortly 10, T. Sorce 8, Bruchwalski 3, Taylor 2, McGlinchy 1, J. Ellinger 1, Young 1. Foul goals—Gillis 2 out of 6, Taylor 2 out of 7, Young 2 out of 7. Referee—Pierotti. Time—20 minutes.

EDWARD A. HEINRICH, '14.

THE ACADEMICS.

Nine substantial victories out of ten games played is the proud record of the ACADEMICS up to the date of this issue. Considering their age and experience, they play the "ultra-strenuous game" as well as any team we know of, and have, consequently, as numerous and enthusiastic a following as either of the larger quintets. We subjoin an outline of their February games.

On February 3, the ACADEMICS won from the C. J. MANGS of Duquesne, Pa., in a game that was featured by good scoring. The final count was 23 to 17. McGillick starred at guard. Summary: Field goals—Diranna 6, Horan 3, Brown 3, Burgman 1, Kendricks 1. Foul goals—Crandall 5 out of 6, Burgman 7 out of 15. Referee—Gnau.

In their next game, played February 6 with the PITTSBURGH LYCEUM JUNIORS, the ACADEMICS were able to score almost at will, piling up 44 points to their opponents' 8. Crandall caged 10 goals from the field, and Diranna 8.

The strong SOKOLS, from Homestead, were taken into camp on February 9, when the ACADEMICS scored 40 to 22 against them. The team-work of the Academics was better than in any previous game. Summary: Field goals—Diranna 9, Madden 5, Horan 2, O'Malley 3, Crandall 1, Forgach 2, Mosley 3, Havics 1, Thomas 1, Fesz 1. Foul goals—Forgach 6 out of 12. Referee—Pierotti.

The ACADEMICS met defeat for the first time this season on February 14, when they clashed with the heavy "MINIM" quintet of the PITTSBURGH LYCEUM on the latter's floor. The team-work of both sides was fast, and as the score was close at all times, the contest was a very interesting one. When "time up" was called, the tallies stood 15 to 12.

In a one-sided contest, marked by beautiful passing on the part of the ACADEMICS, the FRIENDSHIP five were trounced, on February 17, to the tune of 48 to 12. Diranna, the Academics' captain, starred with 10 field goals.

On February 20, the ACADEMICS out-classed the ST. JEROME team, from Charleroi, in every department of the game, and added another scalp to their collection, defeating them 30 to 12. Crandall had 7 field goals to his credit.

From Sharpsburg, ST. MARY'S LYCEUM SECOND TEAM journeyed to Pittsburgh on February 26, and were easily "taken care of" by the ACADEMICS. At no stage of the game was the final outcome in doubt. The score was 46 to 15. Summary: Field goals—Diranna 11, Madden 4, Corrigan 3, Crandall 2, Muehlbauer 1, Plumske 4, Schrandt 2. Foul goals—Diranna 2 out of 3, Plumski 3 out of 10. Referee—Gnau.

THE JUNIORS.

As soon as the cage had been installed in the gymnasium, the Junior Boarders showed great enthusiasm for basketball, and organized their own team, supplying themselves with suits and

balls, and practicing incessantly. No one could doubt, after their fine showing in football, that they were capable of great achievements in the indoor game as well. These expectations have been realized. Their quality may be judged from the summary of the games played, which we give herewith:

Jan. 24, Juniors 12—South Side Falcons 0
 Jan. 31, Juniors 16—Hazelwood 15
 Feb. 7, Juniors 10—McKees Rocks 17
 Feb. 10, Juniors 46—South Side X's 5
 Feb. 16, Juniors 31—Wilkesburg Crimson 4
 Feb. 23, Juniors 21—Bellevue School 24.

The team is composed of McCarthy, O. Floro, Reilly, forwards; Haendler, center; F. Floro, Madden, Fuchs, guards.

PAUL J. GNAU, '18.

TRACK NOTES.

The first active work to be performed by the track team this season, took place at the meet held at Duquesne Garden, February 21, under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Y. M. C. A. Periotti did exceptionally well in the 60 yd. dash, and with a little more training will no doubt develop into one of the fastest sprinters in this section. McIntyre represented Duquesne in the 220 yd. dash.

At present the team is busily engaged in preparation for the coming Athletic meet to be held at Duquesne Garden on March 21, by the Pittsburgh Athletic Association. More men will be entered in this affair than the previous one, and it is expected that Duquesne will make a creditable showing.

Negotiations are also pending for a dual track meet between Duquesne and West Virginia University, to take place some time in May. The Athletic Association seems to look with favor on this event, and it is hoped that arrangements will be soon closed, whereby the team from Morgantown will be seen in action here this Spring. Mr. Manley has issued a call for more track candidates, and any student possessing the least ability along this line, should not fail to report.

Recent appointments approved by the Athletic Committee:

Assistant baseball manager—H. A. Carlin.

Assistant football manager—P. J. Gnau.

Assistant track manager—J. A. Burns.

According to a ruling of the committee, the assistant manager is, by virtue of this position, manager of the second or Freshmen team in the same branch of sport.

EDWARD A. HEINRICH, '14.

Smoker's Set.....	Grafner Bros.
Picture (Landscape).....	Boggs & Buhl
Box of Cigars.....	Old Roth House
Bottle of Perfume.	Fleming Drug Store
Parasol.....	William Wallace
Chocolate Pitcher.....	Mrs. J. Kennelly
Fancy Side Board Scarf.....	Mansmann Bros.
Slippers.....	Halli Shoe Store
Hand Made Cushion	Miss G. Amrhein
Two Pound Box of Candy	Hein & Co.
Door Rug.....	Renvers & Co.
Fancy Vase.....	Mr. L. Krieger
Grey Juliets.....	Childs
Gold Cuff Links	Ed. F. Korb
Picture (Cupid Waiting).....	Mrs. Tierney
Parasol.....	Mrs. J. M. Kane
Fancy Cushion.....	Mrs. M. Connolly
Gold Rosary.....	C. Wildermann & Co.
Scarf Pin.....	Grogan Co.
Broach.....	Terheyden Co.
Fancy Vase.....	J. P. M. Murphy
Fancy Vase.....	J. G. Lauer
Salad Dish	Mrs. J. T. Scanlon
Ash Tray	J. G. Bennett & Co.
Two Pound Box of Candy.....	A Friend
Gentleman's Kid Gloves.....	A Friend
Five Pound Box of Candy.....	Reymer Bros.
A Fancy Vase.....	A Student
Fountain Pen.....	J. McConegly
Bottle of Perfume.....	A. Hartwig
Pictures.....	A. Klein
Toilet Requisites.....	W. S. Ershine
Fern.....	Bratenbaugh & Bros.

Various donations for the Euchre were generously made by G. C. Christians & Co., Campbell & Wood, J. Cummings, F. Kuhn, William Kramer, John Hague, P. Land, R. Whaley, Mrs. Peter Hermes, Mrs. Margaret Aul, Mr. Wheeler. The cakes were donated by the aides, and donations were also made by the students of the University.

The grand success of the euchre is attributed to the zealous members of the various committees who labored strenuously in preparation for this affair. Special credit must also be given to the three members of the Faculty who contributed so much to its success, Rev. A. B. Mehler, Rev. Jos. A. Baumgartner and Rev. F. X. Roehrig.

We beg to extend our sincerest thanks to all who shared, in any way, the success of the Annual Euchre and Reception.

WILLIAM C. HEIMBUECHER, '15.

Alumni Smoker.

THE Alumni held their annual smoker on the evening of February 4, in the University hall. A representative gathering was present to revisit the scenes of their school days, and to chat about old times, present doings, and future prospects, as well as to enjoy the elaborate programme arranged for their entertainment. The orchestra, under the direction of Professor C. B. Weis, discoursed a choice selection of popular and classic airs, and the student body contributed several interesting readings and vocal numbers. Moskowski's Spanish Dance, an instrumental quartet by the Rev. J. A. Dewe, Prof. C. B. Weis, L. A. McCrory and R. J. Bowen; "Roll On, Thou Deep and Dark Blue Ocean," a vocal solo by Rev. J. F. Malloy; The Lost Chord and the Clang of the Forge, by R. J. Bowen; "The Overture to Zampa," a piano duet by the McCrory brothers; step dances by J. L. McIntyre, and the rendering of "The Schoolmaster's Guests" by J. A. Burns, were especially meritorious and elicited enthusiastic applause. Lunch was then served.

The Reverend President in his address dwelt on the need of a good alumni association. He also gave an outline of the work done to secure the appropriation from the state and disclosed some facts hitherto unknown to the majority of those present.

Father Patrick McDermott endeavored to interest the Alumni, as a body, in the athletics in the University and judging from the applause elicited by his stirring remarks, he succeeded in accomplishing his design.

Dr. E. A. Weisser, one of the oldest of the members of the Alumni Association was elected President for the coming year. Being called upon for a speech he thanked the gentlemen present for the honor conferred on him and outlined his policy for the coming year.

After brief remarks by the retiring President, Mr. John L. Walsh, by Mr. John E. Kane, Mr. William Weiss, and Rev. H. J. McDermott, Mr. John R. McKavney, '13, introduced a motion to establish a students' aid bureau among the Alumni. He gave several examples of what other institutions are doing along this line and ended with a plea to his fellow members to aid, as far as is in their power, their friends and brothers from Duquesne University. This motion was unanimously carried.

A motion to adjourn being carried all departed after having expressed their extreme gratification over the affair, and their happiness at meeting their old comrades.

JOSEPH A. BURNS, '14.

Chronicle.

ON Sunday evening, February 1, in the presence of a select and appreciative audience gathered in the University hall, the Rev. F. X. Lichtenberger, C. S. Sp., lately arrived from Africa after practically twenty years spent in the Dark Continent, delivered a lecture on the missions of Southern Nigeria, and illustrated his subject with 266 choice views selected from over 400. During the first part of the lecture, he described the country, the manners and customs of the people, their peculiar religious rites and superstitions, and their mode of living. In the second part, he portrayed the marvelous changes effected since the missionary's arrival; the sick, especially the lepers, are cared for, abandoned children and decrepit old men and women are housed, fed and instructed, trades are taught, catechists are trained to spread the knowledge of Christian truth, and churches and schools are being built. The missionaries have to undergo many privations, but their greatest need is vocations. It is to be hoped that Father Lichtenberger's visit to the States will be productive of funds for the material necessities of the mission, and will sow the seeds of the apostolic spirit among the members of the rising generation, so that, when those who are now laboring in the vineyard are called to their reward, willing hands may be found to catch up the Cross from their weakening grasp and bear it onward to the evangelization of the abandoned peoples still sitting in the valley of the shadow of death.

The Debating Society of the Commercial Department held its monthly debate Sunday evening, February 15. The question discussed was: Resolved, That railroads are justified in requesting a five per cent. increase in freight rates. Mr. J. F. Gillis, as chairman, explained the difficulties of making freight rates. Mr. W. F. Wallace, as first affirmative speaker, showed that the increased cost of maintenance and operation and the unusual demands for improvements, justified an increase in rates. Mr. C. F. Clifford, favoring the negative, proved that the railroads were not seeking the best remedy for the trouble, and demonstrated that the introduction of scientific management cured the ills of two of the largest railroads. Mr. M. H. Wagner, in supporting the proposition, submitted that the increased demands for new equipment, depots, etc., and the payment of increased taxes required additional revenue to be derived from the increase of freight rates; he contended that scientific management was as yet a theory. Mr. R. Pierotti, in conclusion, for the negative,

produced statistics to show a woeful waste of money and lack of efficiency and economy in the administration of certain lines; the introduction of the latest labor-saving devices and equipment not only renders higher rates unnecessary, but also increases dividends. The decision was in favor of the negative speakers. The programme follows:

March	The Hub City	<i>Krauth</i>	Orchestra
Recitation	Wreck of the Hesperus	Henry T. Wandrisco	
Piano Solo	Meditation	William G. Prescott	
Declamation	Yes, I'm Guilty	Paul J. Gnau	
Waltz	Golden Sunset	<i>Hall</i>	Orchestra
Monologue	Dot Long-Handled Dipper	Jerome D. Hannan	
Violin Solo	Selected	Charles J. Clifford	
Vocal Solo		Charles J. Deasy	
Two-Step	The Jollier	<i>S. J. Adams, Jr.</i>	Orchestra

DEBATE: Resolved, That Railroads Are Justified in Asking
for an Increase of 5 per cent. in Rates.

Chairman—Francis H. Gillis

Affirmative—Myron H. Wagner, William J. Wallace

Negative—Charles J. Clifford, William G. Pierotti

To show their appreciation of the assistance rendered by the Aides in contributing to the success of the recent euchre and reception given by the Athletic Committee, the students arranged on Sunday evening, February 22, a special entertainment to which the young ladies and their friends were invited and the chief feature of which was an illustrated lecture by Dr. F. Schlesinger, Director of the Pittsburgh Observatory. The programme:

March	In the Conning Tower	<i>Isenmann</i>	Orchestra
Reading	The Boy Hero	J. P. Bradley	
Piano Solo	Meditation	<i>Morrison</i>	W. G. Prescott
Tenor Solo	The Songs My Mother Used to Sing	C. J. Deasy	
Operatic Selection	Queen Elizabeth	<i>Isenmann</i>	Orchestra
Declamation	Catiline's Defiance	J. D. Hannan	
Cornet Solo	Day and Night	<i>Branen & Lloyd</i>	G. Weis
Baritone Solo	The Devil and the Toper	<i>Reisiger</i>	R. J. Bowen
Novelty	At the Rag Time Ball	<i>Lewis</i>	Orchestra
Monologue	The Kentucky Water Melon	B. J. Wood	
Violin Solo	I. Air Varié	<i>DeBeriot</i>	Prof. C. B. Weis
Bass Solo	The Bandolero	<i>Stuart</i>	Rev. J. F. Malloy

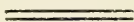
Piano Duet	Hungarian Dance	<i>Brahms</i>	.	.	.
	Rev. J. A. Dewe, L. A. McCrory				
Gymnastic Exercises	.	Select Class—Leader, E. A. Heinrich			
Valse	Dreaming	<i>Joyce</i>	.	.	Orchestra
Illustrated Lecture	An Evening with the Stars	.	.	.	
	Dr. F. Schlesinger				

We were extremely sorry to learn of the death of the father of Father Francis X. Roehrig, who passed away February 18.

Father Roehrig was notified of the serious condition of his father on the 17th, and he immediately set out for Detroit, his home. The father was conscious until he breathed his last, and he recognized all his family surrounding him.

Mr. Roehrig had been ill about a year. He was especially known for his hospitality, and quite a number of merchants in Detroit owe the beginning of their prosperity to Mr. Roehrig. May he receive his eternal reward in Heaven!

We wish also to convey to Stephen Miller of the Second High, the expression of our sincere condolence for the loss of his father, who departed from this life in the early part of February.



Another Compliment to Father Dewe.

Our readers will remember that last June the University of Pittsburgh conferred on Father Dewe the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters. Just recently another compliment has been paid to him. The Bishop has appointed him member of the Diocesan Commission of Labor and of Kindred Subjects, that has just been formed, and at the first meeting, Father Dewe was elected President.



Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXI.

April, 1914.

No. 7.

An Easter Idyl.

A STRETCH of dull brown grass, with snow in patches,
Tall trees whose branches wave above the pond,
A faint upcurling smoke from cottage thatches,
A still, soft sky beyond,

And a dim glow on the bare lilac hedges,
A sense, a sound precursoring the Spring,
A fancied greenness by the footpath's edges,
A robin's twittering,

And the young Earth, till now plunged in dejection,
Poised in her gloomy prison of the North,
Waiting the full command of resurrection,
"Awake and stand thou forth!"

O earth-bound soul, hast thou no glad evangel,
No answering hymn to meet the coming day?
Art thou so sepulchred that no bright Angel
Can roll thy stone away?

Behold, a new life o'er the grass seems waking,
The snow is gone, and, like a folded shroud,
The mist is yielding, and the light is breaking
Out through yon rifted cloud!

And lo! the distant spire and towers resplendent
Shine forth to greet the sun new-born;
All Nature, thus, bedecked with dew-drops pendent,
Sings out the Easter Morn.

DUQUESNE.



The Sense of Verity.

AN untruth perverts the purpose of speech as a medium of communicating thought and, being intrinsically evil, is always wrong and deserves the reprobation of man. Yet moralists are not wanting who would apologize for lying in some cases as being not altogether inexpedient.

A critical case commonly cited is the situation of one who, pledged not to violate the confidence reposed in him by a friend, is accosted by some inquisitive outsider that uses the ensnaring hook of the interrogation point to fish for the secret facts. But here, if human wit cannot be brought to respond legitimately by shrewd, equivocal phrasing, flatly refusing to answer, would be good policy; for even should recourse to this latter alternative be construed by the secret-hunter as implicitly betraying the secret, that would be no justification for lying in order to avoid a disclosure.

A shallow kindness sometimes prompts people to deceive. A sensitive artist perhaps seeks a criticism of his canvas, or an aspiring young writer asks one's opinion of his budget of compositions. Should merely an encouraging compliment be desired rather than an accurate answer, then one need not take the question more seriously than it is meant. If otherwise than this, however, there ought to be no assumption that the request for truth is the request for flattery. To flatter a man when he wants truth is to give him a stone when he asks for bread. Is it not an insult to people to treat them as weaklings unable to digest the truth for which they ask? One's criticism, whether favorable or unfavorable, should be candidly given. There should be, of course, no brutal statement. No effort ought to be spared to give a true impression as well as a proper expression. To speak the truth thus will perhaps prove much harder than to exaggerate, as accurate coloring is more difficult than chromo. In truth, however, is the only lasting satisfaction.

Many people who would not defend lying at any other time believe that there should be misrepresentation sometimes in cases of serious sickness. But in houses of disease not alone ought the

pestilent atmosphere to be fumigated; the foulness of falsehood needs to be repressed as well, by prudently letting in the wholesome air of facts and by sprinkling with the disinfectant of truth. In cases of sickness, as in many other cases, not only does the duty always to tell the truth not imply the obligation always to tell all that one knows, but other expedients than downright deceit are generally adoptable, should circumstances oblige one to inform. Often the doctor or whoever is to give a true impression could well have the daring wisdom born of faith in human nature and believe that man has in him the power to rise to an emergency; the anxious patient or nurse might often be told that there is to be a hard battle, but that courage is a dominant element in the chance for recovery, and that the hardest fights have been won where doctor, nurse, and patient have coöperated. Should the informant lie instead and the patient recover, it would indeed be hard for the former to tell the truth to advantage about a subsequent illness, should he desire to do so. Even with insane patients it is pathetically true that one of the hardest tasks of the alienist is to restore the confidence destroyed by the well-meant lies of their friends.

Many other instances sometimes represented by doctrinaires of false moral systems might be adduced and rebutted, but from what has been said already it is clear that delicate truthfulness is a recipe, not for making life easy, but for making life worth while; that lying is like the alloy which makes the coin of converse wear the better but at the same time debases it; that not only is untruthfulness wrong and dangerous, but that truth gives the only lasting satisfaction, and is ever the straight line in morals, the shortest distance, between a fact and the expression of it.

It should not be imagined, however, that delicate truthfulness is here implied as pertaining only to strict translation of one's thoughts. As a matter of fact, truth is a question of far wider scope than literally accurate expression. One may call a spade a spade and yet be essentially untruthful. A seaman who had been described in the log book as "drunk all day", being in turn later obliged as lieutenant, to relieve his captain and assume his responsibility, retaliated by reporting his irreproachable superior as "sober all day". This latter statement, though literally correct, was misleading and untrue in its implication of unhabitual sobriety. On the other hand, a certain free and pictorial

expression may be essentially truthful. Just as a Sir Walter Scott in much of his fiction does not violate the essential truth when he gives a graphic, romantic presentment of historical incidents; just as Turner in art does not fail to seize and to depict essential scenic characteristics with fidelity, though he neglects topographical precision; so, imaginative and emotional people may give a fact or an idea an exaggerated and poetical setting that does not detract from intense faithfulness and truth.

Then again, native human wit and cunning, to which we have obliquely hinted as a possible resource, if circumstantially justifiable, are God-given and have their legitimate uses, becoming bad only when their end is bad, and it should not be imagined that these talents become inconsistent with moral rectitude, or tantamount to lying, when they are used in defense of natural rights. Every man, for instance, has the right to personal and professional secrets, and, granting that the right of the interrogator does not supersede, verbal artifice and moral strategy cannot be termed an illicit resource to protect such secrets from undue inquisitiveness, especially where silence would prove ineffective as giving consent one or the other way.

Finally, it is well to remember that, as a small error in levelling an arrow, at the hand, makes a great difference at the target, so a slight mistake in the notion of truth makes a wide difference at the mark of morality. Important beyond the telling is it, especially in our lax day of "rubber" consciences, for every man to foster a dominating sense of verity; to strive in conversation and debate for illumination rather than for victory; to fulfill his word by his act and ever make his promise as good as his bond; to live and glorify at all times and everywhere this oldest of the virtues in each detail of thought, word, and deed—in short, to make himself a sun of personal radiation of truth, before whose white light the moral darkness of error must ever flee.

M. J. HEGERICH, '14.

The American Constitution.

IN most of the nations that have had a prominent place in the affairs of this world, the march of governmental progress has been from a theocratic form to a despotic form, followed by a monarchy, and culminating in a republican or constitutional system. There is one step beyond this point which no nation has as yet attained, but it is the step, though no longer in the line of true progress, that modern thought seems to forecast; it is the socialistic or communistic form of government. The above-mentioned march of systems may be observed in many of the more ancient countries. Ancient Greece and Rome are examples; the Jewish nation is another; modern Germany exemplifies the same thing; Scandanavia does so as well: but in the last two instances, the process has not yet arrived at completion as both nations are still in the monarchical stage. The dominion of Jove or Wodin and Thor was supplanted by the rule of human though absolute monarchs and this form of government was subsequently modified by the grant of a constitution permitting the nation at large to have some voice in its own government. The next step to the democratic form is nothing else than the abolition of hereditary succession to the sovereign position.

In our own country, however, this rule was departed from. Since its very birth to independent life and action, the democratic form of government has been the only one conformable to American ideas and ideals. One of the greatest benefits of the Revolutionary War, aside from the supreme good of independence, was the coalescence of the colonies by means of the Articles of Confederation, adopted on March 1st, 1781. Even though these Articles did not accomplish all that was desired of them; even though they did not make of the separate colonies one indivisible unit but only a confederation; even though the permanency of their effects, whether good or bad, may be questioned, still they served to cement the bonds of union which the common danger of the Revolution had fashioned. Actuated by a common aim and threatened by a common danger, the colonies acted in unison during the war, but there was nowhere any strong centralized authority; the Continental Congress, indeed, existed anterior to 1781, but its power was limited to enacting legislation which the separate colonies accepted or rejected as they saw fit. In 1781 the Articles of Confederation were adopted; they authorized Congress to declare war, to make peace, to issue money, and to maintain a military force, but the power to levy a single tax or

to enforce a single law was denied that body. Since unenforced law is worse than no law, the legislation of Congress became illusory, and the Articles of Confederation were practically useless.

The States were jealous of one another and all seemed to dread the centralization of power and government. Events brought on by this unsatisfactory and dangerous state of affairs led Virginia to make the first step towards real federation. The Old Dominion, in January, 1786, invited the other states to send commissioners to a convention at Annapolis. Only five states complied and hence no decisive action was taken, but the commissioners adopted a resolution in the form of an address urging all the states to appoint new delegates to meet in Philadelphia the following May to "devise further provisions as shall appear to them necessary to render the constitution of the Federal Government adequate to the exigencies of the Union." This recommendation was effective, and it was a noble body of men that met, in response to its appeal, in the very same room which had been immortalized a few years before by the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Washington presided over the deliberations of such men as Franklin, Madison, Randolph, the Morrisises, and others eminent in the history of the times. At first, there was apparently no end of difference of opinion and the convention was several times on the verge of hopeless adjournment. The masterful personality of Washington, however, interposed to prevent such a calamity, and slowly and carefully the momentous work was moulded into definite shape and after four months of deliberation was evolved the Constitution of the United States, one of the wisest and most statesmanlike systems of government ever framed by human reason. It was signed by delegates from all the States except Rhode Island on September 17th, 1787, with a provision that it should become operative on March 4th, 1789, if ratified before that time by nine States. The first State to take this approbative action was Delaware on December 7th, 1787, followed, in the order named, by Pennsylvania and New Jersey in 1787; by Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire, Virginia and New York in 1788; by North Carolina in 1789; and finally by Rhode Island on May 29th, 1790. Thus on March 4th, 1789, went into effect the provisions of the document that made possible the continued life and increased prosperity of the Queen of the New World. Gladstone, the greatest statesman England

ever produced, deems the American Constitution "the greatest document ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." This is high praise indeed, praise that is not demeaned by its source, but it is not at all undeserved, and this statement does not detract anything from the merits of the Magna Charta, the English charter of liberties.

The Constitution divides our government into three parts according to the difference in function. They are the Legislative, the Judicial, and the Executive branches; their respective functions, broadly, being to make, to interpret, and to enforce the law. The legislative branch of the National Government is vested in Congress, composed of the Senate, (which represents the *States*, each State having two Senators, irrespective of population), and the House of Representatives, which represents the *People*, the representation being proportionate to the population). No more equitable system could have been devised than this, by which New York and Nevada, for example, have the same number of Senators, as they are equal in statehood, while New York has many more Representatives than her Western sister, because her population is much the greater.

The Judicial branch of the Government is seated in the Supreme Court, that unparalleled court of last appeal, that calm, competent check upon the possible vagaries of Congressional fancy and whim, along with such inferior courts as Congress may see fit from time to time to institute.

The Executive power resides in the Presidency, which has become the most influential governing position in the world to-day, provided it is occupied by a man endowed with proper ability and tempered with a due proportion of common sense; unfortunately, this condition is not always realized.

The government and constitution of the several states under the American Constitution are modelled and founded on the government and Constitution of the Federal Government, but Congress alone has the power to make treaties, to coin money, to impose duties and customs, to make war and peace, to raise and support armies and navies, to regulate commerce and to grant patents and copyrights.

After the First Article of the Constitution, which regulates legislation; the Second, the Executive power; the Third, the Judiciary; and the Fourth, interstate relations: the Fifth Article provides that whenever two-thirds of both Houses of Congress think it necessary, or when two-thirds of the State Legislatures

desire it, Congress shall propose amendments to the Constitution which shall be valid when ratified by three-fourths of the States. Article Six establishes the binding power of the Federal Constitution notwithstanding contradictory clauses or articles in State Constitutions and forbids the requisition of a religious test as a qualification for any office under the United States. The Seventh and last Article provides for the ratification of the document itself.

Though the Fathers of the Constitution were satisfied with Seven Articles, their successors in public trust during the period of increased population, size, wealth, and prosperity, have thought it best to make no fewer than sixteen amendments, the latest of which was adopted only last year, providing for the direct election of United States Senators. The most important of the regulations embodied in these amendments are religious freedom, speedy trial by jury in criminal cases, the indirect method of Presidential election, the abolition of slavery, citizenship requirements and the right of citizens to vote.

This, then, is a brief account of the establishment, the content, and the amendments of the Constitution; of its worth, the results speak more eloquently than can any words of tongue or pen. It suffices to say that it has fulfilled the purpose of its authors; what that was, is best told in their own words as we see them in the preamble to the Constitution: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." History records the complete fulfillment and realization of this great and manifold purpose.

Since the United States and all it includes and all it represents depends more upon the Constitution and its stability than on anything else, may the dying eyes of a future Webster ever behold "everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on the flag's ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every true American heart—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." With "Liberty and the Constitution" for our motto, with Reason as our beacon and God our guide, we need not fear that this nation "will perish from the earth."

Bill Shakespeare's Come-Back.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE turned over in his grave, sat up, stood up, and walked. Having gone that far he became seized with a great desire to revisit the world and see if the old place had changed much since his exit a few hundred years before.

Through force of habit he wandered into a London theater and, being very tired (whether from shoveling sulphur or shining golden stairs he neglected to explain), he sank into a seat.

Then came the actors, also the act, and after both came Willie's shoes, thrown by the same good arm that had perpetrated the drama of "Hamlet".

"Methinks that show is punk" (or words to that effect), quoth he. "What would my old friend Queen Liz do to the author of that! Verily, I'd pity his head."

So out he stalked to the man in the box-office.

"What the popping Puritans do you call that agonizing performance, placed up there behind the orchestra for protection from the audience?" he began.

"I don't know," was the flippant reply. "I was told that it was a play. Why, do you think you could write one any worse?"

Now Mr. Shakespeare was a sport and never took the count in the first round; therefore he slammed back, "By the sempiternal bodkins it can't be done, but I'll do it anyhow!"

Then, off he went to a hotel, registered his name in a rhyming couplet, and took a room. Within an hour he had disfigured several quires of perfectly good paper by a play that *was* a play. In it the hero and heroine, pursued by a dark, desperate, devilish demon of a villain in a red auto, race their way through three acts and part of a fourth. As the loving couple fall exhausted, the auto runs over them—the villain bounces out and into a convenient river—and the hero and his love, suddenly refreshed, pick themselves up, run after the speeding machine, overtake it, and live happily ever after.

Armed with this literary gem, Mr. Shakespeare set forth to find the ticket man and show him where he was a back number. Instead he met the manager of the theater.

Now it so happened that the gentleman just mentioned needed a new play—also he wanted company, and, seeing the Bard of Avon approaching, he hailed him.

"Hello, grandpa, did you lose anything?"

"Yes," William answered, "where is the young fellow who challenges me to write a greater mistake than the one you are producing?"

"Gone out to lunch, I believe. Why did you come back to apologize?"

"Gadzooks, no! I came to show him this. I'm sure the Baconites won't claim that," chuckled Shakespeare, handing him the papers and trying not to swell up with pardonable pride.

As the manager read the first act he appeared weak,—at the end of the second he staggered,—at the next he fell against the wall,—and—as he finished he drew a revolver.

The terrified author commenced to run, but suddenly changed his mind. He never did believe in insulting a gun, especially by turning his back. "I—I didn't think it would affect you that way!" he gasped, "If it's that bad, I'll bury it."

The manager was white. "Don't you move —— don't you move," he muttered. "Why man, compared to you G. Bernard Shaw, Cosmo Hamilton and Robert W. Chambers couldn't write a laundry check. You'll never leave here alive until you agree to sell me this play for two thousand pounds. Here's my check."

"And to think I received eight shillings for my 'Macbeth'," mumbled Shakespeare as he stepped back into the grave, "The world has changed too much for me!"

* * *

Moral: It's a good show that draws no crowd.

FRANK P. ANTON, '16.



To a Robin, Returning After Winter.

O *LITTLE red-breast, light of heart and wing,—
E'en though thy haunts of old are winter-bare—
It cheers me that once more I hear thee sing,
That hither thou returnest, void of care,
And singest not the less; or rather thou
Hast kept thy boldest and most rapturous notes till now!

Why is it, thus, that in the saddest hour
Thy sweetest music thou dost strive to sing?
Because thy trust is in the love and power,
Which can, spite Winter's hold, bring back the Spring,
Which can array the naked groves again,
And with such varied blossoms tint the smiling plain!

So, too, when earthly life for us hath shed
The leaves that once arrayed it, we are sad
And looking round us, we but find, instead
Of rich and healthy boughs with foliage clad,
A few bare sticks and branches all awry
Fronting, in gaunt and cheerless garb, the angry sky.

Yet would we only look more close and see
That but the lower joys and hopes of Earth
Are falling from us, and there still may be
Of all these things another truer birth;
That the new buds are travelling up behind,
Though hid as yet beneath the closed and naked rind,—

We should not, when Spring promises depart,
All gladness, then, so easily resign;
But 'mid the bareness of our griefs find heart
To join again our notes and songs with thine,
Strong to fulfill, in spirit, as in voice,
That hardest of the Master's precepts—to rejoice!

FIDIUS.



* The Beautiful in Stone

St. Jerome's New Church, Charleroi

FOREWORD.

AMIDST the babel utterances of ecclesiastical architecture of to-day, the church of St. Jerome, Charleroi, Pennsylvania, signifies a unique and earnest effort to put into material expression something that fittingly represents the spiritual fabric of Catholicism, and the responsible congregation deserves to be congratulated upon having an edifice in which the desire to secure fitness shows in a marked and interesting way. The church building is a proclamation that truth is the most direct route to every good thing, beauty, strength, economy, and permanence. Churches as exemplars of morals should practice what they preach, but too many are amazingly impressive lessons of "what not to do," silent teachers of things to be avoided.

But this church of St. Jerome exhibits restraint and artistic treatment consisting of the ornamentation of construction rather than the construction of ornament. Yet the building is rich in those little felicities which reveal the artist and charm the eye, but which, in recognition of the principle that decorative art differs from other art only in the fact that it is "fixed to a fixed place," nowhere assume a prominence sufficient to detract and dissent from the architectural composition. Nor is there any violation of the moral principle that decoration should not profess to be what it is not. Honesty in materials has also been observed, for superficial honesty is not radical truthfulness. A man's words may truthfully express his thoughts while the thoughts themselves may be utterly false. Hence throughout the church no fictitious materials have been employed; stone is stone, wood is wood, no more, no less. Not that simulations of stone,

*This interesting and instructive article was written only a short time ago by one of the youthful editors of the MONTHLY, to commemorate the completion of what may well be termed "a notable work of Christian art." As a remarkable, dignified and scholarly analysis of symbolism in ecclesiastical architecture, it is worthy of reproduction for our readers.

or wood, or of any other material may not fulfill equally well the requisite decorative function, nor that they are not successful deceptions, but simply because they are not truths. There is no objection, of course, if they possess some distinctive peculiarity of their own, but without this apology, the effect of that which is spurious makes its tricky appeal to one's acquaintance with that which is real, and not independently of one's decorative sense.

The edifice is also an instructive example of the good use of limited funds and proves that the poor economic conditions which obtain in some localities need not render the parochial church artistically inferior. A brick church as a matter of fact may be more successful as an architectural achievement than a stone cathedral. The reverse claim would involve the assumption that there is some essential affinity between the intrinsic and the artistic value of a structure and that it would be better for a small parish to erect a church exceeding its ability and needs and run the risk of paralyzing itself for all other Christian work.

However, the church building, in view of the purpose it serves, should be the dominant structure in its community. While it should be simple, dignified, permanent and truthful, as well as beautiful in proportion and detail, it is also desirable and fitting that the fruits of the ripe genius of the truest architects, sculptors and painters should be bestowed to give it a new quality of grace and an added glory. Any wealth of noble art and craftsmanship thus disposed is like the box of precious ointment, not wasted but consecrated by the use to which it is applied. Good decoration of any sort is costly, but it is singularly appropriate that materials too precious for common use and workmanship, too elaborate for the simple life of everyday, should find a place in the church to express the honor in which it is held and to help to give it a sacred character. Such was always the belief and practice of the historic Church of God from the days of the building of the Ark of the Covenant and the Temple, down through the first years of Christianity, the splendors of Byzantium and the solemn glories of Mediaevalism. She has always valued the natural as a means to the supernatural and in her estimate of the value of the former in this regard, she has been anteceded by the Creator Himself. The great Artist and Architect of the visible universe spread out the glorious cosmic panorama in order that all this natural beauty might catch our eyes and allure us to the knowledge and love of Himself. In the Scriptures, He graced His word with enticing charms of literature, partially human, to win

us to taste the sweetness of that Word Divine. In the Incarnation, He took to Himself a soul and body in order that we who shrink from His heavenly majesty might be softened into love at the sight of a heart connatural with our own. And finally, in the sanctuary He has willed to be surrounded with natural pomp. And so, too, the Church wills that religion be made to stand visibly beautiful and august in the eyes of men. An edifice, therefore, like that of St. Jerome, which is an inspiration and impulse to devotion, will work silently but surely for the strengthening of Christianity, while a tawdry building, shocking one's esteem for the Church and offending every God-given aesthetic sense, will be not only an insult to God, but a hindrance to spiritual progress.

DESCRIPTION.

The most conspicuous external feature of the edifice is undoubtedly the large corner tower which is a huge dignified unit with the force of altitude in it, and truly appearing as the church's silent finger pointing towards Heaven. The vertical dimension is one hundred and forty feet. The base is plain and abstention as regards decoration exists even in the shaft, the top of the tower receiving the most ornament as the crowning feature.

The style of the church is appropriately modern English Gothic (adapted to brick), whose near relatives, if not itself, along with an immortal ancestry have had manifestations throughout Europe, and have stood through the varying centuries for emotional richness and complexity, for life palpitating with action, for the expression of ideals and aspirations, and above all for a controlling religious sense.

The composition of the church, viewed from the rear, is especially striking, with its side entrance, sacristies, double-gabled transepts, clerestory, and tower. The ambulatory forming a passage behind the high altar from one sacristy to the other projects somewhat, thus adding to the effectiveness of the rear view.

The building assumes the shape of a cross and as such is a beautiful symbol. The nave and the transverse prolongations call to mind the Saviour with arms extended upon the cross, the high altar figuring, in relation to the church as a whole, the sacred head of the crucified Christ. The length of the structure is a hundred and twenty-six feet; the width through the body of the church is fifty-six feet and that through the transept portion

sixty-nine feet. These dimensions are in keeping with the traditional proportions of Gothic churches of this type, the transepts being just properly accentuated internally and the nave being twice the width of the aisles. The pews of the church are confined to the nave and the columns stand so disposed as not to prevent too many worshippers from having a satisfactory view of the sanctuary. This arrangement is architecturally effective and structurally good, since the columnar masses of masonry still reinforce the clerestory and assist the visible assurance of stability.

Church architecture is one of the noblest opportunities of expression. It is in fact highly expedient that mistakes be avoided, for Catholic churches are not marketable commodities, to be disposed of if unsatisfactory, but must be retained as an inheritance of unpleasant reflections for generations. The mistakes of the attorney can be corrected by the courts of appeal and equity; those of the physician can be buried; but those of the inexpert ecclesiastical architect must remain as a lasting monument of reproach. But built as they should be, churches are structurally the most beautiful of any buildings; in composition, they may have the most power; in style and decoration, the most distinction. Their purpose is least confused by the complexities of modern life, their precedents are the finest.

And this suggests a word about the pleasing aspect of the churchly interior. In contemplating it one experiences a singular emotion. The rich atmosphere of other days is there with but the space of a wall between it and the twentieth century's noise and gaudiness. Thoughts are inspired that separate minute from minute by an aeon of feeling. Within the sacred walls the vanity of busying oneself about many things is recognized, and choosing to listen to the quiet voice of God is felt to be the better part. A sermon is preached reaching the heart through the eye rather than through the ear. In fact the whole expressive interior penetrates into one's consciousness.

A word should also be said about the ceiling. It is not an imitation of the stone vaulted ceilings of the old gothic churches in Europe copied in plaster, which is illogical. The form of the ceiling accommodates itself to the constructive lines of the roof, and is divided into panels by painted bands, accentuated at their intersection with ornamental spots. The sanctuary ceiling is especially rich and strong with the courageous use of primary colors, and gives intimation of the nature of the ultimate

decorative scheme of the rest of the church. A paneled space below the ceiling contains the inscription in Gothic letters: "I will praise thee O Lord with my whole heart in the councils of the Just and in the congregations."

WINDOWS.

Among the various means of decoration, the use of stained and leaded glass is perhaps the most characteristically religious, and both custom and propriety have marked this art as primarily ecclesiastical. Church windows are intended to afford shelter from storms and to shed upon the interior a soft light, and are therefore said to figure the apostles and doctors who oppose themselves to the storms of heresy and who pour upon the Church the light of true teaching. From an artistic point of view, however, the object of stained glass windows is to ornament rather than to illustrate. Glass working is a decorative art, and to copy a painting and to strive for effects of atmosphere and perspective, to make the figures look as if they might step down from their places, is to degrade a noble art to a feeble imitation of easel painting. It is a primary essential that the church windows shall not be realistic pictures, but formal designs harmonizing with the architecture. Illusion, a usual quality in an easel picture, is artistically repugnant here.

The stained glass in St. Jerome's beautifully acknowledges the canon that windows, as part of the church and subject to the same principles of ornamental treatment, should be flat, and that in them shadows and effects of modelling and of perspective are inadmissible. The beautiful stained glass window above the altar was designed by an artist, whose work not only exemplifies a thorough understanding of the limitations of his art, but is also noted for its unique and charming sobriety.

ALTARS.

The Catholic altar, raised as it is above the ground, is meant to be at once a Thabor and a Calvary, the holy mountain where Christ both transfigures and immolates Himself. The high altar of St. Jerome's signifies well its purpose, and though unique in design and decoration, is yet typically Catholic. The panelation of the oak reredos of the altar is especially striking. The panels contain life sized painted figures of Christ and of the four doctors of the Church, St. Gregory, St. Jerome, St. Ambrose and St. Augustine.

In the altar of the Blessed Virgin Mary the center niche is occupied by a carved oak statue of the Blessed Virgin, while angels holding various musical instruments may be seen in the panels. The altar of St. Joseph also contains "pax" angels in its panels and in every way is symmetrical with that of the Blessed Virgin except that the center niche is properly tenanted by a carved statue in oak representing the male saint to whom the altar is dedicated.

The introduction of carved statues and painted figures shows a recognition of the relation of the poetic note of sculpture to that of the severe prose of architecture. Architecture without sculpture and painting of some kind is like a library without poetry. Nothing will satisfy man so much as the reproduction of the highest types of men. There is here no temptation for spectators to consider the statues and painted representations as belonging exclusively to a race of transcendent kin, for human hands are felt as the force that has brought them into being and as significant of the power in man to rise above his own weak hour. The statues are no mere confections, but rather suggest the propriety of confining the activities of the cheap commercial decorator and furnisher. The paintings on the altar as well as the corpus on the cross suspended from the sanctuary arch are all original works of art by a young Catholic artist who has been trained abroad and who is devoting his talents to this much neglected art of the church.

MICHAEL J. R. HEGERICH, '14.



The Anniversary.

HE'S deep in meditation lost,
With youthful brow by furrows crossed;
Nor does the tinkle of a bell
His listless revery dispel.

"Why so absorbed in revery?"
If this perchance you ask of me,
I'll tell you, sir, in Jack's own stead;
Content and joy from him are fled!

Four years ago—eventful day!—
The man you see drew sheriff's pay;
And Tony Bell, his friend, that time
He hunted, on a charge of crime.

A horse was gone; so, too, poor Bell,—
On whom suspicion's verdict fell;
Man ever seeks the easier course:
Condemns at sight—then feels remorse!

"Pursue thy friend! Though proof I lack,
He surely stole; go, bring him back!"—
Thus spake the Law—and Jack complied:
Servility friends' rights denied.

He neither parleyed nor delayed;
Nor guessed the poor old horse had strayed!
If so—he'd not have thus pursued,
And nurtured this great life-long feud!

On, on! all day, through trackless waste,
Pursuing still in impious haste;
On, on! he spurred incessantly,
To rob a friend of liberty.

The piercing rays, the scorching heat:
For Jack these all but spelled defeat;
But he believed his mission just,
So on he rode, in God his trust.

Ahead he urged without relent,
Till beast and rider both were spent
For want of food, for lack of rest;
Yet onward forged in weary quest.

A glen he reached at eventide.
"Now I'll beware: here he may hide!"
Dismounted Jack, his horse he led
Beneath a tree—here stops in dread.

For scarce a hundred feet away,
The dogged friend stands, sure at bay.
Up springs his rifle to his cheek,
Forth leaps at Jack a scarlet streak!

But what is this? Jack does not fall!
Unharmed he stands! Then sounds a call:
"The guiltless should the law evade
When judgment's done, ere trial is made.

"I'm innocent, on that my hand;
That thou pursue, the law's command:
No malice mine; be thine regret;
What I've here done, wilt ne'er forget:

"The lifeless serpent o'er thy head
Received my shot: in vain thy dread.
I leave thee now, but I'll return
When friends thou wilt no longer spurn."

Thus spake his friend, this day four years;
Regretted Jack with unfeigned tears;
Returnèd straight, his star resigned.
May he one day his lost friend find!

JOSEPH S. SZEPE, '15.





SANCTUM

Editorial.

Easter Assurances.

WITH each recurring Easter-time the contrast between the views of the skeptic and those of the believer with regard to the resurrection of Christ becomes more and more significant. The former have lived along the lower ranges of thought and life and have not been great enough to command the faith of mankind generally; and between them, decision must be made by the survival of the fittest. For the flimsy theory that Christ was in a trance when taken down from the cross and later woke and resumed consciousness is refuted by the post-mortem lance-thrust and the watering wound in His Sacred Heart. The contention that the Apostles were rank deceivers is dissolved by the fact that He appeared not once, but several times; not to a few disciples, but to many; not in one place, but in several; not for a passing moment, but for extended periods, teaching and holding converse. Nor can hallucination born of fervor and overwrought sensibility be alleged, for not only was each of the Apostles at first disinclined to believe in the reported resurrection, Thomas remarkably incredulous, and the attitude of the majority of the multitude a skeptical one, but the apparitions lasted several minutes and continued through a period of at least forty days, and those who saw the risen Christ conversed with Him, ate with Him, and touched Him. Again, ideal or spiritual, rather than real, corporal manifestations of Christ cannot be claimed, for the Apostles saw the empty grave, heard the angel say that He was no longer there, heard Him Himself declare that He was not a spirit but flesh and blood, and had, besides, physical contact with Him. Discord is ever among doubters and infidels, but the

great mass of men taste the full jubilee of Paschal-tide and believe that the resurrection of Christ is a mystery but not a myth, that after He was crucified He was glorified, while in every land and language the confident cry goes up: "The Lord is truly risen."

The vitality of Christianity itself attests the reality of the resurrection of Christ, for Christianity is simply Christ continued. Let anyone go now, after well nigh two thousand years, to the grave where His enemies imagined that they had buried His influence and His power; lo! He is risen, He is not here, He has gone forth through the world, His holy doctrine has been published in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and Samaria, and even to the uttermost parts of the earth. The suns of over nineteen hundred Easter mornings light with a steadier blaze the flaming torch of Christian faith and hope and love. Men generally are not disposed to believe that a non-existent Christianity sprang out of the air and created a resurrected Christ, but rather that a resurrected Christ appeared in the world and created Christianity.

Moreover, men feel that the resurrection of Him who pointed to it as the certificate of His mission, is the warrant that life is real and earnest and that the grave is not its goal. Christ, in whom dust and Deity so wondrously meet, banishes the fear that the dull thud of earth falling on the coffin-lid is final and makes vain all other terrors of the tomb. May the memory of Christ's resurrection deepen the faith and strengthen the hope of mankind for immortality!

MICHAEL J. HEGERICH, '14.



Narrow-Mindedness.

IN all matters in which men come in contact with other men and especially with other men's views, the quality or state of mind known as narrow-mindedness is to be found, though the reason for this ubiquity is hard to assign. Unfortunately, not even in our religious views, that is, in our views respecting persons of other religions as such, is this most deplorable condition absent. In fact, it might be said to be more prominent here than anywhere else. As Catholics, we have become accustomed, through long, galling experience, to encountering

bigotry and illiberality among our non-Catholic brethren towards us. But this is no excuse for thinking, as some of us are only too liable to think, and that "audibly", that everyone is so, not from conviction, but through perversity and hatred for Catholicity and things Catholic. Some of us are too wont to regard ourselves in the light of martyrs and to think that the opposition we encounter is dictated by narrow-mindedness. This attitude of mind is despicable, and, in the case of those who ought to know better (and who should not?) unpardonable. Those of us who have unfortunately become rooted in this state of mind should stop to consider whether "the shoe is not on the other foot," whether it is not ourselves rather than others, who are so narrow-minded.

This spirit manifests itself noticeably in carping criticism of civil authority whenever anything is done that does not accord with our ideas and notions of the proper and the right; it shows itself in the shouts we hear about us concerning the unfairness and bias of those who oppose us. The former of these may be found chiefly in the press, the latter in individuals. It is true that the Catholic Church and everything Catholic, especially in this age when materialism is the prevalent religion and Self its God, must meet with an unusual amount of narrow-mindedness, but this quality is not present solely in our opponents; sad to relate, the dispassionate critic can discern it in the minds of some of our most zealous champions. The most striking example, however, is the vehemence and bad-feeling that characterize religious controversy. Let us by all means uphold the truth, but at the same time, let us show our absolute confidence in its ultimate invincibility, by refraining from heaping obloquy and reproach upon those not blessed with accurate insight into the truth as we know it. Let us always remember that possibly they do not see the truth because it has not been clearly enough presented to them, and that hence the fault lies not with them, in a great many cases, but with ourselves. Above all, let us be broad-minded, liberal, fair, and leave narrow-mindedness for confirmed bigots, who are numerous enough, without attracting recruits to their ranks from amongst those who know better. Let us make our object the truth and our motto "Justice and Liberty."

FRANCIS J. MUELLER, '14.



Chronicle.

The piety of the student body received a fresh impulse on the occasion of the Forty Hours Devotion held on March 1, 2, 3.

Solemn High Mass and Procession opened and **Forty Hours** closed this devout exercise. The officers of the opening Mass were: Celebrant, Rev. F. X. Roehrig; Deacon, Rev. J. F. Malloy; Sub-deacon, Rev. H. J. McDermott; while those of the closing were: Celebrant, V. Rev. M. A. Hehir; Deacon, Rev. J. A. Pobleschek; Sub-deacon, Rev. L. J. Zindler. As was most appropriate, all the students approached the Holy Table on the closing day.

The boarders are observing the Holy Season of Lent in the most devout manner. Stations of the Mass are said, while sermons appropriate to the season are given **Lenten** by the Fathers.

Solemnities St. Patrick's Day was observed by a special Mass, and hymns in honor of Ireland's patron were sung by a selected choir. To do justice to his memory, the afternoon was declared free.

The Feast of St. Joseph was celebrated with a Solemn High Mass. Rev. J. A. Dewe preached a most interesting and instructive sermon, choosing for the subject "St. Joseph Was a Just Man."

The Hand of Death reaped a fruitful harvest during the past month, plucking from our midst many dear friends, relatives and alumni.

Bereavements Two alumni, Rev. Michael G. O'Donnell, pastor of Mt. Pleasant, and John Uhrin, a former boarder and late graduate of the University, '12, died during the month of March. The latter is remembered by many of his former classmates, and his death was a shock to all who knew him. A more extended notice of Father O'Donnell appears elsewhere in this number.

The summons of Lawrence Kreuer was rather sudden. He attended class on March 2, and after an illness of three days passed to his reward on March 5. His is the second death from the student body during the school year, and it was as much a shock as was that of Francis Coristin, who died November 2 last. His bright eye and cheerful disposition will long be missed by his comrades. His parents and his brother Joseph, also a student, have the assurance of our tenderest sympathy.

On the same day, March 5, occurred the death of Edward Walsh, father of John Walsh, of the Second High, Division B. Mr. Walsh belonged to a family that has long been friendly towards this institution, and has given a priest and missionary to the Order. Resolutions of condolence were sent to the grief-stricken family, and the students of Second High, Division B, attended the funeral.

Charles Deasy's mother died on March 16. She was the mother of a large family, and the first to be removed from the affections of her children. The entire Freshman class assisted at the obsequies, on March 19, in token of their sincere condolence.

The mother of Sigismund Usiak, of the First High A, departed this life, March 21, after a long and painful illness. May God grant her eternal rest!

A Month's Mind High Mass of Requiem was celebrated for the soul of Mr. Frank J. Roehrig, father of Rev. F. X. Roehrig, of the Faculty, on Thursday, March 26.

Mr. Geber has resumed charge of the Gymnastic classes, and is drilling them in view of the annual public Entertainment in May. Much talent is shown by the students, **Gymnastics** who are working with a will that warrants brilliant success.

"Bachelor's Honeymoon", to be "pulled off" towards the close of May, will certainly be a big "hit" judging from the progress made in rehearsals thus far. Under **The Play** the tutelage of Mr Clinton E. Lloyd, the actors and *actresses* are rapidly evolving the wealth of fun that lies between the lines of their MSS.

An outline of the play may be interesting here. By his father's will, Benjamin Bachelor, the widowed father of grown up young lady twins, is to inherit a large estate on condition that his second marriage is approved by his austere elderly sister, Minerva. He has married an actress, Juno Joyce, and has brought her home. In the endeavor to keep his marriage secret from his sister, he introduces Juno to the servants as his new house-keeper; to Minerva, as his daughters' governess; to Dr. Schwartz, as Howston's wife; and to Howston, as Dr. Schwartz's intended bride. All these misrepresentations give rise to the most laughable situations, and involve Bachelor in trouble with Minerva, and also with Dr. Schwartz and Howston, both of whom he consents to meet in a duel at midnight in the backyard. These

irate and blood-thirsty gentlemen both claim the honor of the first meeting, but, when they hear Bachelor at pistol practice, Joe advisedly striking a gong every time a shot is fired, their ardor cools, discretion gets the better part of valor, and each, first gently, then urgently, presses the other to take upon himself the exclusive honor of facing their opponent. To punish Bachelor for having linked his name with that of an actress and to save the credit of the family and himself from ruin, Minerva declares that he must marry Juno. When he acknowledges that they are already married, she asks an explanation of the day's tumult, and he answers, "It was my honeymoon." The cast:—

Benjamin Bachelor	Bartley J. Wood
Minerva, his sister	Francis P. Anton
Juno, his wife	Leo A. McCrory
Charyllis } his twin daughters	{ David J. Gorman
Amaryllis }		{ Regis C. Larkin
Howston, his friend	Richard J. Bowen
Schwartz, entangled with Juno and Amaryllis		Paul J. Gnau
Gumbug, agent of a New York theater	Joseph A. Burns
Joe } servants	{ Michael J. Shortley
Marianne }		{ Joseph L. McIntyre

The next important popular event on our schedule will be the contest for medals in Elocution and Oratory, on May 1. A lively interest has been manifested, especially among Elocutionary the students of the High School Department, Preliminaries since the Elocutionary Preliminaries were announced, and it has been no easy matter for the judges to name the successful contestants.

The following, however, have qualified for the finals: First Division, Stanley P. Balcerzak, Cornelius H. Becker, C. Herbert Dyson, John T. Walsh; Second Division, Joseph C. Butler, Charles J. Clifford, Edward T. Mooney, Fred J. Stebler; Third Division, Richard J. Bowen, Paul J. Gnau, Verner J. Lawler, Michael J. Shortley.

The successful contestants in the Oratorical Preliminaries were: Vincent S. Burke, Jerome D. Hannan, Michael J. Hegerich, Leo A. McCrory.

Entertainments We append the programmes of the March Entertainments:

MARCH 8.

March The Starry Jack Orchestra

Recitation	George Nidiver	C. L. Bearer
Vocal Solo	Farewell	F. M. Hoffmann
Recitation	The Roll Call	A. H. Muehlbauer
Operatic Selection, from "The Rose Maid"		Orchestra
Recitation	The Baron's Last Banquet	E. J. Nemmer
Nutty Nothings	Dialogue and Song	F. P. Anton, R. Baum
	Assisted at the Piano by C. F. McCrory	
Waltz	Dreaming	Orchestra

DEBATE—Resolved, That Corporal Punishment should Enter into the Educational System.

Chairman—L. Kadlewicz

Affirmative—T. J. McDermott, F. M. Hoffmann

Negative—M. P. Hinnebusch, I. V. Kennedy.

The speakers of the affirmative side won.

MARCH 15.

Two-Step	In the Heart of Maryland	<i>Carroll</i>	Orchestra
Reading	A Lovely Scene	C. H. Dyson	
Reading	The Little Light	C. H. Becker	
Violin Solo	Melody in F	<i>Rubenstein</i>	T. P. Ford
Reading	Braddy's Goat	J. M. McGonigle	
Reading	The Face on the Floor	J. F. Lynn	
Medley	Strains from Killarney	<i>Becker</i>	Orchestra
Essay	Apology for Motion Pictures	M. F. Hegerich	
Vocal Solo	O Heart of Mine	<i>Galloway</i>	L. A. McCrory
	Accompanist, C. F. McCrory		

Waltz Killarney, My Home O'er the Sea *Logan* Orchestra

DEBATE—Resolved, That a Literacy Test for Immigrants Should Be Established by the United States.

Chairman—J. L. Lavelle

Affirmative—J. A. Urlakis, J. S. Szepe

Negative—V. V. Stancelewski, L. A. McCrory

The decision was unanimous in favor of the negative.

MARCH 22.

March	Our Naval Officers	<i>Bennet</i>	Orchestra
Recitation	Death of Napoleon	C. H. Dyson	
Recitation	Fate of Virginia	J. T. Walsh	
Waltz	Daughters of Love	<i>Bennet</i>	Orchestra
Dialogue	Telling Sad News	J. Madden, S. Wagner	

Recitation Coeur de Leon at the Bier of His Father . . .
M. Obruba

Gavotte Idiotic Rave . Allen Orchestra

DEBATE—Resolved, That the Rate on Second Class Mail Matter
Should Be Doubled.

Chairman—E. T. White

Affirmative—J. A. Jenniugs, V. N. Steinkirchner

Negative—W. J. Wallace, C. J. Clifford

The affirmative speakers were declared to have the better of
the argument.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.

Department of Accounts, Finance and Commerce.

What Becomes of It?

GRANDFATHER worked fifteen hours a day, beginning at
the age of six and ending at sixty-six or seventy-six.

Father worked ten hours a day,* commencing when
twelve and retiring when fifty-six. His son works eight hours
each day, with a half holiday on Saturday and two weeks vaca-
tion in the summer; he also starts at eighteen and hopes to find
leisure before he reaches fifty. In other words the young man of
the present generation expects to spend, during his lifetime, less
than one hour in serious employment for every three spent by his
grandsire. And what is more, he expects, in addition, to have
conveniences and luxuries about which his ancestors never even
dreamed. Is this hope reasonable? Can he have more during
life, leave more for his children, than his predecessor, and still
spend only one-third of his active life in production? What
becomes of the other two-thirds?

The answer is easy, as to what becomes of the time, but not
so easy as to what the result will be. Pleasure, education, time
spent going to and from work, consume the time; do they in turn
enable you to produce three times as much in an hour to make
up for it? Grand-dad went to the circus once a year, and some-
times recklessly stayed for the side show and bought a bag of
peanuts. Dad attended the theatre once a month, and also the
circus, whereas his modern son spurns the circus and takes in one

or two picture shows every evening if there is not something else going on. Who wins thus far? Grandfather, because his time was productive, and it required no theatre to keep his muscles strong, his appetite vigorous, his sleep sound. Good health is more productive of smiles and contentment than is any amount of excitement. The motion picture is a marvelous thing, and justly popular in the world of amusement. But like all good things it should be used temperately, and will find its greatest ultimate usefulness in the field of serious education. Used to excess the movies are productive of nothing but heroes and headaches.

Time spent going to and from work is offset by the added conveniences of modern concentration of industry, but how about the other three or four hours of the leisure which you have inherited from your ancestors by reason of their energy and thrift? What has become of it? Why is it that we in this age can produce more, save more, waste more, work very much less, and grow faster than in those earlier days? The young man who does not see this condition, and the answer to it, is dull, and is destined to end his life far behind the progressive ones.

Education is the answer, productive education. You have not inherited two-thirds of your active life in leisure from routine in order to spend it in unproductive pleasure, and to so spend it is to waste the substance of a great opportunity and to render you less productive and less deserving than your predecessors, while others are becoming more productive. Two-thirds of life is for preparation, one-third for accomplishment. Class distinctions are becoming more acute as this period of leisure grows, because many waste the time, while others prepare and become more efficient, better able to understand and compete in the rapidly growing complexities of business life. The uneducated man cannot hope to compete in the future as in the past, because business is now too complex, and routine gives but little opportunity to master business principles. Just as the lawyer and doctor and engineer require preparation for their life work, so does the business man, and he may get it most effectively in the day or evening classes of the Department of Accounts, Finance, and Commerce, of Duquesne University. He has the time, for it was inherited from his grandfather. What now becomes of it?

Obituary.

REV. MICHAEL G. O'DONNELL, LL. D.

THE diocese of Pittsburgh suffers a severe loss in the death of Rev. Michael Gibbs O'Donnell, LL. D., rector of St. Joseph's Church, Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland County, Pa. He had been in poor health for some time past; but his death, on March 2, was unexpected, and caused widespread regret.

Father O'Donnell was a native of Pittsburgh. From early boyhood he longed to consecrate his life to the service of God and his neighbor in the holy priesthood; the flower and fruit of this desire was the beautiful life just closed. His primary studies being completed, he entered this institution, where he manifested a remarkable ability and piety. He graduated with honors in 1893. His philosophical and theological studies were made in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and his ordination took place in the Cathedral of that city on December 17, 1898.

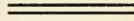
He was first stationed at St. Agnes' Church, Pittsburgh. Here he remained for five years, doing an admirable work and gaining the love and esteem of the parishioners and the high appreciation of his ecclesiastical superiors. His second assignment was to the chaplaincy of Mt. Gallitzin Academy, Baden, Pa. In March, 1905, he was appointed rector of St. Joseph's, Mt. Pleasant. The nine years of his administration were conspicuously marked with the advancement that had crowned his work in other fields.

Every category among those confided to his pastoral care were ministered to with a devotedness beyond praise; but he seemed to bestow a special attention on the schools, the societies, and other activities, having the good of the younger generation more particularly in view. The dramatic and musical entertainments which he planned were remarkably successful. As a pulpit orator, Father O'Donnell had few equals in the diocese, being called upon to make addresses occasionally even in the Pittsburgh Cathedral. About four years ago he was invited to preach the annual retreat to the students of the University, and his fervid and scholarly instructions were productive of excellent results. His zeal for the salvation of souls not directly entrusted to his care found a wide field for its exercise in the pages of our weekly Catholic journals. From the extensive range of subjects treated we may judge of his comprehensive knowledge of the Bible and his intimate acquaintance with writers on sacred

themes. A word ought to be said of his devotion to the souls in purgatory. It was his ambition, in the last years of his devoted life, to have six thousand communions offered up by his parishioners during the month of November for the holy souls. This, naturally, entailed considerable extra work for himself, but his zeal was equal to the demand; practically every member of his congregation received daily.

It is, therefore, with keen regret that we chronicle the demise of a priest so zealous and an alumnus so distinguished.

It is not yet a year since Duquesne University, in consideration of his sound scholarship and well-known talents, conferred on Father O'Donnell the degree of Doctor of Laws, and felt honored in doing so. Had he lived, other honors, and greater opportunities for good, would undoubtedly have been his. God has seen fit to arrange otherwise. May he enjoy above the fruit of his labors!



Department of Public Speaking.

THE University has given more than the usual attention to the department of Public Speaking for the current year.

With a determination to make the study and practice of Public Speaking of real practical value, an instructor of experience and achievements was sought. And here we have been most fortunate. Mr. Clinton E. Lloyd; whose beautiful, artistic and educational production of "Hiawatha" at Squaw Run, near Aspinwall, has elicited such high and universal praise from thousands of Pittsburghers, was secured to take charge of this department of education. Mr. Lloyd, who has had a wide experience and thorough training as actor, teacher, and lyceum speaker, has made great progress in this much neglected field.

The demand for instructions has been so active that classes have been formed outside of the University for those who could not attend during the day sessions. Classes have been taught six evenings each week, beginning last October. The aim has been to develop speakers along "natural" lines, and thus to bring out, as nearly as possible, the latent speaking and expressional powers of the individual pupil. It is surprising what has been accomplished along these lines. Men who never spoke in public before, are coming in constantly to praise the department for the

good that has resulted from their work. They find themselves filled with a confidence and force of which they had not been conscious.

Men of all professions have entered these classes: clergymen, lawyers, doctors, teachers, artists, men who stand high in business, professional and social places. A surprisingly large number of women have taken advantage of these courses. In Mr. Lloyd's rooms in the George Building individual training is being conducted on a very extensive scale.

Exchanges.

OF the magazines on our table this month, the Spring number of the *Viatorian* carries off the palm. The issue before us is replete with excellent essays. To begin with, we have the essay entitled "The Dawn of Erin's Freedom". Of all the papers on this subject which we have read, this is by far the best. The writer gives a short summary of how Ireland lost her Parliament and a description of the fight she has since made for Home Rule. He also deplores the fact that the Ulsterites, who are in the minority, are to some extent controlling the Irish Catholics, who are clearly in the majority. He lucidly proves that there is every hope of Home Rule for Ireland, since the bill can be passed in spite of the veto of the House of Lords. Other contributions worthy of special praise are "The Swan Song" and "The Triumph". We regret, however, that this magazine is not a regular visitor to our Sanctum, for we always look forward to its arrival with great pleasure.

The February number of the *Mountaineer* is exceptionally good. Greeting us, at the very outset, is "Governmental Ownership of Public Utilities", a title under which is elaborated a very strong article against the controlling of railroads, telephones, etc., by government. The author indicates how this same system, for which so many are clamoring, has utterly failed in other countries and is likely to fail in our own country.

In looking over other magazines we were much pleased with the *Boston College Stylus*. Notable in this magazine is the manner in which the stories and essays are set off by pleasing bits of verse.

Another quarterly on our table is the *Villa Sancta Scholastica*. This paper is again up to its high standard. "Education in

Athens and Sparta Compared" is a well-written essay. The caption, however, is somewhat misleading. From the beginning we were led to expect an account of education in both countries. We were disappointed, however, as the essayist describes only the education of a child or young man in Athens, and merely alludes to the Spartan severity of education.

St. John's Record from Collegeville, Minn., has some very acceptable editorials. "The Literacy Test" and "The Educational Question" are timely and thoughtful pieces of literature. The best piece of poetry to hand this month is the beautiful poem entitled "Rose or Lily?" in the *Record*.

The *D'Youville Magazine* is another excellent "Exchange" on our table. Poems are plentiful in the March number. There are long and good essays on "Thomas Gray: Man and Friend", "The Aspiration of Keats", "Virgil as a Poet of Nature", and the great German poet, "Schiller, the Patriot". The quotations from Schiller's "William Tell" are well chosen, but only one familiar with German can catch the beauty of the two passages.

EDWARD J. NEMMER, '16.

Duquesnicula.

WANTED, a Joke!

Any person, persons, or group of persons, handing in a joke to the editor of this department before August 21, 1915, will be rewarded by having his name published in the June MONTHLY.

Think of the honor, think of the fame; hesitate, stop, and deliberate upon the pride with which you'll display your name, placed in the midst of others, equally great.

Go home, search through the family almanac, crack your discovery in class, and, then, if you still live, come and tell it to us. All jokes over thirteen years old disqualified.

AN unsophisticated Freshman approached our desk lately (how he ever managed to find his way through our extensive suite of offices we have not been able to comprehend) and innocently asked "Say, what does a fellow have to do to get his name into the Duquesnicula column?"

"He has to say something funny," he was informed.

"Well! there's no chance for me, then!" said Tom Kenney.

KINDLY listen to this:

Teacher in 2nd High—"Name two oceans!"

Student:—"Atlantic and Pacific."

Teacher:—"I said oceans, not tea companies."

It's been an awful, cold winter, yet that thing turns up as spry as ever!

IN the Sophomore class, the professor in English had just finished a discourse on the evils of slang.

All were impressed, especially Tommy Nee. At last he spoke. "Yes, no doubt about it, slang is punk, but thank goodness we cut it out long ago!"

IN the refectory the other day Hinnebusch dropped a wiener upon the floor. 'Twas then that Butler softly sang "What do you mean, you lost your dog?"

MUELLER reports this one from the First Scientific: "Of two equal chords in a given circle, the longer one is the greater distance from the center."

HERE'S our idea of an all-star baseball nine:

Catcher—Tom Kenney,

Pitcher—Herbert Terheyden,

Short—Fatty Butler,

First—Jerome D. Hannan,

Second—Willie Westinghouse Fielding,

Third—"Major" Baldesberger,

Left—"Hamlet" Bowen,

Center—Curley Kadlewicz,

Right—Satolli Smith.

Some world beaters. What?

Compared to that aggregation the Hawaiian University Chinese are amateurs.

PERRY BLUNDON obtained first place in his class again. Gee, but it must be lonesome to be the only one in a room!

HERE'S one from the recent exams.

"What's a trapezoid?"

"A square knocked in the head."

HAVE you noticed how well and happy Harry Carlin looks these days? Do you blame him? Ever since he relinquished the Duquesnucula he's felt young and healthy.

THIS job of being funny to order isn't what its cracked up to be.

DON'T forget those jokes!

FRANK P. ANTON, '16.



BASEBALL.

WITH the first whiff of warm spring air and the first genial smile of Old Sol, the crack of the bat was heard on the drying campus. The basketball cage lost its attractiveness, and the musty old glove was fished out of the bottom of your trunk. Ere this April MONTHLY reaches its readers, every boy in the University (five-footers or six-footers, they are all boys now) will either be trying for a team or hoping his friends make one of them. And there are going to be some teams, believe me!

THE ' VARSITY.

Naturally our first thoughts are of the 'Varsity. The outlook is just now extremely bright. A wealth of seasoned material has reported for practice, and every candidate seems imbued with the spirit that will enable him to land a regular berth. The class of ball displayed in practice indicates that not only will the team play A1 ball on the field, but, in addition, every man is a hitter of ability, as is demonstrated by the frequency with which balls are rapped over the fence.

The guidance of the squad has been placed in the capable hands of Captain Phelan, whose experience is a valuable asset to the team. With such players as Biter, J. Harenski, Hughes, Hunter, King, Madden, Shortley, Smith, Sweeney, Tracy, Welsh and Williams, he will undoubtedly be able to build up a team worthy of Duquesne's glorious traditions.

The following attractive schedule has been arranged by former Manager Kane, who has been succeeded by H. A. Carlin:

April 21, W. & J. at Home.

April 23, St. Bonaventure at Home.

April 29, Bethany at Home.

May 2, Franklin at Home.

May 5, W. & J. at Washington.

May 6, Grove City at Home.

May 9, St. Francis at Home.

May 13, Juniata at Home.
May 15, Muskingum at Home.
May 16, Grove City at Grove City.
May 20, California Normal at Home.
May 21, St. Francis at Loretto.
May 26, Westminster at Home.
June 1, Chinese University at Home.
June 4, Indiana Normal at Home.
June 13, California Normal at California.

THE FRESHMEN.

The Freshmen expect to have an exceptionally strong team on the field this year. There is no lack of available material with plenty of baseball ability. J. Lavelle has been appointed student manager, and is at work arranging a good schedule. The team will be composed of the following: Burns, Gallagher, Gillis, Gnau, A. Harenski, Heinrich, Hughes, King, Lynn, Mueller, Pierotti and Shortley. Father Knaebel will be Faculty manager.

THE ACADEMICS.

The Academic Department will be represented by a strong baseball team, if ante-season "dope" may be relied upon. It will be largely made up of those sturdy youths who in the last few seasons brought so much glory to the name of "Minims". They have all, by this time, attained to the dignity of long pants (boys have, you know, a fashion of growing up, in spite of everything!) and hence can not consistently masquerade under the name that they were once so proud to bear upon their breasts. There is every assurance that they will uphold the standard they have set themselves, not only in baseball, but in football, basketball and track. The management will be taken care of by Father Baumgartner, and the reins of the coaching department will rest in the experienced hands of Jim Manley.

FIELD AND TRACK NOTES.

Eight Duquesne men were entered in the Pittsburgh Athletic Association indoor meet held at Duquesne Garden on March 21. All made a good showing, notably Pierotti in the 60 yd. dash, and Haverty in the shot-put.

At the *Press* indoor meet on March 28, the Junior Track Team, composed of Prescott, Avetta, Joyce, O'Brien and Wallace, gave a very good account of itself.

Owing to the increasing interest manifested in all branches of Athletics, the Athletic Committee has decided to hold an inter-class field and track meet on Saturday, May 23. It was customary, a number of years ago, to hold such a meet annually, and it is with this intention that the practice is being resumed. In order to make this affair a success, it is necessary that the members of each class take an *active* interest in it, and enter in the events most suitable to their athletic ability. Remember this, and begin *now* to train for it.

It is also expected that the students of the University will share the honors in the great field day planned by the Pittsburgh C. T. A. U. for June 1 at Kennywood Park. Father Malloy is chairman of the Athletic Committee in charge of this affair.

HANDBALL.

The advocates of the healthful game of handball have organized an inter-class league to determine the championship of the school. Much interest is being shown, as handball has always been popular at D. U.

Following is the standing of the teams:

	WON	LOST	PER CENT.
Seniors	7	1	.875
Juniors	5	3	.625
Sophomores	2	6	.250
Academics	2	6	.250

BASKETBALL.

The ' VARSITY basketball team fittingly closed the season on March 7, by easily defeating the five from CALIFORNIA NORMAL, by the overwhelming score of 70 to 24. R. Werder and Pierotti each contributed ten field goals.

The FRESHMAN team wound up its schedule by defeating UNION HIGH of Turtle Creek in a close and interesting game. Gillis and A. Sorce had eleven field goals apiece, and Shortley scored five times. The final count was 57 to 43.

The ACADEMICS kept busy till the end of March. On the 3rd, they met defeat—22 to 7—on the floor of the C. J. MANGS of Duquesne, Pa.; the home team's familiarity with their small hall was a decided factor in their favor.

In an interesting but one-sided game with the EAST END ATHLETICS, on March 5, the ACADEMICS showed their superiority

by scoring 42 points to their opponents' 11. Crandall had five field goals and three fouls.

Skilled team-work overcame the weight of the McKees Rocks DE SALES JUNIORS in a game that was fast and interesting to the very finish, March 7. Score, 31-17.

The ACADEMICS met their match on March 10, when they played the WALSH A. C. from South Side. Both in shooting and in passing, the playing of the visitors was brilliant. Score, 68-43.

The gym. of the BARRY A. C., at Newcastle, Pa., was crowded with enthusiastic fans on March 13, when that plucky little team met their first defeat for many months at the hands of the ACADEMICS. The game was "nip and tuck" from start to finish, the final tallies being 26 to 19.

On March 18, the BARRY A. C. played a return game, but were again defeated by the still larger score of 41 to 14.

PAUL J. GNAU, '18.

Law Notes.

OUR FIRST LAWYER.

A NEATLY engraved card, dated April first, 1914, informs us that OSCAR GREGORY MEYER has opened an office for the practice of Law, at Suite 309 Berger Building. Mr. Meyer completed his course a little ahead of his class, and is therefore the first student of our Law School to take up the practice of his profession. Nine others expect to don the robes at the Law Department's first commencement.

The cordial congratulations and sincere good wishes of the faculty and students are extended to Mr. Meyer.

THE reporter of the Law School has not been very loquacious of late, we confess; but it is for the reason that the quietest people are usually the most industrious. A glance at the programme of the course, just published, will convince the most skeptical that the Blackstones are *somewhat* busy most of the time!

Alumni.

WE are in receipt of a modest pamphlet containing a lecture on "The Origin and Basis of Civil and Religious Liberty", delivered at the close of the Constantinian Jubilee. The lecture is an exhaustive, lucid and scholarly treatment of the theme, from the point of view of history and that of reason. The author contends, that the promulgation of the Edict of Milan, in 313 A. D., was the first real constitution of the rights of man, and of civil and religious liberty; and his argument is, that all liberty worthy of the name is founded on the admission of the freedom of the individual conscience. The whole discussion, he avers, is largely a question of fact, and this can be settled by an appeal to history; but it is also founded on reason, which is largely a matter of having clear ideas on the subject. Then follows a masterful analysis of the terms, replete with allusions to ancient and modern political economy, and a convincing demonstration of the two main propositions mentioned above, interspersed with telling thrusts at biased historians and hypocritical "patriots". The lecture is from the pen of REV. JOSEPH CALLAHAN, C. S. Sp., '96, pastor of Notre Dame Church, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

ANOTHER alumnus, REV. THOMAS F. COAKLEY, D. D., '03, has contributed a great number of brochures to the cause of Catholic Apologetics. The Catholic Truth Society has recently printed a pamphlet over his name, entitled: "Christian Science and the Catholic Church—A Deadly Parallel". "Multitudes are of the opinion," he says in the preface, "that it is possible to be a follower of Mrs. Eddy without violating any essential doctrines of Christianity. To dispel all such misapprehension, a comparison has been made between the teachings of the Catholic Church and those of Christian Science,—the latter doctrines being taken *verbatim* from the recognized text-book of that sect, 'Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures,' by Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy. The best refutation of Christian Science," Dr. Coakley concludes, "is Christian Science itself."

AN interesting pre-Lenten wedding was that of Miss Flora Friday Gurley, sister of GABRIEL F. GURLEY, '13, to DR. RICHARD J. MORONEY, '04, at the home of the bride's sister in Bedford, Pa. Dr. Moroney has built up a fine practice in the Bellefield district, while his bride is a talented and popular young lady in the East

End. They have our most cordial wishes for length of years in wedded bliss.

DR. CHARLES DUFFY, '05, himself no infrequent visitor to Duquesne, brought up to the Bluff recently an old boarder now settled down in his far Arkansas home, THEODORE LAUX, '07. "Teddy" is doing well, and reports that "STEVE" LAUX, his contemporary, is also prospering.

PAUL C. ACKERS, '09, is a stenographer in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He is getting valuable experience in the office of the Supervisor of Signals of the Middle Division.

PAUL HAGUE, '08, is associated with the Flannery Company, in the radium and vanadium business. He returned not long ago from Colorado, where the Company has mines.

A CARD from the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes announced that ALEXIS SZABO, '07, made a pilgrimage thither after his recovery from a serious illness. He is still pursuing his studies in art on the Continent.

DR. C. E. HARMAN, '04, has offices at Carothers Avenue and Hill Street, Carnegie, Pa.

JOHN V. O'CONNOR, '12, has received from the Department of Public Instruction a Certificate authorizing him to teach anywhere, any subject of the primary school, high school, or college programmes. This testimonial to his scholarship was awarded after a detailed examination.

Two deaths that were brought to our notice rather tardily, we here record. WILLIAM McMULLEN, student in the Scientific Department in 1912-'13, died suddenly in the early part of February.

The mother of PHILIP DUGAN, '11, passed to her reward on February 7. Our heartfelt condolence to the bereaved ones, and our prayers for the repose of the departed, is our tribute to their memory.

HERBERT MANSMANN, '13, writes interestingly of University life in Philadelphia. He finds his work at the Wharton School of Commerce very attractive. He entered his name as a candidate for the Freshman crew. We hope he has been successful.

SOMETHING
AND A HONEYMOON

RACY !
TOO !



INTERESTED ALREADY ?

KNEW YOU'D BE !

GIRLS ? PLENTY OF THEM !

IMITATIONS, OF COURSE

BUT CLEVAH !

NO, WE DON'T ASK YOU TO

COME

BUT YOU COULDN'T STAY

AWAY

IF YOU KNEW



THE DATE ?

MAY 25

THE PLACE ?

LYCEUM THEATRE

THE PRICE ?

CHEAP AT ANY

THOSE TO BLAME ?

THE DUQUOMEDY CLUB

WOT FOR ?

THIS :

BACHELOR'S

HONEYMOON

Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXI.

May, 1914.

No. 8.

Summer.

I'M coming along with a bounding pace,
To finish the work that Spring begun;
I've left them all with a brighter face,
The flow'rs in the vales through which I've run.

I've roused the laugh of the playful child,
Enticed it out in the sunny noon;
All Nature at my approach hath smiled—
E'en night itself 'neath the silvery moon.

For this is my life, my glorious reign,
And I'll queen it well in my leafy bower,
All shall be bright in my rich domain,
I'm queen of the leaf, the bud, and flower.

And I'll reign in triumph till *Autumn* time
Shall conquer my youthful, verdant pride,
Then I'll hie me to another clime,
Till I'm called again as a *Sunny Bride*.

—FIDIUS.

Black Diamonds.

A KNOWLEDGE of the marvels that a single piece of coal possesses within itself, which, in obedience to the processes of man's invention, it is always willing to exhibit to an observant inquirer, is indeed limited to a select few. This vincible ignorance is to be regretted, in view of the vital part which this unpretentious piece of matter plays in the commercial, industrial and domestic life of every civilized people, and especially when we consider that this carbonized vegetation of a past age is at present the chief source of our industrial supremacy as a nation. Rare indeed is the man for whom this humble product of the earth holds no allurements, and for whom its application is not a source of immediate interest. Not only does it touch directly the domain of the botanist, the geologist and the physicist, but it also, in an indirect way, commands the attention of the chemist, the sanitarian and the merchant. Within recent years its study has constantly revealed new wonders, new resources, new powers; and all this, coupled with the fact that it touches our domestic affairs in fashions innumerable, has given rise to many of our most important and perplexing problems. Thus, treating more or less directly with the subject of coal, we have such widely discussed questions as the Smoke Nuisance, the Conservation of Energy, the Regulation of Transportation, etc. It seems therefore evident that an intimate knowledge of this product is not only beneficial to an individual in any pursuit in life, but indispensable to those upon whom the solution of those vital problems rests.

To arrive at the origin of this familiar fuel which furnishes warmth and light to the earth, while it pollutes the atmosphere of our cities with its unconsumed particles, we must in imagination travel backward through ages of time to a dim, remote period of the world's history. At that period there flourished a vegetation remarkable both for its luxuriance and its extension, which, dying out in time, formed a consolidated mass of vegetable matter. In the course of geological changes these beds of compressed vegetation became gradually depressed, so that marine and fresh water sediment was deposited over them, and then once more the vegetation spread and flourished to furnish another accumulation of vegetable matter. This in turn became submerged and buried under sediment, and so on with successive alternations of organic and sedimentary deposits. By a slow

process of chemical decomposition without access of air, modified also by the mechanical pressure of superincumbent formations, the vegetable deposits accumulated in this manner have, in the lapse of ages, become transformed into the substance now familiar to us as coal.

As regards its composition, coal is decidedly a carbon compound, derived undoubtedly from the excessive amount of this element, which was at one time present in the tissues of trees and other plant matter from which coal has been evolved. Of all known elements carbon is perhaps the most fascinating to the chemist, in as much as it is so widely extended, and combined under such varied forms. In addition to carbon there is present in all forms of coal, a certain amount of volatile matter, ash, and water, but it is upon the very first of all these elements that the quality and value of the coal primarily depends, since it is a necessary constituent for complete combustion. It is on this basis, viz., the relative percentage of carbon present, that we distinguish the three familiar grades of coal, Lignite, Bituminous and Anthracite, which contain about 50, 75 and 90 per cent. of this element respectively.

It is a fact worthy of note that each of these varieties represents a distinct period in the formation of coal, and establishes the fact that its production is principally a question of time. Thus the initial stage in the evolution of this product is found according to many geologists in that familiar form of fuel, known as peat. This is used extensively in Ireland, Brittany and Holland, where the sight of a peat fire with its super-abundant volumes of smoke is a typical scene, especially in the villages and homes of the lower classes. It is formed by the slow decay of roots and other vegetable matter under water, and is usually found near the surface. It is composed of an excessive amount of volatile matter and little carbon. The first real form of coal, however, appears as Lignite, which possesses a much higher proportion of carbon, owing to the fact that it has had the advantage of pressure and heat distributed over a greater period of time. The last two forms, Bituminous and Anthracite, represent the last two periods in its formation, and prove the fact that the longer the period in which the vegetable matter has been imbedded in the earth, the closer it approaches to pure carbon, and correspondingly increases in value.

The study of carbon in its various stages and compounds, reveals to the chemist another interesting and wonderful example

of the wide application to which nature subjects certain elements. The only distinction between the brilliant diamond that ornaments the person of a reigning society queen, and an ordinary piece of coal that warms the cottage of the humblest peasant is a mere distinction of time. Chemically considered the diamond and an ordinary lump of coal are practically the same—both are composed of carbon, yet the former, because of the fact that it has been imbedded in the earth, and subjected to a great pressure, centuries before the carboniferous or coal producing period, is in a much purer, harder and more crystalline state. Because of this close similarity in composition, the term "Black Diamonds" has often been applied to coal itself.

Many chemists, taking advantage of this fact, have endeavored to produce diamonds by artificial means. Theoretically there is nothing opposed to the accomplishment of their scheme. According to their calculations all that is required is to subject a piece of coal or other highly carbonified compound to an enormous heat and pressure—equal to that which the carbon would have received if permitted to lie imbedded in the earth over vast periods of time, until the diamond was evolved by a natural process, for it is a well-defined law of chemistry that a great amount of heat applied during a short space of time, is equivalent to a small amount of heat distributed over a long period. However in experimental chemistry there is one great draw-back in the working of this theory, viz., the inability to discover a vessel durable enough to withstand the enormous heat to which the carbon must be subjected. It would be interesting to conjecture, what would be the probable effect upon our present standard of metals and precious stones, if some fortunate inventor were to flood the diamond market of the world with such "artificial products."

As a direct result of the study of the composition of each, the consideration of another vital and pressing problem is forced upon us, which not only concerns the industrial world, but holds a deep interest for all true lovers of the artistic and the beautiful. I refer to the enormous waste of energy which is constantly ascending into the clouds in the guise of interminable lines and columns of black smoke issuing from all the manufacturing establishments of our large cities. These streams of black soot, which are in reality composed of pieces of unburnt carbon, represent a total loss, due to imperfect combustion. These minute particles instead of being utilized to produce additional

energy, are cast off and become messengers of destruction, for in obedience to that homely maxim of gravitation, "whatever goes up must come down," they are carried into the atmosphere, only to fall again upon the clothes of some unoffending mortal, on the the lawns and vegetation about our homes, or on the architectural splendors of our cities. Various devices have been tried to obviate this nuisance but none have yet been found satisfactory. Herein lies another great problem for those of inventive skill, for the solution of this question will confer on mankind a twofold service; negatively, by ending the reign of destruction wrought by poisonous gases upon property, and positively, by reclaiming, as a source of additional profit, the incalculable energies, wasted in the imperfect combustion of our coal.

However, to estimate with any degree of correctness the wonders that lie hidden *in potentia* in a modest lump of coal, we should not fail to examine the varied and numerous products resulting from its distillation. Already these compose a most surprising array, and additional ones are being constantly discovered. This process of coal-distillation, which was first introduced to supply the demand for coke, has now become a great source of wealth, owing to the immense value of the by-products, the most important of which are ammonia, tar, dyes and combustible gases.

Lavishly as Nature has provided us with this source of power and wealth, the question may be asked whether we are not drawing too liberally on our capital. The problem of the coal supply rises up from time to time, and the public mind is periodically agitated about the prospects of its discontinuance. Geologists claim, in spite of the enormous quantity of fuel which the earth has already given up to man, that it has not materially affected our supply, and that the possibility of a coal famine should cause no immediate anxiety; but, as we cannot "eat our loaf, and have it too," sooner or later this continuous drain upon our coal resources must make itself felt. Yet when this period arrives we should have no reason to anticipate an end of our coal supply, for many experts upon this subject assure us that when the present coal-fields have yielded up their last ton, the great coal beds of the future will be found in the tropics, for the rich and luxuriant vegetation which is so essential to production of coal, and which is ever present there, would seem to indicate that after time and pressure have accomplished their task, these regions, so beautiful in their products, will also supply the great coal markets of the world for all generations yet to come.

EDWARD A. HEINRICH, '14.

Henryk Sienkiewicz.

SIENKIEWICZ was born in 1845 in Russia-Poland, and spent most of his student days in Warsaw. In 1876-1877 he came to California with a party including Madame Modjeska. The party attempted to establish a kind of socialistic community to further the cause of art, but the enterprise was a failure. Sienkiewicz returned to Poland and began his literary career, while Madame Modjeska became one of the chief ornaments of the English stage for at least a quarter of a century. The three well-known Polish romances of our author were all written in the eighties. About this time he was also engaged in the composition of purely realistic works which constitute the most original part of his literary production.

"The Children of the Soil", which many people consider his masterpiece, is a novel, strictly constructed and thoroughly executed. Sienkiewicz himself regards it as his favorite work, although he does not say why.

"Without Dogma" is a story of psychological analysis. This Sienkiewicz deems his most powerful and impressive work.

It is evident that he does not consider himself primarily a maker of historical romances, for during the nineties he returned to this form of fiction, producing his Roman panorama called "Quo Vadis", which is by far the most popular of all his works. Like "Ben-Hur", it has been successfully dramatized, and, in this new form, has attained wide popularity.

Towards the end of the century Sienkiewicz wrote another massive historical romance called "The Knights of the Cross", and this was followed by the so-called "Trilogy of Sienkiewicz", which consisted of "With Fire and Sword", "The Deluge" and "Pan Michael".

For the most part the works are epics rather than novels. "The Trilogy" bears the same relation to the wars waged in Poland, as the Iliad of Homer bears to the struggle carried on at Troy. The scope and flow of his narrative, the portraits of the individual heroes, the impassioned and highly poetic style, are all qualities characteristic of epic poetry. He shows intense patriotism throughout, and even makes the non-Slavonic reader envy the sensations of native readers. That the poet is also a philosopher is seen by the reasons brought out in his "Trilogy" to show the cause of Poland's downfall.

With regard to "Pan Michael" the much-discussed character that appears as an old white-haired, stout, resourceful humorist

called Zagloba—who seems to be better at bottles than at battles, yet is bold when policy and occasion require—Sienkiewicz develops him with much the same subtle skill and affectionate solicitude as Dickens developed Mr. Pickwick, though Zagloba in "*Pan Michael*", does not appear at first to be a striking image, but, later on, seems a far sweeter and more mellow character.

In power of description on a large scale, Sienkiewicz has a place among the world's greatest masters of fiction. His pictures of the boundless steppes by day and by night and through the varying seasons of the year, leave permanent impressions in the mind. This is especially true of his graphic description of battle scenes.

But at times Sienkiewicz becomes merely sensational. There is no excuse for his frequent descent into loathsome and horrible details. Witness the minute description of "*The Deluge*", where the author's highest skill is shown, not in the portrayal of moving incidents by flood and field, but in the regeneration of Kmita. He passes through a long period of slow moral obscurity, which ultimately brings him from darkness into light. "*Pan Michael*" is a great book, not because it is full of bloody incidents and shows the horrors of war and pain, but because it presents the character of a hero made perfect solely through suffering, and every sword-stroke develops, not only his arm, but his spirit as well.

It is true that English novelists have shone in both realism and romance. We cannot label our author a re-incarnation of Scott or Dumas, for genius always refuses to be classified; we do not, however, hesitate to accord him a great measure of pre-eminence over other realistic novelists.

Sienkiewicz may be said to have a great deal of Christianity stored up. This is especially apparent in the historical romance, "*Quo Vadis*". The story is a glorification of Christianity and of Christian ethics and belief. The despised Christians discovered the secret of life which the cultured Petronius sought in vain. It was hidden from the wise and prudent, and revealed to the little ones. The influence of Lygia on Vinicius is equivalent to placing him in a totally different environment, precisely the same as the influence of Marynia on Pan Stanislaus. Nero, on the other hand, is a very striking character, very distinct from all others, possessing supreme command over all his subjects; very severe when his wish is not fulfilled, and glorying in the punishment of his rivals.

Sienkiewicz then is a mighty man; indeed, someone has ironically called him a literary blacksmith. Compared with the numerous English, French and German writers, he shows himself to be always up to the standard, and in some cases above it.

In his own country Sienkiewicz is idolized, for his single pen has done more than many years of tumultuous discussion to put Poland back on the map of Europe. At the exercises commemorating the five hundredth anniversary of the University of Cracow, the late President Gilman, who had the well-deserved honor of speaking for the Universities of America, said: "America thanks Poland for three great names: Copernicus to whom all the world is indebted; Kosciuszko, who spilled blood for American Independence; and Sienkiewicz, whose name is a household word in thousands of American homes, and who has introduced Poland to the American people."

VINCENT V. STANCELEWSKI, '15



Moral Bravery.

THE coward, yea, the traitor, that is he
 The standard of the risen Lord forsakes,
 The narrow, thorny path resolved to flee,
 The broad and easy road, instead, he takes.

But look! who yonder cometh with the Cross—
 The soldier of the Lord, serene and brave—
 The pleasures of the world he holds as dross,
 His own immortal soul intent to save!

Temptation oft alluringly will strive
 To lead us, from the noble Cross, to sin.
 But if, with prayer, the tempter forth we drive,
 As loyal soldiers, in the end we'll win!

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.

Are the Plants Inhabited?

WITHIN the last century we have made great progress in the many departments of science, especially in Astronomy. Men have performed experiments and calculations which are little short of the miraculous. They have accomplished the paradoxical feat of weighing the earth; they have calculated the mass of each of the planets of our solar system, as well as its distance from the sun; they have invented powerful telescopes, which seem to bring the planets within hailing distance; but no one has yet proved that any of these planets are inhabited by human beings like ourselves, and probably no one will ever prove it. In fact, the conditions existing on the planets seem to disprove not only the probability, but even the possibility of these planets' being inhabited.

Conditions existing on the planet Venus are such as to exclude all animal and planet life. Venus is much nearer the sun than we are, the earth being on an average of 92,000,000 miles from the sun, while Venus is only about 66,000,000 miles from the sun. Furthermore, Venus has always had one hemisphere turned toward the sun and one turned away from it. Consequently it is always daytime and summer in one-half of Venus, always night and winter on the other half; and as Venus is about 26,000,000 miles nearer the sun than we are, it must be about twice as hot on her day side as it ever is at our equator. This is found by applying the law of physics which states that "heat varies inversely as the square of the distance through which it travels." But on her night side, where a ray of sunshine has never shone, it must be so cold that the air is liquified, if not solidified. Hence it can easily be seen that Venus could not possibly be inhabited by beings like ourselves.

Measuring the air or gas enveloping Venus, we find it is twice as high as our air, and if it is like our atmosphere it must be twice as dense. Now if our air were twice as high as it is, it would press with a weight of about 30 pounds to the square inch on us, in place of only about 15 pounds, as it does now. No man or animal could live under that pressure all the time. Men building tunnels and caissons under this enormous pressure can work only about three hours at a time, and many die.

Mercury, like Venus, keeps one hemisphere always turned towards the sun, so life there would have the same difficulties to overcome as on Venus. Moreover, Mercury has neither air nor water, absolutely necessary for any living organism. Mercury is

35,000,000 miles from the sun, so that it would be about 3.5 times as hot on Mercury as it would on Venus, and nearly seven times as hot as on our equator. No living organism could live in this intense heat.

Every little while, accounts of imaginary beings living on Mars are published by people who do not take into account all the conditions required for life. It is true that on Mars we find an atmosphere, and even water. But Mars has only a quarter as much atmosphere as our world on each square mile of surface. This means that its atmosphere is thinner than ours at an altitude of ten miles. This air is too rare to support life.

But the main argument of those attempting to prove that Mars is inhabited is the presence of the canals. These canals are a network of dark colored bands covering the surface of Mars. Schiaparelli, an Italian astronomer, was not the first to notice them, but he has found so many that they are by common consent called "Schiaparelli's canals." Mr. Percival Lowell, and the observers associated with him, at Flagstaff, Arizona, have mapped a large number of canals not detected by Schiaparelli. According to Lowell, these canals describe perfect arcs of the great circles of the Martian globe. Since an arc of a great circle is the shortest distance between two points on the surface of a sphere, this means that each canal is the shortest possible; in other words, they seem to have been constructed by an intelligent race of beings. There are about 400 canals, and of the oases, the points where two or more canals meet, there are nearly 200, varying in size from 35 to 150 miles in diameter. Who can imagine that this vast work has been accomplished by mortals like ourselves?

Schiaparelli has suggested that they may be natural waterways through which the waters caused by the melting of the polar snows flow toward the equator. Mars, like the earth, is capped at the North and South Poles by vast masses of snow and ice. As summer approaches in the Northern Hemisphere, the white area of the North Pole gradually diminishes, and the dark canals become visible in proportion. Others suggest that we do not see the canals at all, that the dark band which we do see is not the canal itself, but the vegetation extending for several miles on both sides of the canal. This, they say, would explain why the "canals" are visible in summer and invisible in winter. However, this does not affect the main argument. The chief contention seems to be the geometrical exactness of the canals. But those who put this forth as a proof that Mars is inhabited seem

to forget that man did not invent the principles of geometry, and that these principles existed in the universe before man made his appearance. What is more likely than that these canals are but the natural results of equally natural causes? Their exactness, instead of arguing against their natural formation, is rather a proof of it. What artificial structure is so mathematically exact as the snow-flake? Yet man has nothing whatever to do in its formation. After weighing all the above possibilities, eminent astronomers have come to the conclusion that Mars is not inhabited.

To those enthusiasts who proposed to communicate with the "inhabitants of Mars," Sir Robert Ball derisively suggested that they wave a flag the size of Ireland in order to attract the Martians. Such a flag might be about as conspicuous as a postage stamp viewed at a distance of three miles.

On the remaining planets of our solar system, conditions are such as to destroy our form of organic life. Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, have such low densities, combined with large size, that nothing solid can be on them. They are formed of metallic vapors, clouds of metals so hot that nothing solid can exist on their surfaces. Any living organism would be instantly destroyed.

Thus of the eight planets in the solar system, the earth is the only one having the conditions necessary for organic life. The moon can readily be disregarded as an abode for man, when we come to consider that it is without atmosphere and water. But these conditions of heat, light, and atmosphere, are not all that go to make our earth the ideal planet for organic life. The very position of the earth in the center of the universe would seem to prove that it was made to be the abode of man. The latest discoveries of science prove that the Milky Way is a vast ring bounding the whole universe, and that our solar system is near the center of this huge ring, where comets, meteorites, and other wandering bodies are comparatively few. This is important, since, if the earth were in a region nearer the Milky Way, where these errant bodies are numerous, all life would be destroyed by the constant bombardment of the flying rocks, and the earth itself would be heated to a degree where it could not sustain life, by the friction caused by the frequent collisions. Thus with each new discovery of science we find that this world alone has all the wonderfully created and developed conditions for the support of life.

Obstinacy.

THE water-wagon I will ride,
Gay Bacchus' suite I'll leave;
To smoke cigars and rings to blow
I'll quit, nor will I grieve.

No more those wieners will I eat;
Red-heads I'll try to love;
And, though at times I'll fail in this,
I'll be a gentle dove.

From fans' long ranks I will withdraw,
To games no longer go;
To pedagogy classes come,
Where words of wisdom flow!

My teeth I'll give, if you so ask,
My wig I will take off,
And calmly suffer cruel wags
At my bald head to scoff.

Mechanics, "trig" and chemistry
These pleasures I'll resign;
You'd have still more?—Then be it so:
E'en verses I'll decline.

Gay Horace and old Cicero
From memory I'll wipe;—
But claim not this inspiring tube:
I'll not give up my pipe.

JOSEPH S. SZEPE, '15.



SANCTUM

Editorial.

The Catholic, And Civic Aims.

JUST as telepathic influence is said to pervade all places except the spot from which it proceeds, so civic aim has often objective extensions instead of personal confinement. Civic ambition cannot do better than to attempt the attainment of what is morally the best even to the exclusion of scientific and intellectual elements. We should strive after the superlative pearl and not be content with a meaner jewel. It is indeed hard to forego something confessedly worthy, in the name of something surpassing. The stars of heaven, the flowers of earth, are glorious things as are painting and music and the arts of education. But over and above all these there is probity, along with the transcendent qualities of soul, which should be gained even at the loss of intellectual progression.

The astronomer is ever willing to renounce inferior lenses for telescopes more lucent and powerful. The botanist strips his conservatory to obtain a flower of consummate beauty. The musician disposes of his dearest violins for a Cremona. The artist sells his collection of paintings for a Titian or a Raphael. In every sphere of commercial life, he is ruined who hesitates about discarding the good for the better and the best. In the moral order, shall we forego sacrifice of meaner pearls for the pearl of greater price? No, we should not. It was just here that the Jews stumbled. They felt that they had inherited in their Scriptures a string of shining pearls, and they were loathe to part with them for the superlative pearl of Christianity. They, like the Christianity-rejecting pagan peoples of to-day, did not see that in Christianity they would have the old elements which they

loved included in the surpassing religion of the new dispensation. They failed to mark that Christianity did not discard their sacred psalms and hymns and histories, but only supplemented them.

So, too, the astronomer, who has exchanged poor instruments for a powerful magnifying-glass, sees all his old sky and a patch of star-studded space he never knew before. The botanist finds all the satisfactions of his former flowers in the one perfect plant which he obtains by bartering them. There are transcendent tonal qualities in the Cremona which is exchanged for a host of cherished violins. The artist finds all the artistic merits of his gallery of pictures summed up in one Raphael. And so, too, ought the citizen to throw aside intellectual and civic preferment and strive after what is morally high and good—strive after this, first, and the other things of progress and society will be naturally sequent.

It should be especially characteristic of the Catholic to seek first the kingdom of God and His justice and all other things in the kingdom, or country, of men will be added. Man should not have conflicting ambitions in his breast. The vivisector takes a spider and a butterfly in the pupa stage and by a delicate surgical operation combines elements of the two insects and when the 'freak' matures and emerges, we have an insect torn by hopeless antagonisms—a passion for dull premises and restriction, in so far as spider; and a passion for the bright sunlight, in so far as butterfly; and this is but a pale metaphor of the heart of man violated by inconsistent desires. Man must choose the lesser or greater moral good, must be either spider or butterfly. But the Catholic worthy of the name must be always a butterfly, soaring, seraph-like, into the sunlight of God, and the pure ethers of holiness, if he is to be a joy, a blessing and an attraction to his country.

M. J. HEGERICH, '14.



An Unwelcome Appointment.

IN the latter half of the nineteenth century, a "toy" dominion in the northern part of Italy so estimated its own ability and developed such a high opinion of its own vocation that it deemed itself the liberator of Italy, the founder of a unified Italy. Assisted by such reckless men as Garibaldi and by such diplomats

as the Count Cavour, the King, Victor Emmanuel II, soon had all Italy, except the papal states, the patrimony of St. Peter, under his control. All the daring of Garibaldi and all the sophistry of Cavour could not wrest this territory from the Pope as long as the French upheld the papal power. But with the fall of Napoleon III, the policy of France was changed and the French troops were withdrawn. Almost immediately did the Sardinian troops take possession of the land in the name of their king.

One would suppose that the government should be content with such a monstrous theft without giving further insult to the spiritual director of Christendom. But no; contumely is being heaped upon him every day. Even now official Italy is contemplating a fresh insult, the appointment of Ernesto Nathan as her delegate to the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Italy seems determined to uphold her choice of a man who is a "wandering" adventurer; who has risen in politics by most unscrupulous methods; who, while mayor of Rome, mocked, insulted and sneered at the faith we hold so dear; who stretched the Law of Papal Guarantees to its limit to attack the venerable Vicar of Christ upon earth. Is this a proper man to represent such a nation as respectable as Italy pretends to be? Does Italy prefer to send an alien to our shores, rather than one of her own true sons? In fine, does she wish to have a "Nathan" come to America seeking his "pound of flesh" from the 16,000,000 sons of Holy Mother Church?

If Italy perseveres in her choice and the management of the Exposition recognizes it, no Catholic who knows that the Pope is Christ's representative on earth, will have aught to do with the celebration. We do not demand a Catholic representative, but we think a fair-minded man should be sent. If the Italian government respected itself and its people, it would be represented, not by an alien in feelings and language, but by a native-born Italian who respects the rights of all his fellow-countrymen.

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.

Chronicle.

The third term examinations were held in the University, the initial week of April, and the results were proclaimed on Tuesday, April 7, in the presence of the Third Term Faculty and students. Interspersed among Examinations the announcements were the following numbers:

Overture	Northern Lights	<i>Weidt</i>	Orchestra
Recitation	The Little Light		Cornelius H. Becker
Idiotic Rave	Dance of the Lunatics	<i>Allen</i>	Orchestra
Chorus	The Armorer's Song	<i>deKoven</i>	Special Choir
March	The Battle Royal	<i>Allen</i>	Orchestra

The highest honors in their classes went to the following: Junior, Joseph S. Szepe; Sophomore, Jerome D. Hannan; Freshman, Philip N. Buchmann; Fourth Scientific, Thomas W. Kenney; Third Scientific, Perry A. Blundon; Second Scientific, John P. Corrigan; First Scientific, Clarence W. Robertshaw; Advanced Commercial, Vincent N. Steinkirchner; Second Commercial, J. J. O'Connor; First Commercial, Santino J. Pasquinelli; Fourth High, Linus P. McGuiness; Third High, James M. McCarthy; Second High A, Gerard V. Buchele; Second High B, Michael J. Shortley; First High A, Edmund A. Urbaniak; First High B, Francis Kron; Second Prep., Leo Malinski; First Prep., Carl H. Hafermann.

The number of honor cards distributed was unusually large, despite the fact that the Seniors, owing to their finals in May, did not take the examination.

On Wednesday, April 8, Easter vacation commenced, extending to the following Wednesday. On that day began the fourth and final term of the school year. The students summoned their scattered strength for the final lap, to reach the goal that will bring the year '13-'14 to a successful and brilliant close.

The Freshmen gave their final public debate of the year on Sunday, April 19. Whether Jupiter Pluvius looks with disdain or pity upon the Class of '17, we know not, nor Freshman Debate do we even surmise. The young men in question are inclined to believe it is the latter, and suspicion points that way, for on such occasions as Freshman entertainments and debates, J. P. takes to refreshing the thirsty earth with something more substantial than gentle

dew. Yes, there is such a thing as a blessing in disguise! Due credit must be given the debaters for the manner in which they handled the subject, showing careful preparation and forethought. No amount of reasoning, however, would convince the audience that wealth was really beneficial to a nation, so the negative speakers carried off the victory. Their success is doubtless due in some measure to Jerome Hannan, who responded to the chairman's call for "remarks from the audience" with some pointed and telling observations. The programme:

Overture	Strathmore	<i>Bennet</i>	Orchestra
Recitation	The Circus Boy		C. H. Dyson
Vocal Duet	My Old Kentucky Home	<i>Foster</i>	
	T. Ford, H. Fuchs		
Recitation	Coeur de Leon at the Bier of His Father		
	M. F. Obruba		
Novelty	That Sneaky Glide	<i>Morse</i>	Orchestra
Recitation	Selected		J. D. Hannan
Vocal Solo	Across the Great Divide		B. J. Wood
Recitation	The Tiger Lily		B. J. Wood
Chorus	It Was the Cat	<i>Sullivan</i>	
	Freshmen and Sophomores		
Valse Caprice	Foam Fountains	<i>Boehnlein</i>	Orchestra

DEBATE—Resolved, That Wealth Really Benefits a Nation.

Chairman—T. A. Drengacz

Affirmative—J. F. Kernan, W. J. Fritz

Negative—C. J. Beggy, M. J. McGurk.

A Solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated on Wednesday morning, April 22, for the repose of the soul of Lawrence V. Kreuer, whose untimely death was chronicled in our last issue. The Mass was said at the request of the First Scientific class of which he was a member.

The students, under the skillful direction of Rev. J. F. Malloy, sang the Mass. Plaintive, indeed, was the grand old Gregorian Requiem, and the earnestness and pathos of the voices, was an evident expression of their sorrow for their absent companion.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



THE ' VARSITY.

TO date the 'Varsity baseball contingent has amply verified the most sanguine hopes of all its followers, and is in consequence upholding the high reputation achieved by its repeated successes on the diamond for many seasons past. Although the boys obtained a very unauspicious start by losing the first contest to W. and J., yet they were by no means disheartened or discouraged by this, as is attested by the fact, that they came out victorious in all the succeeding contests up to the present writing. With the helpful and experienced guidance of their Manager, Father Roehrig, and under the capable direction of Capt. "Danny" Phelan, the team has now been whipped into a winning combination, and much greater things are expected of the 'Varsity for the remainder of the season. The major portion of the team's success so far should be credited to Harenski, who, besides bearing the reputation of one of the best pitchers in college ranks, has aided the team wonderfully by his great willingness and ability for work.

During the first part of the season the team was handicapped by having several of its best games cancelled, which somewhat retarded the boys from rounding into form as early as usual. The contests scheduled with Pittsburgh Athletics, W. and J. and St. Francis were knocked out by rain, while that with St. Bonaventure's was unfortunately curtailed in the first inning by the forfeit route, when the visitors refused to abide by a decision of the umpire. However Mgr. Carlin has some good games still remaining on his schedule, and it is hoped that the team will experience the same success in these as in the first part of the season.

DUQUESNE 3—W. & J. 5.

The season was formally opened on April 21, when for the first time in years, the 'Varsity was downed in its initial home

contest. W. and J. was the team to turn the trick, but they did not accomplish it until they had indulged in 10 innings of the hardest fought baseball. Harenski was on the mound for the locals, and pitched good ball, although a trifle wild at times owing to the cold weather. Tracy became the batting hero of the fray when in the third round he hit for a homer over right field fence, scoring one run ahead of him.

The game was always in doubt until the 10th inning when owing chiefly to the wildness of Harenski, the visitors registered twice, which lead Duquesne was unable to overcome. The score:

DUQUESNE	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.	W. & J.	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Tracy, 2.....	1	1	0	2	0	Moser, 3.....	1	1	0	3	0
Sweeney, m.....	0	1	3	0	0	Speigel, m.....	2	0	3	0	0
Phelan, 1.....	0	0	11	0	0	Bovil, r.....	0	0	3	0	0
Smith, s.....	0	1	1	1	1	Leydig, 2.....	1	0	2	2	0
Ringel, r.....	1	0	1	0	0	Heyman, 1.....	0	0	3	1	0
Williams, l.....	0	0	0	1	0	Goodwin, s.....	0	0	1	2	0
Welsh, 3.....	0	1	1	2	0	Nuss, 1.....	1	0	12	1	1
Hunter, c.....	0	1	13	0	2	Schwab, c.....	0	1	5	1	0
Harneski, p.....	1	1	0	2	1	Nicholson, p.....	0	1	1	5	0
Totals.....	3	6	30	8	4	Totals.....	5	3	30	15	1
Wash-Jeff.....	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	—5
Duquesne.....	0	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—3

Home run—Tracy. Bases on balls—Off Harenski 5, off Nickolson 2. Struck out—By Harenski 12, by Nicholson 2. Hit by pitched ball—Leydig, Nuss. Passed ball—Hunter.

DUQUESNE 2—BETHANY 0.

The 'Varsity secured revenge in the next contest by handing a shut-out to Bethany College, thanks to the wonderful twirling of Harenski who had the visitors completely at his mercy, and allowed only two hits. Besides pitching air-tight ball "Joe" was also the batting hero of the fray when he connected for a triple and a double. Welsh also hit well annexing a double and a single.

Rodgers, who was on the slab for Bethany, also pitched excellent ball, this making the game very close and interesting throughout. The score:

DUQUESNE	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.	BETHANY	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Tracy, 2.....	0	0	0	5	1	Ratcliffe, m.....	0	0	2	0	0
Sweeney, m.....	0	0	1	0	0	Burgan, c.....	0	0	5	0	0
Phelan, 1.....	0	0	16	0	0	Rodgers, p.....	0	1	1	4	0
J. Smith, s.....	1	1	2	5	0	Harris, 2.....	0	0	0	1	0
Welsh, 3.....	0	2	1	1	0	Horn, 1.....	0	0	1	0	0
Shortley, 1.....	0	0	0	0	0	Hagey, r.....	0	1	1	0	0
Ringel, r.....	0	0	0	0	0	Smith, l.....	0	0	10	0	0
Hunter, c.....	1	0	7	1	0	Farar, s.....	0	0	3	2	3
Harenski, p.....	0	2	0	3	1	Batch, 3.....	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.....	2	5	27	15	2	Totals.....	0	2	24	7	3

Three-base hit—Harenski. Two-base hits—Harenski, J. Smith, Welsh, Rodgers. Bases on balls—Off Rodgers 1. Struck out—By Harenski 7, by Rodgers 5. Sacrifice hits—Tracy and Shortley. Passed ball—Burgan. Umpire—Delaney.

DUQUESNE 5—GROVE CITY 1.

The Grove City College nine which was the next attraction on the Bluff, also went down to defeat, the final count being 5-1. For a time the game was a pitchers' battle between Harenski and Veach, but the Duquesne batters finally solved the latter's delivery and piled up a five run lead which was never overtaken. Veach led in strike-outs having 10 to Harenski's 9. The former, however, lost this slight advantage by his wildness as he issued six free passes. Welsh was again the batting star with three bingles. The score:

DUQUESNE	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.	GROVE CITY	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Tracy, 2.....	0	0	1	0	0	Thorn, 1.....	0	0	12	0	0
Sweeney, m.....	0	0	0	0	0	Hazlewood, 2.....	1	0	0	1	0
Phelan, 1.....	0	1	8	0	0	Conley, s.....	0	2	0	5	0
Smith, s.....	1	1	4	3	0	Platt, c.....	0	1	9	2	0
Welsh, 3.....	2	3	2	1	3	Veach, p.....	0	1	0	4	0
Shortley, 1.....	1	1	2	0	0	Glenn, l.....	0	0	1	0	0
Ringel, r.....	0	1	0	1	0	H'e'th'rn, m.....	0	1	2	0	0
Hunter, c.....	0	0	9	2	0	O'Malley, 3.....	0	0	0	1	0
Harenski, p.....	1	1	1	3	0	Gaut, r.....	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	5	8	27	10	3	Totals.....	1	5	24	13	1

Two-base hits—Phelan, Welsh, Conley. Sacrifice hits—Sweeney, Shortley, Ringel. Hit by pitched ball—Hazlewood. Bases on balls—Off Harenski 2; off Veach 6. Struck out—By Harenski 9; by Veach 10. Left on bases—Duquesne 7; Grove City 4. Passed ball—Piatt. Wild pitch—Harenski. Umpire—Delaney.

DUQUESNE 12—HIRAM 0.

In one of the wierdest exhibitions of baseball witnessed on the campus in years, the aggregation representing Hiram College suffered a severe jolt at the hands of the locals, in the

shape of a 12-0 beating. From the first moment the game was never in doubt, and it was only a question of how many runs Duquesne could amass.

Ridont pitched a good game for the visitors but received extremely ragged support. The game was called in the seventh inning owing to the cold weather.

DUQUESNE 7—MUSKINGUM 6.

In a game replete with errors on both sides the 'Varsity defeated Muskingum College 7-6. Ryan, who began the twirling for Duquesne, pitched good ball for three innings, but was relieved by Harenski in the fourth, when his wildness threatened trouble. The game was close and hard-fought in every inning, and on several occasions the locals assumed the lead, but only to have it tied up by the visitors in their half. In the eighth, however, Duquesne obtained a one run margin which decided the contest. Hunter and Ringel led in the hitting, each having two bingles. The score:

DUQUESNE	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.	MUSKINGUM	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Tracy, 2.....	0	0	3	4	1	Lemmon, 2.....	0	0	1	1	0
Sweeney, m.....	1	1	1	2	1	Allison, p.....	0	0	0	4	0
Phelan, 1.....	1	0	10	0	0	Morgan, 1.....	1	1	8	0	2
Smith, s.....	0	0	4	2	0	Sinclair, c.....	2	2	8	0	1
Welsh, 3.....	2	1	2	2	1	Arnold, r.....	2	1	2	0	0
Shortley, 1.....	1	1	1	0	1	Bell, 3.....	1	0	0	1	1
Ringel, r.....	2	2	0	0	0	Johnson, 1.....	0	0	1	0	0
Hunter, c.....	0	2	5	2	1	Cain, s.....	0	1	1	1	0
Ryan, p.....	0	0	0	3	0	Garges, r.....	0	0	3	0	0
Ha'nski, p.....	0	0	0	1	0						
Totals.....	7	7	26	15	5	Totals.....	6	5	24	7	4

* Morgan out, not touching first.

Duquesne.....	0	2	0	2	2	0	0	1	*—7
Muskingum.....	0	0	0	4	0	0	2	0	2—6

Two-base hits—Ringel, Shortley. Three-base hits—Welsh, Sinclair. Hit by pitched ball—Morgan, Arnold. Bases on balls—Off Ryan 5, off Harenski 4, off Allison 5. Struck out—By Harenski 4, by Allison 4. Left on bases—Duquesne 6, Muskingum 8. Stolen bases—Sweeney, Smith, Welsh, Arnold. Umpire—Delaney.

E. A. HEINRICH, '14.

THE FRESHMEN.

The Freshman team, in addition to playing practice games with the 'Varsity several times each week, has quite an attractive schedule with outside teams. Father Knaebel is the faculty manager. The playing thus far has been high-class and both games have resulted in victories.

FRESHMEN 7—RILEY A. C. 4.

The Riley Athletic Club from the South Side was the first to fall before the prowess of Capt. King's men. Opportune hitting by the Freshmen and clever base-running were responsible for the victory.

FRESHMEN 7—ATHLETICS 6.

The opponents of the Freshmen in the second game were from Lawrenceville. They played such "classy" ball that it was necessary to prolong the game to ten innings to decide the victor. Burns made a sensational catch in centre field in addition to getting two bingles. Hughes drove in the winning run with a clean hit. The score:

FRESHMEN	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.	ATHLETICS	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
King, s.....	1	2	1	0	3	Flynn, l.....	1	0	0	0	0
Pierotti, 3.....	0	0	3	0	1	Kane, 2.....	1	1	5	3	1
Mueller, c.....	2	0	11	0	1	Kennedy, s.....	1	1	1	2	0
Heinrich, l.....	3	1	3	0	1	Barret, c.....	1	0	2	1	0
Burns, m.....	0	2	2	0	0	Loeffler, 3.....	1	2	2	0	0
Gillis, 2.....	0	0	4	2	0	Coyle, l.....	1	2	13	0	0
Hughes, r.....	1	3	1	0	1	Farrel, r.....	0	0	1	1	0
Jennings, l.....	0	0	5	0	1	Jones, m.....	0	0	2	0	1
A. Harenski, p.....	0	0	0	3	1	Cole, p.....	0	1	2	2	1
Ackerman, p.....	0	0	0	0	0						
Totals.....	7	8	30	5	8	Totals.....	6	7	28	9	3

* Two out when winning run was made.

THE ACADEMICS.

As in former seasons the Academics are again strong contenders for baseball honors, and from present indications will be able to show their heels to any team of their class in this vicinity. Father Baumgartner who has charge of the team this Spring, has arranged a very snappy schedule. T. Connelly has been elected captain.

ACADEMICS 14—AVOGAS 1.

In their opening contest, the Academics met the Avogas

from East Liberty and completely out-classed them, winning by the score of 14 to 1. The Academics evidently have an extremely heavy hitting team for they seemed able to clout the ball at will.

ACADEMICS 13—ELBRONS 4.

In the second game of the season, the Academics were again victorious—a fact which was due largely to the splendid pitching of McGuiness, Loxterman and Gregory, who were each given a chance to perform. The hitting streak of the Academics seems to be chronic. The score, 13-4.

ACADEMICS 5—ORIOLES 1.

On Saturday, May 16, the Orioles from Greenfield, lined up against the Ac's on the campus, and when they departed, they were sadder but wiser "birds." McGuiness pitched a one-hit game for the Academics, and this together with consistent slugging by his team-mates, enabled the Academics to romp away with another very decisive victory, 5-1.

THE JUNIORS.

With their accustomed enthusiasm for sports of all sorts, the Juniors, in due course of time, transferred their affections from basketball to baseball. At the national game they bid fair to equal their fine record in the fall and winter sports.

The roster of the Juniors reads as follows: James Madden, catcher; Hildorfer, pitcher; McCarthy, third; F. Floro, short; O. Floro, second; Reilly, first; Haendler (captain) right; Kiefer, left and pitcher; F. Vatter, middle; J. Vatter, Ford, Fuchs, McEvoy, substitutes. "Mike" Obruba, the star second-baseman of the Academics, is doing the coaching, and Mr. Joseph Sonnefeld is manager. We subjoin the record of games played:

April 26, Juniors 9; S. S. Sokols 8.

May 7, Juniors 5; Holy Cross 10.

May 9, Juniors 10; Holy Cross 9.

May 10, Juniors 17; S. S. Sokols 8.

May 17, Juniors 16; Clover A. C. 13.

May 21, Juniors 10; Sewickley Alerts 6.

PAUL J. GNAU, '18.

Exchanges.

IT is not usually expected that the work in college periodicals should improve with the coming of the "feathered pilgrims" from the south. Poets alone are generally supposed to be incited to more zealous effort by Nature's reawakening; whereas the ordinary mortal, it is thought, is more prone to the attacks of "vernal lassitude", with its stiffness of joints and other attendant discomforts, and thus content to view the budding of the trees and to remain idle.

The fallacy of this popular opinion is demonstrated by *The Exponent*, from St. Mary's College, in the Gem City, a publication which, we are told by one of its first editors, does not come up to the higher standard of the days of yore. The chief fault that we have to find with *The Exponent* is that it is satisfied at times with a minimum of material.

The April number, however, gives evident signs of a break from degeneracy, and excels all other issues that have come under the present writer's personal observation. The improvement shown is an encouraging, and, let us hope, prophetic symptom.

As a university publication, *The Trinitonian*, from Texas, does not rank with the highest. Indeed, the April issue, with four short stories against but one essay, seems to have been possible, thanks only to the efforts of the Freshman class. The editorial staff—saving the "Ex-man"—seem to be content to rest on their laurels. The editorials are chiefly of local interest. Few of the stories are far past Dame Mediocrity's landmark, though they could not be greatly improved owing to their narrow foundations. At least three of them were written by feminine hands. Mr. Editor-in-Chief should beware lest he be accused of favoritism to the gentler sex. "The Dream of International Peace" is an *in nuce* history of the peace-movement, and an argumentative plea for world-peace. The first part of the introduction is rather vague and philosophical, while the entire introduction is scarcely at all to the point. In spite of a lack of smoothness and coherence, the body of the article is good.

The poem, "Each in His Own Tongue", contains some lofty thoughts, and is undoubtedly the best thing *The Trinitonian* presents.

Three unguarded, we almost said unscrupulous, editorials mar the appearance of the March number of an Exchange from the far West, that we have always considered one of the best among those that fall under our hands. Another such casting of the line for notoriety, or whatever the object of the editorials may

have been, and the Exchange, whose name we mercifully withhold, will be on a fair way to being permanently discredited. The vice that should not be mentioned among Christians should certainly not be dwelt on at great length or in plain terms in a college paper. We do not entirely disapprove of Billy Sunday language; but when a fanciful college genius seizes his pen and attacks his foolscap in an attempt to give to the world a pleasurable treatise on Prostitution—"with a capital P"—in various forms, then we think it time to raise our feeble voice in protest. The topics which the author chooses for his editorials are not such as call for enthusiastic and effusive descriptions. Under the guise of denouncement, he holds up to ridicule modern styles and fancies, in satirical language that is as transparent as the gowns of which he apparently delights in speaking. Indecency and vice are unquestionably to be denounced; but the end does not justify the means. Language can be made forcible and condemnatory without being particular and suggestive. The hobble-skirt and its degenerate kindred have received ample cheap advertising. Why give them more? Our visitor from the western coast, we know from experience, is capable of better things. *Verbum sat sapienti.*

JOSEPH S. SZEPE, '15.

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Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXI.

June, 1914

No. 9.

A Hymn to Spring.

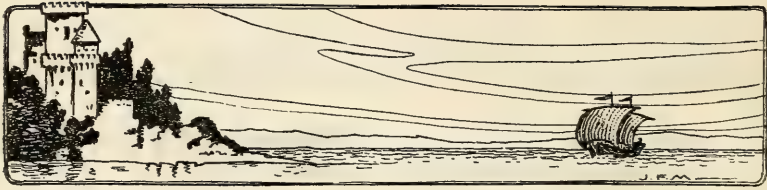
SPRING! let thy breezes fan my hectic cheek,
Bid thy soft Zephyrs cool my fevered brow!
To my worn heart of health and gladness speak,
And at thy shrine forever will I bow!

For, I am weary of the winter's gloom—
My spirit pines for bright unclouded skies;
I sicken for thy breath of sweet perfume,
And my sad lute responds its master's sighs.

My soul's impatient of imprisoning walls,
From the pent city I would haste away
To dream beside the crystal fountain's falls,
And, amid Nature, wake the minstrel's lay!

Come, genial Spring! sister of Hope and Love!
The poet woos thee from thy green retreat;
Come deck with smiles the meadow and the grove,
And bid life's pulse once more with gladness beat.

—FIDIUS.



The Causes of the French Revolution.

IN pursuit of his favorite study, the true student of History meets with a great many remarkable occurrences, with events that interest him, with crimes that horrify him, with deeds that thrill him, and with accomplishments that arouse his enthusiasm, but he meets with no political event, though he search the pages of History from the dawn of civilized life to the present, that is more wonderful or further reaching in its effects than the French Revolution. This titanic upheaval of the low against the elevated "surpasses all other revolutions the world has ever seen in its completeness, the largeness of its theatre, the long preparation for it, the enunciation by it of new points of view in politics, its swift degradation into imperialism, its influence upon the modern history of Europe." The French Revolution does not owe its superiority to its chronological precedence; ever since the establishment of the first national government, there have been revolts and rebellions against the constituted authority. Babylon, Assyria, Greece, Rome, Judea,—all these witnessed and passed through revolutions; the American Revolution,—the only one, by the way, that can be said even to approach the French Revolution in extensiveness of effects,—had preceded it by several years; but no country, whether before or since the French Revolution, has been harrassed by a revolution of the magnitude and importance of that which prostrated France.

Some of these revolutions have been national in extent; others were confined to a single state or province for their theatre. The French Revolution is the only one that has involved the whole of a Continent in its throes and thralls. Several in the ranks of the important rebellions in the world's history have been prompted by ambition and greed on the part of some demagogue; others were due to an offence on the part of the ruling authority against a single right or principle; only one was undertaken as an armed protest against the circumstances of the

times by a long-suffering democracy. The spark of insurrection had no sooner been struck from the steel of resolution and example, than the tinder of the volatile, enthusiastic French character blazed into a fierce flame that was not to be quenched till it had consumed France, and the heat of the combustion brought forth the marvelous, dynamic character of Napoleon Bonaparte.

For all revolutions there are several contributing factors: first, a favorable concurrence of external circumstances; next, there must be internal faith and conviction; joined with these ideas, there must be a general feeling of misery, wrong, and oppression; and to this train of circumstances, we may rightly attach a directly provoking cause. All these conditions were realized in the case of France towards the end of the Eighteenth Century. The character of Louis XVI., the popular estimate of the character of his unfortunate queen, Marie Antoinette, the ferment of modern ideas,—all these were circumstances directly favorable to an upheaval. The internal convictions were also not wanting; the generous and warm enthusiasm of the French nation in general for such principles as the equality of all men before the law, the sovereignty of the people, the blessings of freedom of the press, of person, and of belief, must not be underestimated as a mighty engine that set the machinery of the Revolution in motion and kept it moving, even though part of it consisted in the guillotine. The requisite feeling of misery, oppression, and wrong was also present; the scandals of the financial administration, frequent famines, excessive taxation, inability of the peasant to better his condition, and the divergence of classes, all contributed to make the population of France feel that the time had come for drastic measures. With France in this condition, it required no more than the dismissal of Necker, the Minister of Finance, the indignation of the populace, and the resulting storming of the Bastille, the old State prison, which the people seemed to regard as the symbol of monarchical oppression. This epochal event occurred on July 14th, 1789, and from that moment may be said to date the French Revolution.

The causes of this stupendous movement are numerous and complex in character, and may best be grouped under five headings, namely, the economical, the political, the social, the religious or philosophical, and last, but by no means least potent, the force of example. Let us begin by treating of the last. That spirit of democracy which had evoked and aroused the American

Revolution, which had led to the birth of a new leader amongst nations, which had been fostered and encouraged by the Continental Rulers through jealousy of England, was destined to have a more potent influence, to play a greater part in their own affairs, than the royal allies of the cause of American freedom had ever suspected. Transported to France by some of her chivalrous sons who had assisted the infant Republic in its initial struggles, these newly aroused principles of liberty and freedom entered among the causes already there at work breaking down the foundations of French society and its bulwark, the Bourbon dynasty, and contributed greatly to hurry forward the tremendous crisis of the French Revolution. The wondrous effect of the news of American independence is History's most eminent instance of the power of example upon nations. It seems probable that, without this inspiring example constantly before them, the revolution of the French would have been deferred probably a century.

The economic causes were furnished chiefly by the court and its dependents. The government had been plunged into debt by the reckless, insane expenditures of the Grand Monarch, Louis XIV., and this condition of affairs, instead of being improved by his successor, Louis XV., was heightened. The King, and his courtesans, and their follies, were a combination of circumstances bad enough to ruin a prosperous country; hence their effects upon a nation in such financial straits as France then was, were obviously not highly beneficial. The King succeeded in attaining his expressed ambition to make the kingdom last as long as his life, and that with a few years' margin, but what a sorry country he left his successor, Louis XVI., who was a pious, pure, noble-hearted, simple, kind, obstinate prince. He strove to the best of his ability to alleviate the financial stress of his people, but in vain. He placed in power as his Ministers of Finance the most competent men he could persuade to accept the thankless task of reforming a nation's customs. The most noted were Turgot, Necker, Brienne, and Calonne. The last of these it was who precipitated matters. To meet notes for loans when they came due, he made greater loans, and at the close of his regime,—which coincided with the exhaustion of France's credit—the annual deficit was nearly thirty millions of dollars! To recover this amount, exorbitant taxes were laid upon the already poverty-stricken peasants. This was the proverbial "last straw" and the outbreak of active revolt followed soon upon the enactment of these taxes.

Among the principal political causes that led up to the French Revolution, the decayed remnants of the feudal system that still oppressed the peasantry of France were not the least. The remnants of this objectionable system—and the worst features were the last to perish—were still prevalent throughout France. The peasantry, numbering about 96-100 of the entire population, was absolutely subservient to the remaining fraction of nobility and clergy. The serf could not refuse to fight his master's battles; he could buy nothing except with the permission and under the supervision of the noble; he could not grind any grain except at his lord's mill; and worst of all, he held his land only during the good-will of the noble. In consequence of this most unsatisfactory and irritating state of affairs, the populace was not over-apt to consider whether their king was any better than his predecessor; whether the prevalent injustice was chargeable to him; whether he was really wicked and careless of his people or only weak and irresolute, and the unhappy prince, more through his misfortune than his fault, was compelled to suffer the dire consequences. Another cause of dissatisfaction was the lack of representation for the great mass of the population. The nobility and the clergy had indeed a voice in the government, but the *bourgeoisie* was unrepresented, and this is exactly the point on which they came to clash with the upper orders, thus hurling France into the terrors of class-warfare.

The social causes, though they probably would never have of themselves resulted in the awful slaughter of the Reign of Terror, certainly served to inflame the vengeful minds and tempers of the people when they had once been otherwise aroused. Chief among them were the humiliation of the lower by the upper classes and the absurd class-distinctions then prevalent, which rivalled the caste discriminations of India at their worst. These circumstances had such cogency that when the Commons had once made the first step in rebellion, they would not stop short of a complete reorganization of society, and it was for this purpose in particular that an enraged populace led up to the awful scenes attendant upon the Reign of Terror.

The causes grouped under the heading of "religious" were of more importance. The fact that the lower clergy were underpaid while, in a great many instances, the prelates, many of whom were of noble descent, received excessive salaries and lived worldly and luxurious lives, induced many of the former to cast their lot with the revolutionists, and several of the former religious were desperate factors in the fierce scenes that ensued.

Another powerful element in the Revolution was the influence of the philosophers, Voltaire and Rousseau. It is a singular fact that the abstract ideas expressed two centuries before by Hobbes and Locke, that "society was made by man, it is the root of all evils, and can and should be destroyed by man," were wafted across the Channel, incorporated into the writings of the two French writers, and, under their new guise, stirred the masses in France. It is a striking verification of the assertion that "an invasion of arms may be resisted and repelled, while an invasion of ideas cannot be."

In analyzing and comparing these causes that contributed to the Revolution one with another, it must be readily seen that the most potent, after the example of American indeendence, that turned the attention of the French toward freedom, was the financial distress of the peasants, which, aided and supplemented by the other causes, led on to the heart-rending and tyranny-destroying period, from which France emerged metamorphosed and reborn.

The events of the Revolutionary period in France are too well-known to be here repeated; the execution of the king and queen; the September massacres; the rise, the machinations, and the fall of the clubs with their fierce, blood-thirsty, insatiable leaders; the Reign of Terror,—all these are familiar sights to the historical searcher.

The effects of the Revolution are little less diverse than the causes. This at least was a revolution that did indeed revolutionize and reconstruct as well as overthrow. It declared,—but with how terrible a voice!—that the many, not the few, were henceforth to rule France. By the revolution, France was centralized in government, education was placed on a firm basis of systematic administration; the commons saw their power and their opportunity, they commenced to attempt to prove themselves worthy of the task they had taken upon them. All these were good effects of the Revolution, but the greatest of all can be summed up in one word and that word—Napoleon. By this Revolution, Napoleon, the most remarkable character in history, saw his opportunity, grasped it, and rose from the humble, humiliating position of charity-student to dictator of destinies. Though engaged in interminable warfare, he still found time to improve France internally and externally, and perhaps his greatest legacy to his country is the "Code Napoleon." When he, the gambler, who had for his gaming-table the whole of

Europe, with kingdoms for stakes, and skulls as dice, rose to the height of unlimited power, he carried France with him to the pinnacle, and though she was also to a certain extent involved in his ruinous fall, still he left her greater, much greater and stronger, than he had found her. He left her rejuvenated and invigorated, chastened by defeat, but in a position to take her place as a member of that great company of which Berkeley wrote this prophetic stanza:—

“Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time’s noblest off-spring is its last.”

F. J. M., '14.

A Lock of Hair

(found in an old book)

PERHAPS some mother’s eye has gazed

At even’s quiet hour,
On this poor relic of her child—
A short-lived beauteous flower!
Perchance her eye from brighter scenes,
Would turn aside to weep,
When the eyes of her beloved one
Were sealed in lasting sleep.

That parted lock perhaps has waved
On some beloved head;
A young sweet flow’r, who turned aside
To join the quiet dead!
How often might the crystal tear
Have filled some mourner’s eye
When every blissful hope was quenched
In Death’s reality!

But it were vain—I may not know
The many hopes and fears
Which thou hast raised, or to the heart
Brought dreams of parted years—
Whate’er thy tale, thou hast a voice
To me all else above,
Some fond heart’s beat, and there thou art
A record of its love!

A. N.

The Newspaper And Its Less Popular Pages.

THE leading article is often accounted the superlative part of the newspaper by many people, while other secondary sections of the daily journal are deemed destitute of general worth and interest. The classified advertisements or the police reports, for example, are called "dry." This is a mistake. We may make great use, for instance, of the sheet of advertisements, not alone when we seek situations or have them to offer, not only when we desire to buy or to sell something, but when we merely let our eyes wander, as we sometimes do, over the columns of that curious patch-work page. From an upper story of our University building or of a neighboring skyscraper, we would not have so good a panoramic view of peoples, and streets, and houses, as we have in that strange miscellany of wants and wishes. We would see but the outsides of the houses and the busy, indistinguishable figures in the streets seemingly making "much ado about nothing," whereas the sheet of advertisements affords a glimpse into the insides of the houses and some hint of the thoughts and of the things occupying or disturbing the people who move about in the streets, and who are our fellow creatures.

Again, the police reports are worth consideration. The word 'police' comes from a Greek word meaning 'city' and, accordingly, the police reports solemnly suggest that there is a government over the city and that there are officials to enforce laws and to detect transgressions. Moreover, in the police reports there are not rules and maxims about misdeeds and crimes, but the actual persons who are incriminated are presented to answer for themselves. It is very salutary indeed to connect law with flesh-and-blood human beings even when we have to connect human beings with crimes and with punishment.

Many of the other less popular departments of the newspaper are replete with significance. In fact, there are many parts of the daily paper more important than is the leading article. The records of facts are of more worth and interest than any talk about the facts. Facts are the substantial part of the intellectual repast provided by the daily journal and fine sentences are but the seasoning. The paramount service of editorial articles is to lead the people to relish and to assimilate with due reflection the many morsels of information gathered from the chronicles of the day. All this, of course, is not equivalent to saying that we can

derive our education or our morality from newspapers. They will only benefit us if they supply us with the materials for thinking. If we rely on them as substitutes for thinking, they will impair both our intellects and our characters and will make us feeble and frivolous inasmuch as we trust to them to make us vigorous and earnest.

M. J. HEGERICH, '14.



A Glimpse of Missionary Life.

THE following letter was addressed from far-off Alaska, to our venerable and retired missionary, the Rev. Prosper Goepfert, C. S. Sp., who makes his home in our midst, by his cousin, the Rev. Father Bruckert, S. J., Superior of the Mission of Our Lady of the Mines, in the distant border-land. While illustrating the hardships of the missionary's life in remote lands, it gives direct evidence of the wonderful and heroic cheerfulness that accompanies his zeal and assures the permanent success of his labors.

Douglas, Alaska,
May 7, '14.

It is now over five years that I have been in Douglas and Treadwell, one of the largest, if not the largest, gold mining camps of the world, and what is more, I am the only priest here for 15 or more different nationalities. Such camps seem to be particularly suitable to poor orphaned Alsations who don't know what they are, French, Turk or Prussian; they form, however, a great field, and a vast amount of good can be done, especially by a polyglot. Besides the Italians, Flemish, Croats, Slavonians, Syrians, Mexicans, Filipinos, etc., I am taking in a few natives of the Flinget tribe, who, despite their language, make excellent Catholics. I have baptized a number of adults among them, and all of them are most edifying. But, unfortunately, my varied occupations, as you may see from the Parish monthly, do not give me as many opportunities to busy myself with them as I would

like to have. Alaska is, indeed, a great country, and will come to the fore in the near future. The need of spiritual transportation is as great as that of the much talked-of material transportation; if railroads are needed to bring prospectors to their diggings, there is still greater need of spiritual engineers to land them safe at their final destination.

You most likely think that the climate up here must be dreadful; well, to tell the truth, it is the mildest climate I ever struck, far milder in winter and far cooler in summer than it is in Pittsburgh. In spite of a tremendous glacier, in close proximity, that sends us ice-bergs, whenever there is a demand for ice-cream, it is very pleasant the whole year round. But rain! well, it might be better not to mention it. It rains every month in the year, and sometimes it pours, and when it does neither, it snows.

The yearly precipitation in this locality averages between 120 and 130 inches. But such trifling things are not allowed to interfere with anybody's work, miner's, priest's, or tramp's. Houses and outfits are all waterproof and so is the Church, which, simple as it looks, is nevertheless quite attractive and fairly well patronized, whenever the miners have not to work, and that is on Christmas day and at funerals, for here the dead are buried with grand *fracas*, the same as when they are killed in the mines.

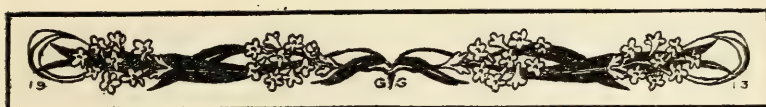
The hospital, conducted by Canadian Nuns of the Order of St. Ann, is doing splendid work, and many a poor fellow is shoved into heaven through the 13th gate, simply because he was brought to the hospital at 11:59 P. M.

By the way, dear Father, if you should know of a sisterhood that would like to take up hospital work in Alaska, kindly give me their address; we are just as short of this precious article as we are of priests. Really, you people down in Pittsburgh have no idea of this country and its pressing needs, and will never have, unless you see it yourselves, and, as this is impossible for many, they will have to accept the testimony of reliable eye-witnesses.

Although your Reverence is not in a position to help us out either financially or actively, I trust you'll give us at least the help of your prayers and sufferings occasionally; these, I am fully convinced, accomplish far more A. M. D. G. than anything else.

Affectionately in Domino,

J. BRUCKERT, S. J.



Panama-Canal Tolls.

(One View of the Question).

IN the opening of the Panama Canal, which marks a new era in human progress, we are about to offer an inestimable gift to the prosperity and commerce of the world. Its dedication does not merely portend the completion of a work of toil and hardship. It is the realization of an apparent impossibility, the fulfillment of the dream of centuries. Nowhere on God's Great Foot-stool can such a task be repeated, for, nowhere are there left two continents to be severed, two great oceans to be joined together. The world once more looks with wonder and astonishment upon Panama as did the great Balboa and his companions "when, with eagle eyes," they gazed upon the mighty Pacific from a lonely peak of Darien. To-day, we look upon Nature transformed by the hand of man, then they looked upon her in all her primeval grandeur and ruggedness.

Scarcely had the gigantic problem of this transformation been solved when new and even greater ones confronted the government, namely, tolls and fortification. The latter question had reached a conclusion during the final year of construction; but that of tolls, which involves the unhappy controversy now engaging our attention and distracting the entire nation, was left for settlement. In legislating upon the question of tolls Congress opened not only a national but an international dispute, not only an argument between two sides of its own body, but between this country and the British Foreign Office. This was brought about by the passage of the Panama Canal Act in 1912, which granted to American-built ships engaged in coastwise trade the use of the canal without charge or toll. At the time, no one considered the international importance of the act, not until the Ambassador of Great Britain presented his country's claim that it was in direct violation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty.

In obedience to this outcry President Wilson declared his dogmatic decision that the exemption from tolls of our vessels in coastwise trade "is in plain contravention of the treaty with Great Britain concluded November 18, 1901." Allow me to say that no one can hold a higher estimation of the exalted office of

President than I, nor can any person entertain a higher regard for President Wilson. I would not permit myself to think that he is actuated by other than the purest patriotic motives and loyal devotion to his noble calling; but, it is remarkable that in the face of most able, illuminating, and convincing arguments by almost every jurist of repute in the United States Senate in proof of the fact that no treaty has been violated, it is surprising that he should hold the opinion that an American ship, carrying American cargo from one American port to another can not be exempted from tolls in our canal, built, owned, defended, and maintained by our government. All the more remarkable is his stand in this question, when we have the word from no less an authority than the British Law Review, that the Panama Canal Act does not violate the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. What other issues are involved? Choose and interpret for yourself the meaning of this attitude. It is balanced on a pivot that may dip either way. Why are the Democrats of Congress asked to tear down the platform of which they are the architects? Is it the outcome of an economic policy? To my mind, the question of economic policies and the still broader question of treaty interpretation are eclipsed by the all-important question as to whether our foreign policies are to be shaped and warped in obedience to a demand from over the seas.

The national honor hinges on the right of Congress to exempt or not to exempt from tolls. Repeal means the surrender of the Monroe Doctrine which became a part of international law and which we, the people of the United States, will maintain at all cost. This is the first time in the history of our great nation that we have been asked by one of our own countrymen to genuflect and bow the head to the opinions of others without discussing the right or wrong of the question. Let us remember the thrilling words of ex-President Cleveland when our honor was at stake in the Venezuela controversy. "To-day the United States is practically sovereign upon this continent." The Monroe Doctrine is not dead as some assert; it is merely quiescent until such an assault as the present stirs it to action.

This is a crisis in our history. It involves the surrender of our honor and dignity as a nation. Our country expects every true patriot who is proud of its honor and achievement to do his duty. Let us show to the world that we are worthy of that freedom which was won by the valor and blood of our fathers. May the God of our fathers give us but a part of that devotion

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which glowed in the hearts of Washington and his starving patriots at Valley Forge, at Trenton, at Yorktown. May He, Who guided the hands of the signers of our Declaration of Independence, direct our efforts against the repeal of the Panama Act, against the surrender of our sovereignty, and may He help us to hold high and wave in triumph in the sunlight of glory the Stars and Stripes.

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.



A Voyager.

ONE bright day in early Spring when all nature had taken on a joyous aspect, a young man set out on a journey in quest of happiness.

Through woods, dales, and meadows he passed, sometimes happy, and again fearful lest his search should be in vain. The beautiful scenes that everywhere presented themselves gave him, it is true, some pleasure, but still it was only for a time. When night approached it found him sad and lonely.

After many days of travel the voyager became somewhat wearied. Soon a great mass of stones loomed up in the distance and as he advanced he found it to be a magnificent castle surrounded with many picturesque gardens.

His breast heaved with joy. "Ah, at last I have found the

object of my search," he said, "for if such a thing as happiness exists, it must be here." Having gained admittance to the castle he was ushered into a handsomely appointed drawing-room. In a distant corner seated at a piano was a beautiful young lady dressed in flowing white garments, ornamented with jewels and flowers. She had been playing a beautiful melody, but at the entrance of the young man ceased.

"Pray sir", she said, "who are you, and what do you seek here"? "I am a poor, unhappy man", he said, "in the quest of happiness, which from all appearances must dwell here. Am I deceived, or am I the victim of illusion?"

"By no means, for this is my home; I am Pleasure, and, where I am, there also you find happiness. Tarry here and you shall find all that your heart can desire." The young man reflected for a moment and then said, "Very well, I shall remain here."

For a time the young man seemed perfectly happy and took an active interest in all the sports and gaieties of the castle. But these soon became wearisome, and the old look of sadness returned. He began to realize the futility of all this splendor to make the heart of man really happy.

One day, while strolling about the grounds, he went farther from the castle than was his wont. He was somewhat astonished to find himself in front of a vine-covered cottage. He stopped a moment to admire it, but just then he heard a sweet voice softly singing.

He was so deeply impressed by the voice that he could not refrain from entering the cottage. Here he saw a maiden, neatly attired, employed in spinning. She seemed to be happiness itself.

The youth made known to her his difficulties, and she said, "True happiness is to be found only in solid virtue. You will never find it in idling your time away in useless amusement. Happiness is the result of labor. If you will be happy, go your way and labor to acquire and to practice virtue!"

J. A. MANLEY, '14.

A Sea-side Ruse.

REGINALD MANSFIELD, millionaire and society man, was a conspicuous figure at all summer resorts. With his appearance a new thrill of life sprang through the community for, being a young man of comely appearance, prepossessing manners and great wealth, he was a popular favorite. Hence, it was with great amazement that, on a certain occasion, he was observed seated on the beach in a contemplative mood, far from the frolicsome crowd. Had someone, with human curiosity, crept closer, he might have seen this apparently care-free young man tracing a name in the sands of the beach.

This change in the gay young millionaire might have been attributed, by one who knew, to a certain meeting that had occurred about a week previous. Reggie had been one party and Ruth Chesterson, the other. 'Twas of her that he was thinking; 'twas her name that he was tracing on the sand. And such a magical name! It seemed to exert a hidden magnetism over all his actions. He had been in love before, but never did love become the master, as now indeed it had.

Reggie never "put off until to-morrow" what he could do to-day. In fact, by this characteristic he had gained the reputation of being too rash. But now his courage seemed to flag, he seemed more backward than usual, for he thought himself unworthy of such a personal prize.

A peculiar notion of Reggie's was that all girls are more or less fond of romance, so he thought that if he became a romantic hero, Ruth might reciprocate his love. As soon as this thought entered his head, he "went right at it" as usual. When he returned to the hotel, he explained matters to his chum, Thomas Randall. Tom readily assented to the formulation of a plan whereby Reggie might seem to be a hero. After several minutes' consideration, he made this proposal. "I'll go into the surf to-morrow at two," said Tom. "You, Reggie, take Ruth to the beach and engage her in conversation. Then I'll shout for help and there's your opportunity for appearing as a hero." Reggie fairly went into ecstasies over the proposal and lauded his chum's imagination to the skies.

At two o'clock, according to the agreement, Reggie and Ruth made their appearance on the beach. As soon as Tom saw the pair engrossed in conversation, he simulated the cries of a drowning man. Hesitating not a moment, Reggie hastily dived into

the watter. Swimming to the drowning man, he grabbed him under the arms and set out to the shore. All went well for a few moments but soon the man's weight became almost unbearable. Swim a little, Tom, and don't rest your entire weight upon me," whispered Reggie. But there was no reply. Reggie looked into the man's face. Horrors! It was not Tom!

The man was really drowning! Could he reach the shore? What would Ruth say? These and a score of such thoughts came pouring through his brain as he struggled through the water with his burden.

As he approached the shore, he saw Tom standing with Ruth on the beach. But what puzzled Reggie was the expansive grin on the face of each. With a last effort he reached the shore. As he laid the drowning man on the sand, what was his surprise to see the man's eyes slowly open and gaze at him with a roquish twinkle. He demanded an explanation.

"Please don't be severe with us for this practical joke" said Ruth, mimicking a beseeching heroine.

Tom interposed as Reggie was about to reply. "Come, Reggie," said he, we'll tell you all. "When I formed that plan yesterday, I had a mischievous purpose in doing so. At the first opportunity, I went to see Ruth's brother. I told him how you loved his sister and explained to him how you proposed to win her. He, despite my protestations, called in his sister and repeated the whole state of affairs to her."

"Oh! I hate heroes," said she. And then smiling she proposed the very trick that I had been contemplating.

"I was to take Ruth's brother into the surf and, when I saw you on the beach, call for help, I should then swim away and leave my friend for you to rescue."

Reggie could not refrain from enjoying the joke, though it was at his expense. But he felt sadly disappointed, for he was sure that he had irretrievably lost Ruth. What, then, was his surprise, when she said, amidst her tears of joy, "I love you Reggie; Cupid has won."

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.

The Willow and the Stream.

THE brooklet's waves in whisp'ring sadness tell
Unto the weeping willow on the shore
Their sorry life as over hill and dell
They wind and flow to-day and evermore.

In deepest admiration bent the bough
Upon the lowly, humble, babbling brook,
Then said, " But I am quite as sad as thou,
For o'er this lonely sphere I may not look."

And so God's creatures, ever discontent,
Their lots in life are ever wont to wail;
Of such ungracious acts let us repent,
The Master's pow'r and love and grace to hail!

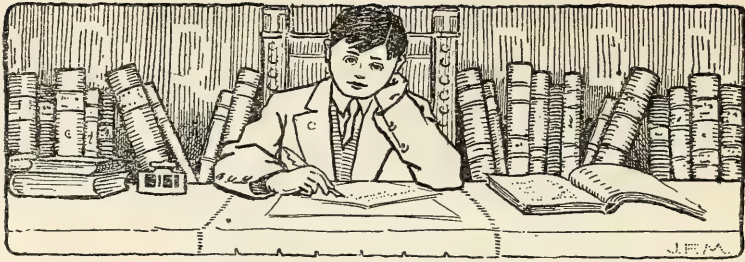
JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.



Shakespeare.

SHAKESPEARE unlocked man's heart, laid bare a world,
Distilled its crimes and beauties, and then flew
To his own mighty mind, and from it hurled
A new creation: forms that never grew
Beneath a mother's eye, before him moved,
And, as he chose, they lived, and wept, and laughed and loved!

T. M.



SANCTUM

Editorial.

The Novitiate of Genius.

JUST as it takes many years for the light of some of the stars to reach the earth and to become spectacle by reacting on human vision, so, too, it takes long whiles for the light of some of the world's great geniuses to meet seeing eyes. But not only does the world often disregard genius and withhold crowns from worthy heads, but it ignores, to-day perhaps more than ever before, the very preliminaries of greatness, among which often is the sufferance of crosses and of periods of retirement. Yet the necessity, especially of these latter, must not be forgotten. One must be refreshed and strengthened on the mount of meditation, before one can bear revelations to the valley-dwellers. One must descend, diver-like, into the depths of silence and oblivion, before one can emerge with pearls in one's hands. Christ lived a hidden life of thirty years in view of a three-year public ministry. Thomas a' Kempis meditating in his narrow cell, and Loyola framing his high plans in the grotto of Manresa, are similarly significant. So, too, an exile more bitter than death nourished the soul of Dante, while Bunyan may be said to have beheld the light of the New Jerusalem through the gratings of Bedford jail, and the immortal Milton to have closed his eyes on the gardens of earth before he opened them on the garden of Paradise. In fact, he who would be worthily in advance of his age must be willing to pay the price of exclusiveness, as he who desires a seat in the orchestra must be ready to pay more than the gallery spectator is assessed. Or, to vary the metaphor, gold necessitates the ordeal of the furnace and fine jewels imply long grinding of the wheel; cultivating radishes is easy, but planting acorns in-

volves a patient wait for the oaks. We do not ask all nobly ambitious men to elect a novitiate of absolute sacrifice and detachment, but the frequent efficacy, at least, of the moderate indulgence of these things incident to the attainment of some great purpose, should not be ignored by the superficial world of to-day.

MICHAEL J. HEGERICH, '14.



A Memorable Lesson in Patriotism.

DEEP emotions, ranging from the sad and sorrowful to the heroic and patriotic, were evoked by the recent solemn services in connection with the funeral of our lamented sailor hero, Francis P. De Lowry. At no time in the history of our city has there been a ceremony so thrillingly impressive and so well calculated to stir the minds and hearts of those who witnessed it. Every part of it brought to the imagination vivid pictures of the life of man and of his duty here below.

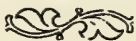
The suspension of business throughout Pittsburgh during the morning of the funeral was a mute but eloquent testimony to the fact that, when a crisis confronts the nation and we are called upon to give evidence of our patriotism, our so-called gospel of work and utility, which some say America preaches to its citizens, is forgotten and cast aside for the higher and nobler feelings of pure love and loyal fidelity to our country. When we consider the patriotic sentiment inspired by the ceremonial of this memorable funeral we may surely say that our dead hero has not died in vain. The example of his noble self-sacrifice and chivalrous devotion has exerted a remarkable influence upon thousands of young people. It has enkindled within us all the fire of love for the Star-Spangled Banner—not for any material gain but for liberty, and for all the great ideals of which it is the symbol, truth and devotion, firm faith and confidence in God and country. It taught us to have a faith that will readily respond to the bugle call to arms, to defy death and danger.

The unselfish spirit that animated our boy hero was a reflex of that dauntless courage that inspired the patriot fathers of the nation in the doubtful struggle for independence, and that led all those who at critical times in our history, shed their blood that the nation might live. Father C. J. Coyne, the eloquent orator

who delivered the funeral sermon deeply impressed upon all his hearers that such heroic action calls for a sublime act of faith and fortitude. In the words of the speaker, "Such was the faith of all the great, such Paul's, when he cried out 'Without faith it is impossible to please God', and, we add, men. It is the promise of an eternal fatherland beyond the barrier, the realization of a motherland here; a mother country built upon the principle of man's faith in man with the God of justice over all." Equally evident was the virtue of fortitude, "which crowns the others by raising them to the dignity of martyrdom", and without which there can be neither heroism nor forgetfulness of fear. Christianity demands an ardent love in addition to fortitude, and truly both were exemplified in the death of this lover of his country; for, true patriotism, in its literal sense the love of the fathers, which ultimately resolves itself into its deeper meaning, the love of the Father of all, is a sort of religion urging us always to look forward to God.

Let us therefore remember all that this memorable object lesson teaches, and let us resolve to retain and heed its precepts which will make us true patriots in every sense of the word.

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.



Lines Written in a Churchyard.

THOU, massy stone! over whose heart art thou?
 The Lord who governed yonder giant place,
 And ruled a thousand vassals at his bow.
 Alack how narrow and how small a space
 Of what was human vanity and show
 Serves for the worm, when 't is his to chase
 The greatest and the latest of his race!

The Annual Play.

“**W**HAT did you think of the play?” Again this yearly stereotype is dealt and again the regular trump, “Fine” captures the trick. We, too, would like to contribute a “Fine!” to the chorus and avail ourselves of the non-committal involved. But we do not dare to make an answer and yet not answer. One cannot probe a “Fine!”: it is blank and echoless, bounded on all sides by obscurity. We would proceed therefore to a detailed appreciation of “Bachelor’s Honeymoon,” as presented by the “Red Masquers,” in the Lyceum Theater on Monday evening, May 25. While the faults inseparable from productions by students were not wholly absent from the performance, our criticism for the most part must assume a commendatory course. For the spots on the sun of complete success were small indeed, little nervousness was displayed beyond what was necessary for the situation, and any chance forgetfulness of lines was adroitly concealed by extempore turns in the conversation. In fact, discounting in the play a few dramatic indiscretions and a moral fibre not incontestably strong, the distribution of roles was well made and their individual execution highly creditable, while the plot itself, being that of a light comedy, proved appropriately amorphous and the action vivacious and various. A refined audience was present and the avalanches of laughter coming down from the galleries, the rounds of applause punctuating the humorous episodes and enactments, proved that a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men.

A more praiseworthy college play than “Red Masquers’” production has not been seen in Pittsburgh in many months. It was indeed a well rounded performance; the stage was prettily set, with great taste and wonderful attention to detail; the costuming of both men and “girls” was up-to-the minute; and, as just mentioned, the players were admirably chosen both for their looks and for their acting qualities. The incidents in the play are excruciatingly funny while perfectly possible—which many farces are not—and the Masquers made the most of them, and kept the crowd that packed the big auditorium in continual laughter. Mr. Lloyd, the director, set out to put on the stage a play that could not be by any means called amateurish, and the ease and dash that marked last night’s performance was the happy result of his efforts.

Assuredly the natural acting and finished elocution of Bartley J. Wood, '16, in the title role of the much-embarrassed but ever-resourceful Bachelor was the feature of the evening's performance. But the leading lady, his actress-wife, impersonated by Leo A. McCrory, '15, hardly deserves second honors. In voice and carriage he was a perfect lady, showing not only previous experience but incessant practice. The tyrant spinster sister Minerva, as played by Frank Anton, '16, was an exacting role, but received full justice at his hands. A very large percentage of the laughs was furnished by Joseph McIntyre, '14, in the minor but substantial role of the Irish servant girl, Mary Ann; the brogue and—the rest, were perfect.

Paul Gnaul made a very fitting Doctor Schwartz, maintaining his flustered dignity throughout all his numerous misunderstandings. Richard J. Bowen as Howston, and Joseph A. Burns as Gumbug, were capably cast, and in voice and action responded perfectly to the exigencies of their parts. Michael J. Shortly did work of real merit in the small role of Joe, the servant. The twin daughters—sweet young things!—who shall describe them adequately? David J. Gorman and Regis C. Larkin were certainly handsome girls, and played their difficult parts with apparent ease.

The ladies' costumes were beautiful and up-to-date. Miss Minerva was attired in gray moire. Her nieces wore tango traveling dresses, with hats to match, and, later on, gowns of black taffeta. The bride had three toilets, one a traveling gown of green broad-cloth, another a jacket suit of blue charmeuse, and an evening gown of tango charmeuse, with a tunic of black lace and silver trimmings. The men were also handsomely dressed.

The play was followed by a splendid gymnastic exhibition in which the students of the high school took chief part. Other college clubs put on ballet dancing, but Duquesne prefers something more virile and more developing. Part of the exercises were "gymnastic dances" that were at once graceful and vigorous. The credit for this part of the entertainment is due to Prof. Charles Geber. Interspersed in these exercises were selections by the University Orchestra, a really splendid body of musicians, directed by Prof. Charles B. Weis; a remarkable violin solo by Andrew T. Walta, a high school boy; several pieces on a fine set of bag-pipes by John A. Mullen, accompanied on the violin by James McCarthy; Irish jigs and reels by Joseph McIntyre, the "cook" of the play; The Tinker's song from "Robin

Hood", by the students' choir; and a piano duet, Brahms' Hungarian Dance No. 6, by two well-known artists, members of the Faculty, Father Dewe and Prof. Koch. Finally, the minor participators both in the play and in the sequent performances deserve mention for their commendable restraint. When the lesser characters discard the grand and the heroic, and diligently subdue their lights to intensify the radiance of the stars, they improve the figure of the act, and show their modesty and good judgment.

Department of Sociology.

REV. DR. DEWE of this Department is busy these days. As was previously announced in the MONTHLY, he has been elected President of the Commission on Labor and Kindred Subjects, just recently formed by the Right Rev. Bishop Canevin.

The main objects of the Commission are to improve the spiritual and material condition of the workingman, to remove certain abuses such as excessive and unnecessary hours of work on Sunday, and especially to carry out the spirit of the encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius X. Both of these Popes have strongly insisted on the urgent necessity of clergy and laity trying to deal with the crying problems of the day, such as the enormous disproportion between the excessive wealth of the capitalists and the grievous poverty of the workingman, the greedy rapacity too often displayed by the employer and the tendency of the employe to use violent and, therefore, unnecessary means to obtain his lawful rights.

The members of the Commission are Rt. Rev. Joseph Suehr, V. G.; Rev. F. Keane, Rev. A. A. Lambing, Rev. Joseph Szwarcrok, C. S. Sp.; Rev. H. C. Boyle, Rev. Alphonse Parziale, O. F. M.; Rev. W. A. Cunningham, Rev. Thomas Bryson, Rev. R. L. Hayes, Secretary; Rev. E. P. Griffin, Rev. H. J. Goebel, Rev. M. A. Lambing, Rev. Joseph A. Dewe, President.

The policy adopted by the Commission has already been formulated. First, it is intended to start in the different parts of the diocese short systematic readings and discussions on economic and social subjects. At first these readings and discussions will be of a very practical and elementary character, and stringently limited in duration. In this way it is hoped to build up among the Catholic workingmen a school of economic thought, which

will bring about unity of ideas regarding the leading questions of the day and eventually unity of action. In Canada, Belgium, France, Germany and England, from authoritative reports received from these countries, the Catholic laborers have already succeeded in impressing Catholic ideas on the labor movement, and in behalf of justice have inaugurated successfully important movements. The system now started in Pittsburgh differs in its methods from those adopted in these countries, but does so in order to cope with the peculiar conditions of the locality. Eventually the movement may even spread throughout the States of the Union and may lead to a great educative and organizing movement on the part of the great mass of Catholic workingmen.

In connection with the work of the Commission there will be a Summer School course of evening lectures beginning on July 1, and ending about the end of the same month. There will be one hour's lecture each evening by the Rev. J. A. Dewe, Lit. D., University of Pittsburgh, Professor of Economics in Duquesne University. The lectures will be of a simple practical nature, and will have the express purpose of preparing all those who wish to take part in the readings and discussions. Further information will be made public later on, and in the meantime applications may be made to the Rev. J. A. Dewe at Duquesne University.

It will be seen from the above that there is no desire to create a new society, but rather to use the societies already in existence. It is believed that the common study of the practical subjects of the day will lead to even greater unity of action on the part of the societies collectively taken.

Department of Accounts, Finance and Commerce.

BUSINESS, in its general aspects, is now regarded as a science, and its various special fields of application, as professions, in which the banker, certified public accountant, stock broker, insurance agent, real estate broker, executive in manufacturing business, transportation, or public service, ought in the beginning to be thoroughly instructed from the experience of others, just as the lawyer, physician or engineer is now trained by special study in the university. Without this

training, and in competition with those ambitious enough to have taken it, modern business, with its immense proportions and minute sub-divisions of labor, offers the young man but little opportunity for escape from the narrow sphere of constant routine work. Without such special training the opportunity is fast growing more restricted for the beginner to get that fundamental grasp of business principles and practice which must be acquired to achieve success.

Modern business is conducted mainly by corporations, and every man should understand the fundamental powers, rights, and characteristics of corporations. He cannot be a good business man without a knowledge of them. What do you know about these fundamentals? Ask yourself a few of the simplest questions:

How many kinds of corporations are there? Name them.

What is the legal and commercial status of each kind?

What are their powers in general, and whence derived?

What may they do outside the home state?

What are the contractual powers of each class?

What are the essential differences between corporations, joint stock companies, and partnerships?

When may stockholders compel directors to declare dividends?

What may make officers, directors, or employes personally liable for corporate offences?

Why does an employe become criminally liable?

How is a corporation statement analyzed for credit or investment purposes?

If you cannot answer these simple and everyday questions, you had better get around quickly to 436 Fourth Avenue to find out what can be done to remedy the deficiency. Many business men attend the Evening School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce of Duquesne University.

This Department is a full grade university school of business, giving practical instruction in many subjects, including:

Accounting, four courses, leading to C. P. A. degree; Commercial Law, three courses; Corporation Finance and Management; Industrial Management and Efficiency; Money and Banking; Investments and Speculation; Current Events; Business English;

Economics; Sociology; Advertising and Selling; Government; Public Finance; Real Estate and Insurance; and many others.

Day classes are maintained for those who are qualified to engage in university work, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Economics.

Evening classes for practical business men, to prepare them for advanced positions in business, and leading to the degree of Bachelor of Commercial Science, are conducted at 436 Fourth Avenue, or phone Court 3394.

Routine work is the order of the day. Large corporations are highly sub-divided and departmentalized. Specialization along narrow lines, efficiency in one thing, is all that is expected of an employe. He is not expected, during working hours, to study the broader features of the business, for the cost of production depends upon the concentrated efficiency of each man in his routine.

As business becomes larger and more complicated he learns less and less, yet the managing executive must know more and more. And thus the breach widens; the servant has less and less chance to become the master. He may do so only in one way. by getting a thorough training outside his working hours.

The answer is easy if a man be ambitious. Duquesne University has an Evening School down town for training executives, a place where practical men are given practical instruction in executive business. It is snappy, interesting work. It results in much higher efficiency, sharply distinguishing its recipient from his untrained fellows. A similar school in another city reports that its graduates, in their eighth year out, have average incomes exceeding three hundred dollars per month, while some get much more, and many are well paid executives.

Are you doing that well? If not, do not blame the boss, but look around to see what you have done, or rather, have not done, to increase your efficiency. It is not what you know about your present work, but what you know about the job ahead, as that determines your advancement.

Would you care to entrust your life to a young doctor who had not graduated from a practical medical school? Would you place the construction of an expensive building with anyone but a trained engineer or architect? Would you give over the management of your property or business to a young man unacquainted with business methods or management? Certainly not. And if

not, then how is the young man to get an executive position? The routine work in large corporations will not fit him to become an executive. He must turn to the universities, where business is now taught as thoroughly as medicine, engineering, or law.

Trained men are worth more—and they get it. Business is the most complicated of all professions, and only the fully trained man can rise. As business grows larger and more complicated, executives grow fewer, employes more numerous, the breach between their standing and efficiency constantly wider.

The universities teach the business man, from the experience of others, how to read the chart and avoid the rocks, which can otherwise be located only by the sad experience of running into them. Experience is the most costly school in the world, and it takes a lifetime to graduate.

EXECUTIVE BRAINS.

No man can permanently hold a high position, nor probably even secure one, unless he develops "executive brains", meaning by that, broad knowledge and sound judgment.

The leader's knowledge must be broad or he cannot control the work of others. His judgment must be sound, or he will dissipate the business or property that is in his charge.

What is sound judgment? It is nothing more than a clear understanding of the principles of business, and the careful application of them to individual cases. Broad knowledge, based on the experiences of others with the ability to analyze and reason, gives sound judgment, the highest priced commodity on the market. It is the principal material of executive brains. The School of Accounts, Finance, and Commerce, of Duquesne University, is best equipped to give you the practical knowledge to analyze correctly.

The life histories of most men who have succeeded in a large way are equally simple. They have looked ahead, have planned, have equipped themselves with all the business knowledge available, and success has followed. It must follow, for the law of success is as definite as the law of gravity. Here it is—"prepare in advance for opportunity". The dramatic moment is only the result, while the long, strong preparation is the real cause of success.

The Annual Elocutionary And Oratorical Contests.

IN the presence of a very large audience composed of members of the Faculty and relatives and friends of the students, the annual elocutionary and oratorical contests were held last Friday evening in the spacious entertainment hall of Duquesne University. The stage was tastefully decorated with the United States flag and bunting showing the colors of the institution. It was occupied by the students' orchestra, which beautifully rendered several selections from classic authors, and by the contestants for the medals, sixteen in number. Professor Weis, accompanied by the Rev. J. A. Dewe, treated the audience to De Beriot's "First Air Varié"; Thomas W. Kenney, in a cultured bass solo, "Sunrise and Sunset", by Spross, was accompanied by Professor Caspar P. Koch; and a select choir from the collegiate classes, sang Silver's "Hunting Song". The judges—Rev. Charles M. Keane, of Wilkinsburg; John C. Bane, attorney-at-law; and Leo G. Griffith, of the Union National Bank—complimented the students on the excellent rendering of their selections and the admirable finish of their speeches. In awarding the medals, they acknowledged the difficulty of their task owing to the keenness of the competition, their choice after long and serious reflection being—for elocution; C. Herbert Dyson, Edward T. Mooney and Richard J. Bowen; and, for oratory, Leo A. McCrory. We subjoin a list of the other contestants along with their topics.

ELOCUTIONARY CONTEST

Division I.—Silver Medal.

Cornelius H. Becker	"The Painter of Seville"
Stanley P. Balcerzak	"Poor Little Joe"
John T. Walsh	"The Fate of Virginia"

Division II.—Silver Medal.

Joseph C. Butler	"The Baron's Last Banquet"
Charles J. Clifford	Thorpe & Company"
Frederick J. Stebler	"A Boy Hero"

Division III.—Silver Medal.

Paul J. Gnau	"The Bridge of Tay"
Michael J. Shortley	"Horse and Rider"
Michael F. Obruba	"Renyi"

ORATORICAL CONTEST—Gold Medal.

Jerome D. Hannan	"War or Peace"
Michael J. Hegerich	"Pro Patria"
Vincent S. Burke	"Panama Canal Tolls"

Chronicle.

The month of May was observed, as usual, by special devotions in the University chapel in honor of the Queen of May.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was
May Devotions given on Tuesdays and Thursdays to be
alternated on the other evenings with pious
readings and the singing of hymns proper to the season.

Brother Frederick who has been absent from our midst for several weeks in the hospital, is back again, slowly recuperating from the effects of his sickness.
Brother Frederick We sincerely hope that he will completely regain good health.

As the prefect on the morning of May 26 made his regular rounds to the various classes to record the names of absentees, little did we think that he would have to

Death of mark the obituary cross after the name of
F. Sheridan Francis P. Sheridan. His sudden death by drowning in the Allegheny river on the fatal afternoon preceding caused deep regret and grief among his school-fellows, especially among the members of his class. He was remembered where remembrance is best—in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass—celebrated solemnly on June 3. We shall close this sad notice with a fervent prayer, saying in the beautiful words of the Church, *Requiescat in pace*.

The first Communion class was prepared by good old Father Richert. The twenty-five candidates for Confirmation were also instructed by him and made their spiritual
Communion retreat under his kindly direction. The
and Confirmation Sacrament was administered by Bishop
Classes Canevin in St. Paul's Cathedral on the afternoon of Pentecost Sunday.

The feast of Pentecost was appropriately observed in the University by the offering of a Solemn High Mass, the celebrant being the Very Rev. President, who also
Feast of delivered a beautiful sermon pertaining to
Pentecost the gifts of the Holy Ghost. During the Mass, the members of the Senior and Junior classes received Holy Communion in a body.

During any chance absence of Father J. Dewe, the chapel organ will be in charge of James P. Kerr, a student who, in the

past, has shown much aptitude for handling the instrument, and who reveals little felicities that betray a budding musical artist.

The Choral classes of the University have been under the able direction of Professor Casper Koch. Many difficult classical selections have been creditably rendered at

Choral Classes entertainments during the past year, and some with such pleasing excellence as to merit an imperative repetition. Mr. Koch's latest work has been the mobilizing of the musical resources of the University in view of the Commencement.

The success of the annual play, as well as that of the elocutionary and oratorical contests in the past, has long demonstrated the propriety of a permanent

The Red Masquers organization in the University to encourage Organize histrionic effort among the students. Such a club was accordingly proposed whereby a wider field was opened up to give the latent dramatic abilities of the students an outlet.

That the club was a certainty was first made known to the student body through a notice posted on the bulletin-board asking suggestions for a suitable title for the organization. Sixteen titles were submitted, all of them appropriate, but the committee in charge, after due deliberation, decided that to all intents and purposes, "The Red Masquers" was the most significant. It was also determined that anybody who has taken part in any of the college plays, or in any of the oratorical or elocutionary contests, is specifically eligible for membership. A meeting of the members of the club was held and Bartley J. Wood was unanimously elected president.

The purpose of the club for the present is to furnish playlets during the year culminating in a play at the end of the year in one of the large city theatres. All the rules of the club have not yet been drafted, but will be completed in a short time: and it is to be hoped that the club will enjoy the success that similar clubs do in the large eastern universities, and that the name, "The Red Masquers", will become known throughout the country as a synonym for what is best in college dramatics.

Mr. Clinton E. Lloyd, our energetic Director of the Public Speaking Department, announces that the second Pittsburgh

Public Speaking Department season of the romantic Indian drama of "Hiawatha", which ran through 96 performances at Squaw Run last summer, will begin Monday, June 16. With a company of native Indian players numbering 70 men, women and papooses, the story of the red man's passion play will be enacted on the same beautiful woodland stage where last year's success was produced. The artificial lake will be enlarged, the seating capacity of the amphitheater will be doubled, and the stage will be brought nearer the audience.

All six tribes of the Iroquois nation will be represented in the cast. The Indians will reside on the ground in a village of 40 tepees and a long house where the chief's councils will be held. Visitors will be admitted to the village as usual after the matinee performances. A restaurant will be built and increased parking space will be provided for automobiles. The grounds will be reached by special trolley cars and special trains.

"Last year I announced that Squaw Run would be made the permanent home of the red man's religious festival which Longfellow has immortalized in 'Hiawatha'," said Mr. Lloyd, "and after last year's success we are glad to be able to add to our plans by making it an annual event in Pittsburgh. The natural beauty of the surroundings and the historic associations of Squaw Run make it peculiarly fitting for an educational production of this character."

On Thursday evening, May 28, the pupils of Father P. A. McDermott's evening English class tendered to him a farewell dinner at the Fort Pitt Hotel. It was not, however, merely for the purpose of showing their appreciation of the work done by their zealous professor during the past term, that the members of this class assembled on this occasion. Their chief object was a more important one, namely to take active measures, not only for the continuation of the class during the coming year, but also to enlarge its membership, and to stimulate still further the spirit of enthusiasm that had been the chief factor in the success attending this important class. Mr. William O'Neil, Jr., of McKeesport, was chairman on the occasion; Mr. Thomas J. Byrne was toastmaster. Brief addresses were made not only by the chief guest of the evening, but also by Messrs. D. F. Keenan, Joseph R. Stetler and J. J. McQuillen.

On the evening of Tuesday, April 28, the members of the Faculty of Law, at the invitation of the President of the University, were guests at a dinner tendered to them in the University Building. The following gentlemen were present in addition to the Rev. President: Hon. Judge Joseph M. Swearingen, Dean of the School; Hon. Judge A. B. Reid, Mr. E. B. Scull, Mr. J. C. Bane, Mr. Charles K. Robinson, Mr. H. F. Stambaugh, Mr. E. F. McKenna, Mr. T. D. McCloskey, Mr. A. J. Loeffler, and Mr. J. E. Laughlin, the Vice-Dean. Hon. Judge W. A. Way, Mr. C. D. Gillespie and Mr. W. H. Lacey sent notes of apology for inability to attend. The dinner was the occasion of a pleasant chat evoking fresh interest in the prosperity of the Law School.

The annual meeting of the members of the Board of Trustees of the University was held on Friday afternoon, May 29, under the chairmanship of the Right Rev. Regis Canevin, Chancellor. The same committee as for last year, was named for a decision upon the question of the appropriation to be applied for by the University authorities. Congressman James Francis Burke was appointed to succeed Major W. H. Davis, as additional member of the committee working on this matter, as the demands of business preclude the ability of the latter to serve in that capacity.

The success of the studious art classes in the University has received a considerable impetus from the acquisition of Mr. Randby, as an instruction in drawing, and from the insistent address of his exemplary work to the sense of formal beauty. He had a wide experience resulting from many successful experiments in the various departments of art. His classes have been well attended and his method has been very practical. He expects in a short time to develop a full-fledged Art Course in the University.



Alumni.

WE learn that HERBERT J. WILHELM, one of our past students and a former member of our orchestra, is now successfully conducting a school for prospective violinists. His studio is located on Jane Street.

WE were also pleased to hear that JOSEPH DEVLIN, '11, who, for some time, has been employed as a stenographer has been lately advanced to the position of assistant superintendent of delivery in the Pittsburgh Post Office.

WE note that FRANK J. SNYDER is prosperously identified with the salt and calcium chloride business. He is now located in the Farmers' Bank Building.

EDWARD J. BRADY, '04, connected with the wholesale coal, hay and grain business, is secretary of the Colorado Trade and Transfer Company, Cripple Creek, Col. He says that there is a flourishing congregation in the place and a local body of the Knights of Columbus. The place is a great centre of the gold-mining industry, and, incidentally, he tells us that one hundred and seventy-six head of stock are needed to transport the ore from the mines, and that machinery has greatly supplanted manual labor, the drills replacing seven men. His company supplies coal to the various mining firms.

HERE, too, we may record a little news about FATHER RYAN, '04, given us by Mr. Brady. He is pastor at Ouray, Colorado, and very popular in that distant district. He also has been named state chaplain of the B. P. O. E.

On May 11, we had the great pleasure of entertaining at dinner, and during a part of the afternoon the Rev. E. F. Jackson, '07, pastor of Colfax, Iowa, in the diocese of Father Jackson Davenport, Ia. He was on his way to New York, where he was booked for a lecture to be delivered the following evening in Madison Square Garden. We are not surprised to discover that Father Jackson has attained an extensive and well-merited reputation as a lecturer on a variety of up-to-date subjects. He gives a very interesting account of the district in which his Mission is situated. It is becoming one of the most famous and popular watering places in the middle West.

We notice with pleasure that the Knights of St. George have once more re-elected Joseph H. Reiman, '85, as their supreme president. This re-election is a still further and signal proof of the confidence inspired by our old alumnus who, not only as an eloquent speaker, but as an enthusiastic organizer and trustworthy official has, through these repeated terms of office, brought a most remarkable strength to this fine body of Catholic men.

It has been noticeable, ever since the Knights of Columbus have been organized, that a good many of our past students have always taken an active and prominent part in the work of this great order. Mr. Tim F. Dunn, '92, of Crafton, is one of the three members of the general emergency committee. Mr. E. D. Nugent, '84, of Braddock, is District Deputy Supreme Knight of the Third District, a similar office in the Eighteenth and Twenty-first Districts, respectively, being held by Mr. F. W. Ries, Jr., of Bellevue, a member of the present graduating class of law, and Doctor R. A. Walsh, M. A., '00, of Crafton. Mr. Joseph Cawley, '94, is Grand Knight of Duquesne Council No. 264, the largest in Western Pennsylvania. Our evening schools of the past few years are well represented by Mr. P. J. McArdle, late member of the city council, who is Grand Knight of Monongahela Council No. 491, and by Mr. Joseph A. Butler and Mr. David M. Martin, who are President and Secretary, respectively, of the Pittsburgh Chapter.

Mr. Coultas, '07, a late student of the University, is to be congratulated for his recently obtained patent on his three-pass hot blast stove, which was developed by him for high blast temperatures, minimum friction, an even distribution of gas through all flues, long life for the brick work, and exceptional ease of repair. Among remarkable features of his invention may be mentioned the elimination of the danger of short circuiting between the second and third passes, ease of repair due to the separate unit construction, and an equalized flow of gases from second to third pass with precisely the same stack draft on each flue. He expects his invention to be very widely adopted.

Duquesnicula.

"DUQUE'S MIXTURE"

(A Tragedy in Three Acts)

Dramatis Personae:

One Student

Another Student

H. I. M., Managing Editor

Us, Duquesnicula Ed.

Innocent Bystander

Act I.—The Campus.

Enter Students.

ONE STUDENT—Did you see the May MONTHLY?

ANOTHER STUDENT—Yes, where were the Duquesnicula?

ONE STUD.—Don't know, maybe somebody killed the editor.

ANOTHER STUD.—Thank heavens for that; he was as funny as a coffin. He seemed to think that jokes were like wine, the older the better.

Curtain.

Act II.—In Our Office.

Enter—Managing Editor, very much peeved.

We jump, equally muchly surprised.

MANAGING EDITOR—See here—where were the Duquesnicula last month?

US—There was nothing to put in.

MAN. ED.—How's that?

US—Nobody handed any jokes in.

MAN. ED.—Makes no difference. Think some, be funny. If you don't, you'll lose this month's salary.

US—Don't, don't, please don't! Here's some stuff for this month.

MAN. ED.—Well, read it. If its no good, you're fired.

US—Harp McIntyre looked at little three hundred pound Eugene Mosti recently, and innocently asked us when the balloon was going up?

Leo Brennan tells us that they are going to take the elevators out of Kaufmann's and substitute safety razors.

Willie Wallace is sure he could lower his time for the hundred yards by three seconds if they would only use a cannon for starting instead of a pistol.

Emmet Creahan says that it wasn't one yellow peril that bothered him during the Chinese game, but nine.

LISTEN, dear reader, and lend me your ear,
And think of the great men we're losing this year:

MANLEY, who worked in his own quiet way,
To make Duquesne's sports so successful to-day.

HEINRICH, our full-back, middle-field, slugger,
Who shines in his class, although not a plugger.

MUELLER, a catcher of wonderful skill,
A star at all subjects, a student of will.

BURNS, the quarter-back, orator, actor,
Who in all our field sports is a powerful factor.

CARLIN, once of Duquesnicula fame,
But now baseball manager,—boss of the game.

CONLEY, a pitcher with fine south-paw motion,
He knows his philosophy, as a ship knows the ocean.

O'KEEFE,—he's well in with the political ring,
Some day he'll have clients, whose praises he'll sing.

DRELAKE, who plays at handball so well,
What his future will be we just now can't tell.

SIKORA, knows Slovak so well he can teach;
But soon in the same he'll be able to preach!

LAST of all, there is Hegerich, the best of them all,
Under whom, as our editor, we served since last fall.

MAN. ED.—You're fired.

Curtain.

Act III.—The Campus.

Enter two students reading June Monthly.

ONE STUDENT—Raw!

OTHER STUDENT—Rank!

INNOCENT BYSTANDER—My Goodness!

Curtain.

FRANK P. ANTON, '16.



THE ' VARSITY.

THE 'Varsity's first scheduled trip of the year was missed on account of rain; their return game with W. and J., arranged for May 5, had therefore to be cancelled; and, as no satisfactory date could subsequently be agreed upon, they were denied the opportunity of retrieving the only defeat of the season.

DUQUESNE 5—GROVE CITY 3.

Grove City College lost an exciting game to the 'Varsity May 16 on their own grounds. The batting stars were Shortley, who had two singles, and Sweeney, who knocked a double and in addition stole seven bases; for Grove City, Thorn, the first sacker, made three hits, and Conley, the short-stop, binged twice. Harenski fanned six, and Veach eleven. The score by innings:

	R H E										
DUQUESNE.....	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	2	0	5	5
GROVE CITY.....	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	3	7

DUQUESNE 4—INDIANA 2.

On their second trip the Dukes played two games. They were loud in their praise of the "royal" treatment received May 20 at Indiana, on and off the field. The game was nip and tuck all the way, but the Pittsburghers came off victorious, inflicting on the Normal boys the first defeat they have suffered in three years on their home campus. O'Donnell started pitching for Duquesne, but was relieved in the fourth session by Harenski, who wound up the inning by striking out two men. Brickley pitched a masterly game, and lost it only because D. U. hit well in the pinches. Phelan and Smith were the heavy hitters for the 'Varsity. Smith hit for a home run that was declared by the Indiana officials the longest hit ever made on their campus. Hicks and Trainer did the slugging for the Normals, the former knocking the sphere into left field woods for a homer, the latter connecting for two singles. The score by innings:

										R. H. E.
DUQUESNE.....	0	0	1	0	0	3	0	0	0	4 5 2
INDIANA.....	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	2 5 3

DUQUESNE 6—ST. FRANCIS 5.

The game at St. Francis College on the following day, was well played, but ended in the seventh inning with Duquesne in the lead 6-5, as the umpire refused to live up to the ground rules agreed upon before the game. Harenski had five strike-outs.

DUQUESNE 13—WESTMINSTER 0.

On May 26 Duquesne met the Westminster nine in what proved to be the slugfest of the season. Tracy and Welsh were the batting heroes, the former netting a home run and a single, the latter a triple and two singles. Three Westminster pitchers were used, but the Dukes hammered the ball to all corners of the lot. The visitors were unable to hit Harenski. The score:

										R. H. E.
DUQUESNE	3	0	3	6	0	0	1	0	*	13 15 3
WESTMINSTER.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0 5 3

DUQUESNE 3—CHINESE UNIVERSITY 1.

Duquesne's tenth consecutive victory was a victory indeed, over the now famous Chinese University of Honolulu. In view of the humiliating defeat administered to our nine last year, and of the long series of triumphs that marked their eastward progress this season, the 'Varsity was not without apprehension regarding the outcome of this encounter. But the 3 to 1 victory at Forbes Field on June 1 turned out to be one of the snappiest local college games of the spring, and one worthy of comparison with any tilt engaged in by the knights of the big league at the Bellefield lists within recent memory.

The Orientals played the game like veterans, though the runs made by the Dukes were scored when the pitcher lost his head for a few moments in the antepenultimate session.

Phelan, the first man up in the seventh, connected safely, and advanced to second on Smith's sacrifice. Welsh was out on a grounder to third. Shortley sailed into Ako's delivery for a two-bagger, scoring Captain Phelan. Ringel duplicated big Mike's performance, and sent him home, scoring a moment later on Hunter's single. Harenski almost made another two-sacker, but the agile middle-fielder got under it, retiring the side.

The Chinamen's lone tally was made in the first inning. The

Duquesne back-stop let one get by him while there was a man on first, with the result that the Oriental scored, making the circuit in record time. There was little opportunity for base-stealing, as Harenski's and Tracy's accurate pegging cut off the fleet-footed Hawaiians at first base. The score:

DUQUESNE	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.	CHINESE	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Tracy, 2.....	0	0	0	5	0	En Sue, m.....	0	0	3	0	0
Sweeney, m.....	0	0	0	0	0	Ayan, s.....	1	2	2	1	0
Phelan, 1.....	1	0	16	0	0	Chin, 2.....	0	0	1	0	1
Smith, s.....	0	0	1	1	0	Mark, c.....	0	0	10	0	0
Welsb, 3.....	0	0	0	1	2	Kan Yin, 3.....	0	0	0	3	1
Shortley, 1.....	1	1	2	0	0	Foster, 1.....	0	0	1	0	0
Ringel, r.....	1	1	1	0	0	Akana, 1.....	0	1	7	0	0
Hunter, c.....	0	1	7	3	1	Albin, r.....	0	0	0	0	0
Harenski, p.....	0	1	0	2	0	Ako, p.....	0	0	0	2	0
Totals.....	3	4	27	12	3	Totals.....	1	3	24	6	2
Chinese.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Duquesne.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	*	3	

Two-base hits—Phelan, Shortley, Ringel. Bases on balls—Off Harenski 2. Struck out—By Harenski 7; by Ako 8. Hit by pitched ball—Chin. Stolen base—Chin. Umpires—Delaney and McNamara.

EDWARD A. HEINRICH, '14.

THE FRESHMEN.

D. U. FRESHMEN 5—RENO COLLEGE 4.

In one of the closest and most exciting games witnessed on the campus this season, the Freshmen defeated the Reno College aggregation, 5 to 4, in a ten inning contest on May 28. The score:

													R. H. E
FRESHMEN.....	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	0	1—5	8	2	
RENO.....	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	0—4	6	3	

FRESHMEN 14—ST. MARY'S LYCEUM 6.

On May 30 the Freshmen walloped the St. Mary's Lyceum team in a one-sided contest. Sonnefeld pitched a steady game for the Freshmen, being in danger at no time.

FRESHMEN 6—DUFF'S COLLEGE 5.

When the Freshmen met the team from Duff's College on June 3, the result was in doubt till the last moment of play. By consistent hitting in the last inning, however, the Bluffites made it another victory. The score:

	R. H. E.										
FRESHMEN.....	0	2	0	0	3	0	0	0	1—6	11	4
DUFFS.....	0	0	1	0	0	4	0	0	0—5	7	3

THE ACADEMICS.

ACADEMICS 7—ST. THOMAS HIGH SCHOOL 4.

The fast team from St. Thomas' High of Braddock met defeat at the hands of the "Ac's" in a well played game on the morning of May 21. Loxterman pitched a steady game for the Bluffites. A fine crowd of young Braddockites filled the bleachers. The score:

										R.	H.	E
ACADEMICS.....	2	0	2	0	0	3	0	0	*	7	5	4
ST. THOMAS.....	0	1	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	4	3	3

ACADEMICS 8—VICKROY JRS. 3.

Two games a day has been quite a common experience for the Ac's. On the afternoon of the St. Thomas game, the Academics had no difficulty whatever in winning from the Vickroy Jrs. A feature of the game was a home-run by Obruba. The score:

										R.	H.	E
ACADEMICS.....	3	0	2	2	1	0	0	0	*	8	8	3
VICKROY JRS.....	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	3	4	3

ACADEMICS 9—DISPATCH 3.

During the noon recreation on June 3, the Academics won a five-inning game from a team made up entirely of editors of the departments of the *Dispatch*. Our young hopefuls considered it an honor to be pitted against such a host, and had to play the best ball that was in them to win. The fact of not having played together told somewhat against the *Dispatch* men, but the scientific playing of the Academics' infield had still more to do with the victory. David J. Davies, sporting editor, occupied the mound very creditably, while his colleagues, the brothers Sivitz, played in the outfield. The score:

										R.	H.	E
ACADEMICS.....	0	3	6	0	*	9	4	2				
DISPATCH.....	0	3	0	0	0	3	1	1				

PAUL J. GNAU, '18.



STAFF OF DUQUESNE MONTHLY

Topmost Row :—E. A. Heinrich, H. M. Connelly, J. S. Szepe, W. C. Heimbuecher, P. J. Gnan, W. J. Kramer, J. J. McDonough, F. P. Anton.

Middle Row :—J. A. Burns, F. J. Mueller, M. J. Hegerich, V. S. Burke, H. A. Carlin.

Bottom Row :—E. J. Nemmer, W. C. Fiddig.

Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXI

July, 1914

No 10

Summer.

THEY may boast of the Spring-time when flowers are the fairest,

And birds sing by thousands on every green tree;
They may call it the loveliest, the greenest, the rarest,
But the Summer's the season that's dearest to me!

For the brightness of sunshine, the depth of the shadows,
The crystal of waters, the fulness of green,
And the rich flowery growth of the old pasture meadows,
In the glory of Summer alone can be seen.

Then the mountains, how fair! to the blue vault of heaven,
Towering up in the sunshine, and drinking the light;
While adown their deep chasm, all splintered and riven,
Fall the far gleaming cataracts, silvery white.

Then the garden, no longer 'tis leafless and chilly,
But warm with the sunshine, and bright with the sheen
Of rich flowers, the moss-rose and the bright tiger-lilly,
Barbaric in pomp as an Orient queen!

Yes, the Summer—the radiant Summer's the fairest,
For green woods, and mountains, for meadows and bowers;
For waters, and fruits, and for blossoms the rarest,
And for bright shining butterflies, lovely as flowers.

—FIDIUS.

English-speaking Missioners Needed in the Far East and in Africa.

(As described by a Missioner, now visiting the States).

THE English language—there is no denying the fact—has rapidly become the commercial language of the East, from Singapore on the Maylay Peninsula as far as the Behring Strait, all along the Chinese coast, in Japan, and in the Philippines since they have passed under the dominion of the Stars and Stripes. In Australia, the only language known is English. In Africa, at least along the Western and Eastern coasts, as well as in the entire South, English is the great commercial and political medium of communication.

English is the language of the merchant, the traveller and the college teacher. It goes along with commerce and education. The leading newspapers of Singapore, Hong-kong and Shanghai appear in English. China is fast opening her seaports to the world's commerce, and the medium of communication is the English tongue. In colleges aspiring to give higher education, English is taught, and it is taken up by the Japanese and Chinese students in preference to any other foreign tongue, for they fully realize its advantage in their lives.

The English-speaking countries, England and America, are, in the eyes of the Chinese and Japanese, the most enterprising and prosperous nations in the world. What makes a deep impression on the Eastern people is the show of political power,—the cruisers crossing their seas, the large fleets of commercial vessels, the grand depots and warehouses in their sea-ports. All these things weigh heavily in the scales of materialistic, worldly-minded pagans.

Now England, America and Germany are considered by the Far Easterners to be essentially Protestant countries, where the Catholic religion has gained no footing and has few adherents. Working among the Chinese immigrants of Borneo, I had ample opportunity to testify to the truth of this statement. My neighbor, the Protestant minister, used to tell our Catholics that I was a Frenchman. Now the mere fact of being a Frenchman would be no slight on my character, nor would I be ashamed of being one if that were the case, for no one can choose his own birthplace. But when I told them that I was a German, they argued, "Well, then you are not a Catholic priest." They

disbelieved me until they were informed by higher authority that I was a Catholic priest, in spite of being a German, into the bargain.

How this preposterous idea came to take root I do not know, but there it is. The common denomination of our Catholic religion is "*the French religion*." No doubt the noble sons of France *did*, and *still do*, most for the spread of the Faith in Eastern Asia, and in Africa. And it is of no use to tell our people that there are twenty-four million Catholics in Germany, two and a half million in England, and nearly sixteen million in the United States. They ask, "Where are they?" And certain it is that these countries are not represented in the Far East and in the Dark Continent, according to their numerical strength at home. The missionaries from England or the States you can almost count on your fingers.

Some will answer: "We want every man in his own country; the shirt is nearer the skin than the coat." But our Lord said: "Give and it shall be given unto you," and this maxim holds good also in regard to vocations to the priesthood. *Omnia co-operantur!* Catholic Missions will be a success only if all co-operate. As the state takes a lively interest in its colonies, in like manner we should be interested in the Catholic Mission colonies across the seas.

Catholic foreign missions are no mere appendage to our parish and home missions but part and parcel of the life of the Catholic Church, which is true to the command of her Divine Founder: "Go forth into the whole world." As the light must shine in order to make the seed grow and develop into plant and flower, so the Church must extend and develop, the wide world over. This happy result will only be brought about if the united Catholic forces at home stand behind the foreign missions, praying, helping, and making sacrifices for them.

Now, thanks be to God, better things are in store for us. We have seen the birth of a Foreign Mission College on American soil, at Maryknoll, Ossining, New York. Let us pray that the Holy Spirit may awaken vocations from the Atlantic to the Pacific, among young men who will worthily represent the great Catholic Church of America in far Eastern Asia. Nor must it be forgotten that there are other nurseries here at home for vocations of Missionaries to distant pagan lands. Among them, particularly in our own State of Pennsylvania, is the now flourishing Apostolic College of Cornwells, Bucks Co., just outside

the city of Philadelphia, where boys of still tender age, under the guidance of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, are received and prepared for their future career of Missioners, in whatever sphere it may please Providence to direct them.



The Dignity of the Home—the Solution of Social Problems.

FOREMOST among the imperishable things of earth is the human family. Yet in the wake of modern civilization the home has undergone profound changes and suffered severe deterioration. In recent years it is the feeble development of the home combined with religious apathy that has made the greatest inroads upon political and domestic life. In consequence we are beset on all sides with countless difficulties to which a solution must be found if we wish to remain in the vanguard, or even within the pale of civilization. But since the home is the base of the human edifice and the root of all social institutions, it is to the fireside, to the home virtues, to the religion of the hearth that we must return for the readjustment of all social problems.

Since the dawn of history the trend of social investigation has been centered in the home, for its natural resources are the great rocks upon which the whole structure of human society has been reared. It is here we find the great laboratory of the universe that furnishes and fashions the individuals who are to carry on the ceaseless activities of an untiring world. No wonder then that its integrity is always regarded as a priceless pearl to be preserved at all cost, playing as it does such a vital and essential part in moulding the destinies of the mightiest nations and empires.

In Rome itself, the home, with its sacred Lares and Penates was the centre of the republic. But in later years when the wealth of conquests and the luxuries of peace gave birth to every species of licentiousness, the sanctity of the home was disregarded

and divorce invaded and tainted every category of Roman life. The family, thus vitally weakened, transmitted its infirmity to the state, so that, in a few years, Rome, whose imperial frown had awed the world, tottered and fell, a helpless prey to the barbarian hordes of Northern Europe.

It is obvious, therefore, that the family is the fundamental social institution and the first great determining factor in the economic welfare and prosperity of the state. It controls directly and ultimately the ruin or the prosperity of nations. In the family and in the family alone are centered and combined the forces that determine the quantity and quality of the population. No state has been or ever will be self-sufficient to guard against the decay and deterioration of its people. It must be moulded, assisted and directed by the family, the germ cell and fountain-spring of the nation. Moreover, as the mighty river can rise no higher than its source, neither can the nation, which has its origin in the family, exceed that standard of ideals set by the home within its realms.

Since the dominant influence which the home exerts on the drama of humanity is so apparent, it remains the duty of every true citizen to crush relentlessly the elements that seek to violate the sanctuary of the home. Of these the number is manifold, but the most pernicious, the most destructive, the most deadly is divorce, that bane of modern civilization, which like a devouring cancer is slowly but surely impairing the foundations of our domestic hearth.

Let us then look upon the ideal home as a noble institution; noble in its atmosphere, for it is the nursery of great men; noble in its calling, for it is the novitiate of true knights for the arena of life. It is in the home that the youth best learns those lessons of obedience, those religious impressions, those standards of right and wrong that are to make him the bulwark of society in future years. And let it be remembered that a man's work, a man's activity, will always be the reflection of his domestic life, for what a man is, what his ideals are, such has been his home.

But there is another solemn duty we owe to the visions and remembrance of the paternal home. The roof of man is fragile, the fire on the hearth dies out, and its inmates scattered to the four corners of the earth. Amid the wreck of the home in which we were reared, the ruins of life go heaping around us, and we are seized with an irresistible longing for an eternal dwelling-place. Our hope is in an abiding city where there shall be

no mourning nor separation, where the weary pilgrim, arrived at his journey's end, shall shake off the dust from his feet and lay down his staff, where the whole great family, at length complete and reconciled, shall take its rest in the peace of the heavenly home.

We love thee the more, O humble roof of earth, because thy bonds and thy affections are the human prophecy of a divine accomplishment, because thou art the symbol of that shelter, not made with hands, the Father's house in which are many mansions.

EDWARD A. HEINRICH, B. A., '14.



The Golden Age of True Philosophy.

AMONG the centuries, the Thirteenth has been accorded an intellectual primacy. During those hundred years, progress was the watchword, especially in the sphere of philosophical speculation. In the preceding centuries lived men endowed with mighty intellects, men who had developed Philosophy as far and as rapidly as circumstances would permit. Plato lifted us from the sordid world of material things to a world of exalted types and ennobling ideals. He built up a system,—a structure beautiful in its outline and perfect in its symmetry, but insecure and unstable in its basis. Aristotle, on the contrary, drew his plan with a firmer hand; he laid the foundation of his philosophy deep on the rockbed of experience; and, although all the points of the fabric are not equally secure, still the care and consistence with which the design was executed are apparent to every observer.

From the beginning of the Christian Era, down through the first twelve centuries, one great mind after another struggled with the principles of these ancient masters. Augustine, Anselm, Roger Bacon, and Albertus Magnus each contributed his share

toward the development of Christian philosophy, but it remained for Thomas of Aquin and his brother-scholastics of the Thirteenth Century to set the pinnacle upon the structure that Aristotle had projected.

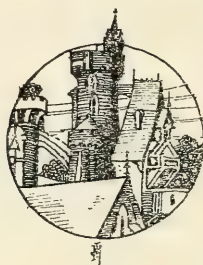
Thomas was easily the grandest figure of his century,—a century dominated by great men rather than by great schools. His was indeed a gifted mind. Nothing was too great and nothing too minute for his searching intellect. It swept irresistibly over all the questions vexing the souls of men. All passed in review before him. He divined what the loftiest intellects had said about them, and touching them with the magic wand of his luminous mind, transfigured them into immortal creations of genius. One by one the great Christian thinkers have approached him, and bowing before his marvelous intellect, they have received from his plenishing hands the materials from which they have constructed monumental works. Indeed, there is something of the sublime in the spectacle of this great mind, adverting far back into the past and appropriating all the wisdom of the universe; then filtering down through the long afterwhiles to our time, and tingeing the thoughts of men while the latter were envious of his superb genius.

Time will not permit me to recount all his labors in the philosophical field. Once and forever, he made plain the relations between Philosophy and Theology, showing a distinction without opposition between the two. He was neither a Fideist nor a Rationalist, but referred to Reason and to Faith their just values. He responded to every objection to Christian truth and morality, tearing into shreds the threadbare arguments of his opponents. He revealed the nature of God, and described in wonderful language the mysterious union of God and Man. In a word, he perfected every branch of Philosophy and invested the teachings of the Greek master with a more enduring consistency.

But alas, the onward wave of progress which he had thus set in motion lapsed soon after his death, conservatism and indifference playing the parts of retrograding forces. The tide of philosophical thought has since been ebbing and flowing, chopping and changing, ever in a flux. True, it has risen since the Thirteenth Century, especially where men like Descartes, Leibnitz, and Kant have appeared. But never has it risen to the altitude attained by that wave of human thought whose crest "kissed and touched heaven's blue deep serene," when Faith and Reason were united in one vast system of human knowledge. Or,

to vary the metaphor, the solar system in the firmament is not more brilliant and wonderful than is the Scholastic system in the philosophical firmament, with Thomas Aquinas as the undimmed and undimming luminary around which conservative satellites have been pleased to revolve, and from which even errant lesser orbs have not failed to feel the compelling magnetic influence.

HARRY A. CARLIN, B. A., '14.



Attorney and Client.

IN the consideration of the subject of attorney and client one's mind will naturally turn first to the reciprocal rights and duties existing in this relationship. While the subject from this basis would prove a most interesting theme for discussion, it is one involving manifold views of importance so inter-woven that they must of necessity be considered one with the other in order that justice may be done to the subject. Time will not permit of this, but a passing glance will show that a truly conscientious practitioner will not be satisfied with anything less than an entire devotion to the interests of his client, warm zeal in the maintenance and defense of his rights, and the exertion of his utmost learning and ability.

What are the limits of his duties when the legal demands and interests of his clients conflict with his own sense of what is just and right, is a problem by no means easily solved. It may be answered in general. Legal propositions cannot be framed with the certainty of mathematical theorems. The most carefully studied language still leaves room for interpretation and construction. Time, itself, which works such mighty changes in

all things, produces a state of circumstances not in the mind of the lawgiver. Hence, every case is to be decided by the tribunal before which it is brought for adjudication, upon the evidence and upon the principles of law applicable to the facts as they appear from the evidence. The court or jury ought certainly to hear and weigh both sides. The lawyer, therefore, cannot always refuse his professional assistance because in his judgment the case is unjust and indefensible, as by so doing he usurps to himself the functions of both judge and jury.

Dismissing the subject from this point of view rather reluctantly, with such limited consideration, let us endeavor to see the attorney and the client as from the viewpoint of a disinterested third party, a layman who has for the first time had the opportunity to observe this relationship. At the very outset, among all the circumstances that we might here consider, we shall but notice the one that stands out more prominently than all the rest—and that is the implicit and unbounded confidence which the average client will place in the personal integrity of his attorney. He may perhaps not have the fullest confidence in his ability, he may disagree with him in his reasoning, he may have his doubts as to the soundness of his judgment and he may even ridicule the advice given him, but he will, notwithstanding, tenaciously retain the utmost confidence in his personal integrity. It is said, "Trust men and they will be true to you, treat them greatly and they will show themselves great." These words have certainly been true as applied to the confidence and trust which the client has placed in his attorney. This remarkable confidence has been answered by an equally remarkable fidelity to the trust reposed. To the credit of the legal profession it can be said that this fidelity has become a tradition and is recognized not only by the attorneys themselves, but by those associated with them as well. In order that it may continue so, every safeguard has been thrown around it by the legislatures, by the courts and by the legal profession themselves. The oath of office directed by law to be administered upon the admission of an attorney to the bar, comprises fidelity to the court, fidelity to the client, and fidelity to the claims of truth and honor. The confidence of the client must of necessity be based on the moral character of the attorney. In no profession is moral character so soon fixed as in that of the law. In none is it subjected to more severe scrutiny by the public. It is well that it is so. The things we hold dearest on earth, our fortunes, reputations, domestic peace, the future of

those dearest to us, nay, our liberty and life itself, we confide to the integrity of our legal counsellor and advocate. His character must be not only without a stain, but without suspicion.

There is perhaps no calling, after that of the sacred ministry, in which a high-toned morality is more imperatively necessary than that of the law. There is certainly, without any exception, no profession in which so many temptations beset the path to swerve from the line of strict integrity; in which so many delicate and difficult questions of duty are continually arising. There are pitfalls and man-traps at every step, and the attorney often needs prudence and self-denial, as well as moral courage, to overcome them. High moral principle, therefore, is his only safe guide, the only torch to light the way amidst darkness and obstruction, the only preservative of that trustful feeling, which, on the part of the client, gives such a force, and a value, and a dignity to the lawyer's profession.

The very fact that this confidence of the client has been so universal and of such long standing, can lead us safely to assume that the men engaged in the practice of the law, who have created and merited this unlimited confidence, as a general rule were, personally, men of the highest nobility of character. Where is the trust to society more sacred, where are duties more important, where are consequences more extended, for individual or social weal or woe, than those which attach to this office? While there are, as with all general rules, some exceptions, this traditional fidelity to the client proves that, taken collectively, these men must have been in the past, and are to-day, men of rugged honesty, purest integrity and sterling character—men who have indeed been faithful to their trust.

F. WILLIAM RIES, JR., LL. B., '14.



Commencement Day.

ANOTHER Commencement Day has come and gone. The empty class rooms, the quiet chapel, the deserted corridors, the grassy campus, the idle handball courts, mutely proclaim the passing of the class of 1914—a class that, more than any other in recent years, had made themselves at home in Duquesne,—to whom the old walls had become accustomed as to part of the establishment, and whose departure is the occasion of keenest regret on both sides. They may feel assured, however, that among the Alumni, whose ranks they now join, they will find hearts as true and loyal as those they loved in their student years—hearts bound together by the common filial affection for *Alma Mater*.

The Commencement Exercises were duly inaugurated on the morning of June 17, by Solemn High Mass in the University Chapel, to which all the graduates marched in procession, and where the undergraduates and members of the Faculty were already assembled. The Baccalaureate sermon for the occasion was delivered by the Very Rev. Oscar Hatry Moye, V. G., LL. D., who had come from Wheeling to be the recipient, that evening, of an Honorary Degree from the University.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

“The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty to God unto the pulling down of fortifications, destroying Counsels; and every height that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God and bringing into captivity every understanding unto the obedience of Christ.”—2 Cor. 10-4.

Our Lord and Saviour has compared Himself and likened Himself to many things, and so His teachings may also be compared to many things: to light, in its mystery and beauty; to leaven for its pervasive power; to salt, as antiseptic; to water flowing from the fountain, because it can quench the deep thirst of the soul. In my text, it is likened to the weapon of war. This is a characteristic metaphor, for in the Epistles of St. Paul, we can see how the military spirit of the Roman Empire illustrated the power and glory of the advancing Empire of the Son of God.

The Roman warrior had no rifle, nor canon, nor torpedo, but he had effective machines for battering down castle walls and crushing hostile enemies. The heroic Apostle, likewise, uses the truth and graces of Christ as a tremendous spiritual engine of

war, perfectly able to pull down every hostile stronghold and subdue all opposition and casting down every height that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God.

From what I have said, you may infer the message which I wish to convey on this most auspicious occasion. It is to encourage you to fortify yourselves with that Faith which makes a man every inch of a man. It gives him that distinctive mark which we call a man of strong character. It puts weapons in his hand to fight the battle of life.

The fortifications of evil to-day; the height that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God in our times; all this is a disloyalty to God and a spirit of pride and selfishness that militates against true Christian manhood and everything that is noble in man. These, my young gentlemen friends, you must bring into captivity unto the obedience of Christ. Our weapons are our Faith and the grace of Our Lord and Master.

LOYALTY TO GOD.

The present age is ripe for an increase of that spirit which would throw off the yoke of divine power, still ruling in the affairs of men; an age in which God works in a mysterious way, "His wonders to perform," and in which individual rights seem trampled under foot, and justice miscarried—an age in which the human heart despairs of the justice, hence of the holiness, of God and lapses into a despair of practical infidelity. Restless and worn under affliction, men murmur until they throw overboard the idea of God's character and providence, which were so natural in childhood. The wicked appear to prosper, and men come to the old conclusion, "Everyone that doeth evil is good in the sight of the Lord, and He delighteth in them."

Truly, the constant temptation is first to quarrel with divine dispensations and then to deny God's providence. The present age of dissatisfaction and social unrest tends to the great increase of such infidelity. The true Catholic man is he who, in the whirlwind and the darkest storms of social problems, says: "The Lord reigneth, let the world rejoice—clouds and darkness are round about him," still, "righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne."

If we would keep society from the level of the brute, then we must treat as most injurious to society those who would banish God from the affairs of men, thus removing the central bond which unites society, for, as belief in God is the belief that binds

the staves of society together, let that be broken and all the elements would be dispersed in opposite directions.

LOYALTY TO THE STATE.

This leads us to the second mark of strong Christian character. Not only should there be loyalty to the power supreme over all, but to the powers that be in the earth. "Fear God," said St. Peter; "Honor the King." Likewise we have the words of St. Paul: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers, for there is no power but of God." These apostles saw in the body politic of society no arbitrary human invention. There are various kinds of government in the world; and these apostles gave no directions as to particular forms, but they saw in every civil magistracy an ordinance with divine authority back of it. They saw in human government of any kind, of every kind, a divine ordinance for maintaining order and security both of person and property, and for promoting the public good—an ordinance for the carrying out of justice, which rewards good and punishes evil. To them all power and authority came from God; and so the power of civil government has God back of it, be that government an absolute monarchy or a democracy.

We need this view of earthly powers—not only renewed loyalty to God, but renewed loyalty to good government and good citizenship, for in America good citizenship takes the place of king, for here the people are sovereign. As the knight of feudal days swore fealty to God and then to his Lord or Baron, his civil ruler, so the modern Catholic man should pledge allegiance to God and to good government. This means that we pledge ourselves as citizens to exterminate the organized evils of society, things which militate against the common good; to prevent by personal effort the elevation of corrupt candidates to office and the enactment of corrupt laws in the city, state or nation; to secure fidelity on the part of officers entrusted with the execution of laws, and to purify and elevate the elective franchise. In other words, to seek in general the reign of honor of whatsoever things are true, just, pure, lovely and of good report in civil affairs. Here surely is a modern field of noble manhood as large and as inviting as any in feudal times. Yes, far more so, inasmuch as we have a form of government in which it is possible to give to the individual the greatest liberty consistent with the good of the whole body of society.

CATHOLIC GENTLEMEN.

True Catholic manhood should cultivate courtliness of manner in daily life. The age of feudal lords and many courts was conducive to courtliness of bearing, to dignity and courtesy of life, such as we do not, perhaps, find in our land, where there is antipathy to everything savoring of hereditary aristocracy or royalty. Few words in the English language have lost their true meaning to the popular ear, so much, as the word gentleman. The popular meaning has resolved itself into a question of ancestry, wealth, and position; and in America, all too often, through a fortune suddenly accumulated, one is able, with a few lessons from a dancing master, to enter, with a galvanized etiquette, some aristocratic circle. There is but one way to reach the character of a gentleman.

It is not through cultivation of external forms alone; the true process is from within, outward.

"Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of noble nature and of loyal mind."

STURDY MANHOOD WANTED.

All definitions of a gentleman point to moral elements first—not to family or wealth, but to qualities of heart; a high sense of honor within, and then the outward life corresponding; great delicacy of feeling, and then delicacy of action. St. Paul's advice was to prepare one's self for the world as the athlete used to do for his exercise: to oil your mind and your manners, to give them the necessary suppleness and flexibility. No doubt the world contains fine qualities of sturdy manhood under the roughest exterior, grand substance of character without the outward form, but few look through the shell to the substance. Better is it to have the substance without the shell—the outward courtliness of manner—than to have this latter form without the inner substance; but when there is solid worth of heart, there is great loss of power if it have not the pleasing form. The rough diamond is of great value to the man who recognizes it when he finds it, but how much more valuable when polished and set. The oil of civility goes a great way when everything is contrary beneath. What rogue could succeed without it? If men, with little natural charm of face, and lacking in moral and intellectual culture, have often yielded great power through their witchery of manner and courtliness of bearing, how much better the world would be if such outward manners abounded as the natural

fruitage of high thoughts and noble purposes in a heart of courtesy. Such a courtliness of life should be the aim of every young man. Such did the age of chivalry, in spite of its gross mistakes and attending corruptions.

Society and institutions have changed; and notwithstanding the common wail for the chivalry departed, our own age has witnessed many deeds of bravery and manly tenderness. What we must do is to preserve that which was noble, bringing it into modern life, with its different attending circumstances. We should see that the ancient chivalry is replaced by purity of life, refined courtesy, and higher culture of modern times. Such should be the aim of everyone of you young graduates.

"Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thoughts and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame."
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

I can find no message for you to-day, young men, more timely than this—true Christian, manly character. As you emerge from the seclusion of study hall into the broader arena of the world, this idea should be the leading thought of your life. Let me tell you that this is a great day for you, for the Church and for the State. The Church and the Country alike stand in need to-day of men, robust in faith, rooted in moral law, with mind and heart consecrated to the highest service. Take up the weapons, of which St. Paul speaks and help us fight the battle and win the victory.

Following these solemn services at the Chapel, the undergraduates assembled in the University Hall, where the Very Rev. President, surrounded by the Faculty, made his closing remarks to the student body, and distributed the honor cards for distinction in the class work of the past year.

But the principal and most impressive portion of the closing exercises was that which took place in the evening in the Soldiers' Memorial Hall. The vast building was packed to the doors with the parents of the students, as well as with the friends of the large number of those receiving the various diplomas and degrees. This was the first time in the history of the institution, that the President and his immediate staff were robed in the gowns of their respective degrees, and it certainly added considerably to the interest usually attaching to the Commencement Exercises of the local University. In stately procession they entered the

auditorium, preceded by the graduates and honorary degree men, who also wore academic costume.

Presiding on the occasion, and seated at the central table on which were spread out the tempting array of medals and diplomas, was the Chancellor, Right Rev. Bishop Canevin, arrayed in episcopal purple.

One special and unique feature of the proceedings was the fact that the first out-coming class of the newly instituted Law School, were to receive their degrees of LL. B. from the Dean, the Hon. Judge Joseph M. Swearingen, LL. D. They looked, indeed, a sturdy group of earnest young lawyers, and, from all accounts, have gone through their studies and their local tests in a way that augurs perfect success for their state-board examinations.

There was a goodly number of dignified and well-known gentlemen present to receive the degree of Doctor of Laws, the most notable among them being Congressman James Francis Burke, Lawyers Bane and Scull, and the Very Rev. Father Moye, the newly-appointed Vicar General of Wheeling. Rev. Dr. Doyle is the President of St. Francis College, Loretto, Pa., and Fathers Devlin and Bullion are the esteemed pastors of Hazelwood and Homestead, respectively.

In presenting these gentlemen with their degrees the V. Rev. President made a brief reference to the distinguished career and services which had elicited from the University this high recognition and these testimonies of honor.

The Programme of Exercises was made up of brief, pithy and forcible addresses by the graduates, to which the audience listened with that tensivity of silence which is the best tribute to an orator's power. The Valedictory was given by the honor man, Mr. Francis J. Mueller, who well deserved the distinction implied in this choice. During his high school and college course, he has always been associated with what was best and highest in student activities. First in his class throughout the greater portion of eight years, prominent in debating, literary and athletic work, it was meet that his should be the final pronouncement of the love and loyalty of the class of 1914 to *Alma Mater* and to one another. His valedictory was a model of grace and propriety in composition and of deep feeling and becoming restraint in delivery.

Music and song that was eminently in keeping with the dignity of the proceedings, and artistic in a very high degree, gave a pleasing variety to the programme, which we append:

Overture	Triumphal	<i>Weidt</i>	Students' Orchestra
Latin Salutatory			Henry M. Connelly
Armorer's Song from "Robin Hood"	<i>De Koven</i>		Students' Choir
Oration	The Dignity of the Home, the Solution of Social Problems		Edward A. Heinrich
Violin Solo	Reverie	<i>Schenuit</i>	Nicholas G. Simon
	Accompanist, Rev. Joseph A. Dewe, M. A., D. Lit.		
Oration	The Golden Age of True Philosophy		Henry A. Carlin
Sympathy, Waltz-Song from "The Firefly"			
	<i>Friml</i>		Students' Orchestra
Master's Oration	Organized Charity, in Its Best Modern Exemplar		John V. O'Connor, M. A.
Piano Duet	Comrades in Arms	<i>Hayes</i>	
			Leo A. and Charles F. McCrory
Oration	Attorney and Client		F. William Ries, Jr.
Chorus of Returning Pilgrims from "Tannhauser"			
	<i>Wagner</i>		Students' Choir
	With Orchestral Accompaniment.		
Conferring of Diplomas and Class Medals.			
Address		Right Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, D. D.,	
		Bishop of Pittsburgh.	
Valedictory			Francis J. Mueller
Exit March	Zumar	<i>Zamecnik</i>	Students' Orchestra
	Musical Director, Professor Charles B. Weis.		
	Vocal Director, Professor Caspar P. Koch.		

GRADUATES.

Twenty diplomas were awarded to graduates of the *Commercial Department*, as follows:

Diplomas for *Accounting* were given to Thomas Joseph Clark, of Wall, Pa.; Thomas Patrick Connelly, of Aliquippa, Pa.; John Albert Jennings, of Van Metre, Pa.; Felix Valentine Klein, of Presto, Pa.; Edward Patrick Larkin, of Washington, Pa.; Clement Joseph Mueller, of Millvale, Pa.; Myron Henry Wagner, of Sharpsburg, Pa.; John Francis Welsh, of South West, Pa.; and to John Henry Brinker, Michael James Bopp, John Anthony Damratowski, Charles Thomas McQuade, and William Joseph Wallace, all of Pittsburgh.

Diplomas for *Stenography* were presented to Thomas Joseph Clark, of Wall, Pa.; Paul Peter Fidel, of Homestead, Pa.; James Regis Gribbon, of Pittsburgh; Felix Valentine Klein, of Presto,

Pa.; Owen Bernard McManus, of Pittsburgh; and Clement Joseph Mueller, of Millvale, Pa.

In the *College*, fourteen awards were then made, as follows: Paul Andrew Sikora received a special Certificate.

The Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on the following:

Joseph Aloysius Burns, of Wheeling, W. Va.; Henry Austin Carlin, of Madison, Pa.; Henry Michael Connelly, of East Pittsburgh, Pa.; Miecyslaus Ladislaus Drelak, of Pittsburgh; Michael Joseph Hegerich, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Edward Andrew Heinrich, of New Castle, Pa.; James Aloysius Manley, of Pleasant Hill, Mo.; Francis John Mueller, of Millvale, Pa.; Dennis Joseph O'Connor, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; John Regis O'Keefe, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Degree of Master of Arts was conferred on the following:

William Michael Deviny, B. A., '02, of Washington, D. C.; John Vincent O'Connor, B. A., '12, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; and George Jacob Smith, B. A., '95, M. D., '98, of Niles, Ohio.

The *Law* Faculty conferred twelve Bachelor's Degrees on our first Law Class. The following are Duquesne University's first Bachelors of Law: Francis Bernard Cohan, of Crafton, Pa.; John Robb Clarke, B. A., '11; Thomas Francis Dougherty, Paul John Friday, Henry John Gelm, B. A., '11; Bernard James McKenna, B. A., '11; Oscar Gregory Meyer, Edward Michael Murphy, Frederick William Ries, Jr., Henry Jacob Schmitt, B. A., '11; Henry James Thomas, Francis Albert Wolf, all of Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on the following: John Curry Bane, LL. B., member of the Allegheny County Bar, and Lecturer at Duquesne University Law School; Rev. John Joseph Bullion, P. R., pastor of St. Mary Magdalen's Church, Homestead; Hon. James Francis Burke, member of the House of Representatives; Rev. Daniel Devlin, P. R., pastor of St. Stephen's Church, Hazelwood, Pittsburgh; Very Rev. John Patrick Maria Doyle, D. D., T. O. R., President of St. Francis College, Loretto, Pa.; Very Rev. Oscar Hatry Moye, V. G., pastor of St. Joseph's Cathedral, Wheeling, W. Va.; and Edward Blaine Scull, LL. B., member of the Allegheny County Bar, and Lecturer at Duquesne University Law School.

Following the giving of the diplomas and the investiture with the hoods, the awards of honor were announced. We subjoin the names:

UNDERGRADUATE MEDALISTS:

The Silver Medal for Elocution, Class I., was awarded to C. Herbert Dyson; the Silver Medal for Elocution, Class II., to Edward T. Mooney; the Silver Medal for Elocution, Class III., to Richard J. Bowen; the Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine in the High School Classes, awarded to Stanislaus Zaborowski; and the Gold Medal for Oratory in the Collegiate Department, awarded to Leo A. McCrory.

GRADUATE MEDALISTS:

The Gold Medal for English in the Commercial Department, was awarded to Frederick J. Stebler; the Gold Medal for Book-keeping, to Felix V. Klein; the Gold Medal for Stenography, to Paul P. Fidel; the Gold Medal for Excellence in the Commercial Department, awarded to Thomas J. Clark.

The Gold Medal for Mathematics and Science in the College, was awarded to Joseph A. Burns; the Gold Medal for English and Languages, to Michael J. Hegerich; the Gold Medal for Philosophy and Classics, to Edward A. Heinrich; the Gold Medal for General Excellence in the College Department, to Francis J. Mueller.

Before announcing the Diplomas and the Class Medals, the President, Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., LL. D., addressed himself to the audience and took occasion to summarize the progress and work of the past year, at the same time to point out the needs of the growing institution.

After passing the year in review and stating that, in addition to the other departments already existing, a day school of Higher Accounting, Finance and Commerce will be organized for the opening in September, the Very Rev. President went on to say that thinking men acknowledge there is something defective in present educational systems. Vice-President Marshall places the blame for this deficiency on the churches. To quote his words: "There is this thing wrong in many of the churches, that because Church and State are separate and the State makes the schools, the Church feels itself absolved from any duty in the direction of education of youth. The State is permitted to mold children from the age of 10 up through the time when they are going through colleges, where many of the professors are agnostics and atheists. But now the Church is awakening to the fact that children should be reared in the way of Christian faith from the nursery upward. I believe that the Church is beginning

to see that it has turned over entirely too many of its functions to the State."

The home, the school and the church, are the three factors that mold good men. The prime factor is the home; closely allied and indispensable to it is the school, but the influence of the Church is essential to form a well-balanced character, to inculcate true principles of right and justice, and to hold up to our youth for emulation the most ennobling and elevating ideals. Such is the endeavor of Duquesne University; it strives, whilst storing the mind with useful knowledge, to fashion the character of its students to the best interests of society.

The Very Rev. President announced two perpetual scholarships, of \$5,000 each, recently founded:

One to the memory of the late Mr. P. McNulty by his wife Mrs. M. McNulty, and the other to the memory of the late Mr. Peter Hermes, by his wife, Mrs. Anna Hermes.

The Right Rev. Bishop's thoughtful and timely address followed the conferring of degrees and medals. No one knows so well as he how to profit of an occasion like the present, to bring home to an audience, in his own persuasive manner, some great truths. We are fortunate to be able to reproduce the Bishop's discourse *in extenso* elsewhere in these pages, thanks to the dexterity of our graduates in Stenography. But the voice, and the conviction, and the unction, that accompanied the words, can, unhappily, be suggested but faintly by a mere transcription.

The exercises were then brought to a close by Mr. Mueller's words of farewell, to whose feeling and power we have already alluded, and the 1914 Commencement became a memory, but a memory that shall last.

LUKE O'BYRNE.

V. Rev. President's Remarks.

The exercises in which we are now engaged bring to a close the school year of 1913-'14. Indeed, I may say that the closing exercises began early this morning. We had Chapel exercises and a baccalaureate address by the Very Rev. O. H. Moye, V. G., Wheeling, W. Va., at 8 o'clock, and a distribution of honor certificates at 10, to the under-graduate students.

My remarks this evening are to be brief. My simple duty is to say a few words on the work of the year, on our prospects and work for the future.

During the school year we registered 700 students; 400 of

these were in daily attendance at the main or University building, 300 more were students of the various afternoon and evening sessions and extension courses, held regularly. Besides the High School, Commercial, Scientific and College Departments, as mentioned in our catalogue, we had the Law School, about which the Dean may have something to say before presenting for degrees the first students who graduate from that school. Then we had the Department of Oratory and Public Speaking, which fills a great need in the city, especially in behalf of ambitious young men whose early education has been incomplete, and who feel the want of perfecting themselves in that particular branch. Last October we inaugurated another Department, that of Higher Accounting, Finance and Commerce. Business at the present day needs something more than the ordinary Commercial Course, hence the need of this Higher Accounting Department. During the past year the Sessions were held in the evening; this coming year it is the intention of the Faculty to have a day school, and also to have courses in the forenoon and afternoon, for those young business men who may find it convenient to devote an hour or two during the day to the special branches of Finance and Commerce.

Our prospects for the future are bright. We place our hope in a bountiful Providence "Who shapes our ends rough hew them though he will." We have confidence in our work because there is need of a University like ours in Pittsburgh, even though there are many other institutions of higher education in the city and in Western Penna. Thinking men of the present day, almost without exception, are ready to admit that there is something wrong with systems of education, that the State and the Country are not getting out of our Schools, Colleges and Universities the men qualified to guide the *Ship of State* in the best interests of Society. This is felt in every borough, village, town, city and state of the country. The explanation of this, the only true explanation, has been proclaimed from pulpit and platform by the hierarchy of the Catholic Church in most explicit terms, hundreds and thousands of times, during the past half century. The explanation is that religion is divorced from Modern Secular Education. Now we find the best, the most intelligent, and the most prominent churchmen of other denominations proclaiming the same truth. This is a good omen for the future. But what is most encouraging is that honest, sincere laymen, our public men, are falling into line, and now make the same avowal. It is

an encouraging sign of the times to hear our Vice-President give utterance to the following words: "There is this thing wrong with many of the churches, that because the Church and State are separate and the State makes the schools, the Church feels itself absolved from any duty in the education of youth. The State is permitted to mold children from the age of 6 up through the time when they are going through colleges, where many of the professors are agnostics and atheists. But now the Church is awakening to the fact that children should be reared in the way of Christian faith from the nursery upward. I believe that the Church is beginning to see that it has turned over entirely too many of its functions to the State."

In other words Vice-President Marshall says there is too much Science and too little of Almighty God in the school systems of our day; he condemns the growing tendency on the part of the State to arrogate to itself the natural and God-given rights of parents and of the Church.

There are three chief factors that go to form good men: the home, the school and the Church. The prime factor in molding the character of youth is the home, with home surroundings. This is a truism. All admit it. Closely allied to the home, an indispensable aid to it, is the school. But who can point out to us any harmony between Christian homes and schools without religion? Then none of us can have real confidence in a man who fails to "Remember to keep holy the Sabbath or Lord's day."

Hence the need of an institution like ours in this section of the State. For whilst all reasonable latitude is allowed to professors and lecturers in their courses and lectures, we take precautions to exclude *Agnostics* and *Atheists* from our Faculty; every department is under religious influence, true principles of right and justice are inculcated, and, as the youth of to-day is the citizen of to-morrow, on him will devolve the duty of preserving and maintaining the Republic. We see the need of shaping and molding his ideals according to the most elevating, the most ennobling and the most just principles, and all this can be done only in a college or university like the Duquesne University.

Right Rev. Bishop's Address.

It is a great pleasure and honor to be present and to preside at a meeting like this. It is particularly gratifying to me to see that in the distribution of honors one of the first works of Duquesne University is to single out some of the representative

gentlemen of the legal profession of this city. It is appropriate that a University of this kind should confer degrees upon venerable ecclesiastics, especially on those who, like the pastors receiving honors to-night, have borne the heat and burden of long years in their laborious life. It might seem strange that the Degree of Doctor of Laws should be conferred upon them as well as on the representatives of the legal profession. But if we consider the nature of Law itself,—the real meaning of Law—we shall understand that the two professions really represent the Law. Law, in a general way, is another word for good order. Both the ministry and the courts are institutions set up in the world for the preservation of order; the function of civil law is to instruct and guide men in truth and justice by human agencies; the function of the Church is to guide men to truth and justice by divine authority and by supernatural agencies. So that Law and Religion are not only closely but inseparably united; for all law depends ultimately upon man's recognition of a Supreme Being and his sense of responsibility to that Being.

We have need of law and lawyers in this republic and in this age. It may be said, I believe, with truth, that, while we have a great deal of legislation—perhaps too much of it—in this country, we have not enough of Law. We exaggerate Liberty and the purpose of Liberty, as though the absence of Law were an evidence of Liberty; whereas the more law-abiding a man is the more perfect he becomes. The most perfect piece of machinery is the one that is most closely subjected to law; and, in society, the more a man is guided and directed by law, that is, by truth and justice, the more perfect he becomes. The more a man emancipates himself from the restraints of the law, the more reckless and the more lawless he becomes. In this country of ours there is a prevailing vice, a besetting sin, which may be defined as an irreverence, a disrespect, a disregard for law. This means that religion is declining, and that conscience is declining. Now there can be no individual character, and no national character, without conscience. For character simply means the translation, into our daily life, of the Law which instructs and guides our conscience in our external and internal acts, in our dealings with God and in our conduct toward our neighbor.

It is right and proper—although, perhaps, contrary to our notions of democratic simplicity—that the conferring of the Degree of Doctor of Laws should be surrounded with the solemnities of investiture in cap, gown and hood. It contributes

to public reverence for the depositaries of the law that members of the Bar should be so honored. I hope the day will come when the judges who sit in our courts will all be clothed in the robes proper to their office, even as the ministers of the Church, when they solemnize the august mysteries of religion, are vested in the traditional garb, handed down, almost unchanged, from the apostolic age. It is the spirit of the Church that her ministers should wear a distinctive dress when they announce the word of God and explain His divine decrees; likewise, it is eminently fitting that some similar insignia should characterize the interpreters of the civil law, whose authority is to be traced ultimately to the same source—because "all authority comes from God, and by Him Kings reign and judges decree just things." (Applause).

It would delay these proceedings too much for me to speak at any great length to the young men that have graduated from the Law School. They must go out with a feeling of their responsibility to their families, to the Law School from which they receive their degrees, and toward society at large. They must assist in solving the great problems that surround us; they must assist in the making and in the execution of laws, because by their very profession as lawyers, they are supposed to be versed in the law, and to be interpreters of the law of truth and justice for the common people. To do so rightly they must live rightly; they must have high ideals; they must labor, not merely for money, but for the right and the justice that are represented by the laws, for the cause of those whose rights they are to protect and whose wrongs perhaps they will be called upon to vindicate. They must appreciate the nobility of their profession, and must give such a standing to the courts in the community which they serve, as will make them respected, and will reflect honor on the school from which they graduate, on the families from which they spring, and on the country of which they are citizens. (Applause).

VALEDICTORY.

To-day! To-night! Now! We are standing on the threshold of the world! This is the consummation, in a sense, of the toils and labors, the thoughts and desires, of our entire college career, and particularly of the past year. This scene, this company, this ceremony, by which our *Alma Mater* has marked us as worthy to

rank among her sons, is what we have all been looking forward to with eagerness and joy, but not without a leavening admixture of sorrow and regret. Yes, we were indeed eager to arrive at this Commencement, and we rejoiced at the prospect of soon attaining our desires. But it is in accordance with the lot of man that he have in this life no joy unalloyed. Mingled with our sense of rejoicing, there was always an undercurrent of sorrow and regret, always hidden, but none the less potent. This great day of ours—this our transportation from the narrow walls of the University to the more extensive fields of endeavor in the great broad world, involves partings and farewells; partings from our school, our teachers, and our under-graduate friends, and, most serious of all, farewells to one another. This is the source of our greatest sorrow to-night as we stand here in the midst of this festivity looking down into the busy, bustling world, which we must all now enter in one capacity or another.

But before taking leave of our college life forever, we are impelled to return our most sincere thanks to the teachers and professors who have been so solicitous for our welfare. So, too, with full realization of what you have done for us, we thank you, our loving parents, for the generous self-sacrifice that has made possible our college careers. With whole hearts, we thank you.

'Tis true that in the bosom of every one of us there is a pang at leaving the school that has so fondly sheltered us and so faithfully guided and trained us; 'tis true we cannot but be sad at pronouncing the saddest of all words, Farewell, to our kind teachers and our under-graduate friends; but our greatest regret is the parting, the inevitable parting, from the companions who have been as brothers so long. Friends, comrades, brothers have we been, rather than mere chance associates. And now we must say farewell; "farewell, a word that has been and must be; farewell, a sound that makes us linger; yet—farewell." The thought that we must part, "that it may be for years, it may be forever," brings a sigh to our lips and a tear to our eyes; it is in vain that we try to steel ourselves with the stoicism of Brutus bidding farewell to Cassius, when he says: "Whether we two shall meet again, I know not; therefore, our last parting take; forever and forever, farewell, farewell; if we do meet again, why we shall smile; if not, then this parting was well made." It is not with sentiments such as these, my comrades, that we take leave of our school friends, our teachers and of one another. Rather let us part, since part we must, in the firm conviction and ardent

hope that a kind Providence will reunite us in the years to come. But if it be prescribed in the inscrutable decrees of the Almighty that this parting is to be for all time, let it be in the spirit of him who said: "Though we sever, my fond heart, till we meet again, shall pant for you." Though separated by the breadth of land and sea, let us remember that true hearts and friendship know neither space nor time; that our souls cannot be rent apart by this temporary separation. Let each say to every other: "Years have not seen, time shall not see, the hour that tears my soul from thee." With such thoughts, with such sentiments as these ever uppermost in our minds, my comrades, let us to our task, distasteful though it be. Farewell, *Alma Mater*; farewell, dear under-graduates; farewell, kind teachers; and friends, comrades, brothers, farewell,—farewell.

FRANCIS J. MUELLER, B. A., '14.



Good Memories.

It is reported of the Emperor Claudius, that he retained in memory all Homer, Sallust, Demosthenes, and Aristotle's *Metaphysics*.

CICERO and Seneca never heard anything material but it was imprinted in their memory.

SCALIGER said he learned Homer in twelve days, and all the Greek poets in four months.

SENECA, the philosopher, could repeat two thousand names in the exact order in which they were rehearsed to him.

THEMISTOCLES, when he was promised to be taught the art of memory, said, "I had rather be taught the art of forgetfulness, for I remember those things I would not, and I cannot forget those things I would."



SANCTUM

Editorial.

Editor's "Vale."

IN the past, the DUQUESNE MONTHLY has earned a high rank among contemporary school journals and, if the complimentary comments of readers and the commendatory notices of our esteemed exchanges are taken at their face value, we, now that our term is ended, may indulge the hope that we have at least measured up to the standard of former years and perhaps even added to the dignity of our periodical.

Several able writers will be lost to the magazine through graduation, but their past training fits them for a greater service, and we hope that whatever career they elect, their literary efforts will ever be spent in the cause of righteousness, and that, whenever any menacing Goliath of error and injustice stalks abroad in the land, they will put the pebble of truth into their rhetoric sling and, like David,—fling!

The retiring editor returns sincere and special thanks to all subscribers and extern co-operators in the production of the MONTHLY; and he obeys an emotion of his heart in acknowledging the practical assistance of his loved colleagues during the past year, and in well-wishing the student staff who shall direct the destinies of the worthy publication hereafter. The pen is laid aside with the confident feeling that, when the balmy September days return to inspire new effort, it will be taken up again and charged with flowing ink by the remaining ambitious undergraduates whose abilities have been given a partial test this year, and in the hope that those young writers who have made inadequate efforts heretofore, will adopt "Perseverance" as their

motto while they have literary success as their aim. We shall look for these latter eventually to plunge into the pool of publication, and, though they make no great splash, to swim determinedly on in the wake of practice. Indeed, as a last small crumb of encouragement to the future staff, we would commend as a meet memento the significant poem of the poor Indian who came to a missionary, told him he had been making verses and presented a specimen entitled "Perseverance," which latter was found to be several stanzas in very "common meter" and exactly like the first stanza, which ran as follows:

*"Go on, go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on."*

MICHAEL J. HEGERICH, B. A., '14.



The Moral Screech-Owl.

PERHAPS nothing is more annoying than the unfortunate disposition of some plaintive people to expose and to magnify the moral delinquencies of others. They who complain most are often most to be complained of.

The talk of the crabbed pessimist is frequently tantamount to saying that humanity is radically base, and that reformers are bent on a task more hopeless than that of trying to change the leopard's spots or to wash the Ethiop white. Yet only in novels is the villain absolutely bad. In real life, no matter how morally cold and forlorn a man's spirit may be, some warm currents of human goodness may always be found running through it, as in the frigid seas of the far North may be detected the warm pulse of the Gulf Stream. Moral reformation may often be effected by appealing even to the little strain of goodness in a scarlet sinner, much as the gardener who notices a white streak in his red poppies, coaxes it by various botanical tricks into crescent width until, at length, the flowers become almost immaculately white.

But more often, perhaps, the smoked glasses, through which the morose pessimist looks upon the world, magnify mere human failings into absolute faults of character. This should not be so;

for while ethical lapses should not be altogether condoned, yet good qualities may frequently be found to offset bad ones. Roses should not be constantly spoken of as having thorny stems; we should rather rejoice to be able to say that thorny stems have roses. Or, in other words, the little failings of those around us should be accepted as the shadow that always accompanies light.

Indeed, generally, optimism ought to obtain much more than it does. We should not grope in gloomy places when we have the sovereign shining of the sun. We should not exaggerate the cloud, but soothe ourselves with the skyey azure; for we know that the storm is black only because the sky is blue. Above all, it is ever well to lose sight of what imperfect people are in the thought of what they may become; to inspire them with the possibilities of increasing their moral stature; and to see, for ourselves and for them, in the despised and mean acorn of their present, the towering oak of their future.

MICHAEL J. HEGERICH, B. A., '14.



The Law School.

ONE very pleasing feature of our first graduation from our new Law School is the fact that the entire class of those who entered as the first candidates, persevered to the end, and, after a course of hard and unflagging work, reached the goal of their ambition to the eminent satisfaction of the Faculty. The feeling entertained towards one another by these young men was not of the usual stamp characteristic of a class of this kind. It was one rather of brotherhood than of ordinary student companionship. They realized also very keenly that, being the first graduates, they held, as it were, in their hands, the destiny of the new Law School, so that by their energy, their good spirit, their success, they should set the pace for the coming years.

Their professors are indeed to be congratulated, not only because of this issue of the first Law Class, but also and particularly for their own admirable spirit of zeal and enthusiasm

which was noticed and felt by every member of the class. There was really something magnetic in this benign influence exercised by the eminent members of the Law Faculty upon their students, besides which there was a cheerfulness that permeated the work of the three years, rendering the class work not so much a task as a labor of love on both sides.

The Library was a great factor in the success of the University Law School, and justified in this way the wisdom of the Dean in his predictions regarding the necessity and the advantages of this feature of the Department. The boys were there at all hours of the day and until late in the evenings. To this there were no exceptions, and the friendly rivalry thus generated, and finding its focus in the Library, was responsible for a great deal of the successful work accomplished.

To the venerable Dean, Honorable J. M. Swearingen, LL. D., is particularly attributable the magnificent outcome of the first batch of graduates. His ardent spirit of energy and enthusiasm, the confidence he manifested in the students, the co-operation he elicited on the part of the Faculty,—all this was responsible for the final issue. He has expressed himself as being very sanguine in his expectations that every one of the twelve will pass the State Examinations with flying colors. Let us hope that it will be so, and that the first graduates of Duquesne University Law School will be a credit to the School, to the Faculty, and to the entire community.

We cannot let this opportunity pass without a brief but sincere tribute to the painstaking labors of the Vice-Dean, Mr. John E. Laughlin, whose intelligent manipulation of the programme, and whose grasp of the numberless details in connection with the new School, made the work easier for the members of the Faculty, and interesting as well as successful for the student body.

It was, in a very special manner, gratifying to the students of the Law School to see, at the late Commencement Exercises, that the Degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon two members of the Law Faculty, namely upon Mr. Edward Blaine Scull and Mr. John Curry Bane, both of whom are among the brightest, most learned, and most distinguished members of the Allegheny County Bar. They are deservedly popular as professors.

Chronicle.

The Chinese game at Forbes Field, on June 1, was the occasion of a great outpouring of students and alumni. The former were there to a man, and the latter were much in evidence. Dick Bowen and Ray Pierotti led the cheering, which was both lively and opportune—as the result showed.

The breezes of the Bluff are perennially proverbial. From the muddy Monongahela they mount with a swish and a swirl, to sweep the storied stretches of our pleasant plateau, and check the chances cobwebs might claim to gather or grow on our blessed brain-boxes. But the wreck and ruin wrought by a recent wind-storm has had no parallel in the past. Not only did it demolish half the precious palisade round our property, but, in its giant grasp did twist and torture into shapeless shreds the iron back-stop that dared defy its dire force!

Mercifully remembering the season, and the ten months' work behind them, the Faculty compressed the final examinations into three days, June 10, 11 and 12. But

The "Finals" that very student took them quite seriously may be judged from the splendid showing made, as announced on Commencement morning. As many as 136 Certificates of Honor, covering the four terms, were awarded, and in addition 49 Honor Cards, for the fourth quarter only, were distributed. Winners of first places were the following: Junior, Joseph S. Szepe; Sophomore, Jerome D. Hannan; Freshman, Philip Buchman; 4th Sc., Thomas W. Kenney; 3rd Sc., Perry E. Blundon; 2nd Sc., John Corrigan; 1st Sc., Clarence W. Robertshaw; 4th High, Linus P. McGuiness; 3rd High, James M. McCarthy; 2nd High A, Gerard V. Buchele; 2nd High B, James C. Anton; 1st High A, Sylvester M. Wagner; 1st High B, Francis Kron; Advanced Com., Vincent Steinkirchner; 2nd Com., Joseph P. McClain; 1st Com., Victor S. Butch; 2nd Prep., Leo Malinski; 1st Prep., Carl Hafermann.

Thursday, June 11, the feast of Corpus Christi, was celebrated very fittingly. Solemn High Mass was offered up at 8:30, and a procession, ending with Benediction, reunited the boys in the chapel before the closing hour.

For several hours on Tuesday, June 16, a line of students filed in and out of the Prefect of Discipline's Office, in and out of the Treasurer's room. They were winding

Winding Up up their affairs—handing in keys and reclaiming lost treasures. It was the beginning of the end, and for any one that was a bit curious, or a student of human nature, the faces were an interesting study. We think the general consensus of opinion was, "We have had a fine year, and D. U. 'll be a good place to come back to on the eighth of September." We leave to another to describe the glories of Commencement day, and, like the monastic chroniclers of old, close with the hope that our modest narrative has been, if only a little bit, helpful to our good readers.

We bespeak for Hiawatha, Pittsburgh's summer classic, presented by Professor Clinton E. Lloyd on historic Squaw Run, a generous patronage by our present and

Hiawatha at past students. During the months of July
Squaw Run and August last year, upwards of twenty thousand visitors from Pittsburgh and neighboring towns, were loud in their praises of Mr. Lloyd's production of Longfellow's Indian Epic. This year, we have no doubt, still larger numbers will enjoy the opportunity of an outing in a lovely landscape fanned by cooling breezes, and chosen as the temporary home of seventy Iroquois Indians. The recitation of the poem is enhanced by the introduction of many new and most interesting features. The light effects have been wonderfully improved, and the native dances of the Iroquois reservations have been more extensively introduced. The fact that patrons of the matinee performances are permitted to visit the Indian village, has greatly increased attendance in the afternoons.

We have heard with interest and pleasure that Father Dewe, M. A., D. Lit., will deliver a series of lectures on economical and sociological subjects in the George Build-

Lectures by ing, during July, on Mondays, Wednesdays,
Rev. J. A. Dewe and Fridays, and, in Greensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The importance of the subjects and the well-known ability of the lecturer, should ensure a large and regular attendance.

W. C. H., '15.

J. J. McD., '17.

Alumni.

During the month of June, two of our past students were ordained to the holy priesthood, Rev. James J. Hawks, '11, and

Rev. Francis R. Shields, '10. Father Hawks

Ordained Priests is well and favorably known as one of our most generous and welcome contributors to the DUQUESNE MONTHLY, and as an exceptionally brilliant actor in our public entertainments. After graduation, he chose Crookston, Minn., as the field of his missionary labors, and entered St. John's University as a theological student. He was ordained in the abbey church of that institution, on June 13, by the Rt. Rev. James Trobec, and celebrated his first holy Mass in St. Andrew's Church, N. S., Pittsburgh, on June 21, in the midst of many friends, and students past and present. Rev. P. A. McDermott, C. S. Sp., his former teacher, preached a beautiful and appropriate sermon. After a brief vacation spent amongst the scenes of his boyhood and youth, he left on June 30, for the cathedral of Crookston, to which he has been assigned.

Father Shields made his theological studies in St. Vincent Seminary, Beatty, Pa., and was ordained priest there by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Canevin, on June 20. The following day, in St. John's Church, Coyleville, he approached the altar for the first time arrayed in sacerdotal vestments, assisted by his brothers as deacon and subdeacon, and by the venerable Rev. Hugh O'Neil, of Ebensburg, one of our most devoted friends and distinguished alumni. Clarence A. Sanderbeck, '12, presided at the organ, and directed the Gregorian chant of a dozen seminarians, who had assembled to do honor to the young priest. Our Very Rev. President, Father Hehir, preached on the occasion, paying a just tribute of praise to the young Levite, and dwelling on the powers and dignity of the priesthood.

At present, Father Shields is acting as temporary pastor of St. Agatha's, Ellwood City, Pa., in the absence, owing to illness, of the Rev. Philip Brady.

During the month of June, three of our professors were married: Mr. William M. Deviny, to Miss Margaret Hehir, of

Pittsburgh, on June 17; Mr. John V. O'Con-

June Marriages nor, to Miss Mary Helen Bryan, of East Liberty, on June 23; and Dr. William H.

Glynn, to Miss Florence Theresa McGary, of Mt. Washington, on June 24.

Cupid extended his attentions also to Clement J. Staud, who was united in the holy bonds of wedlock on June 17, to Miss M. Elizabeth Frank; and to Charles K. Kaylor, who, on June 23, was married to Miss Anna G. Richards, of Altoona, Pa.

To each and all we sincerely wish many years of happy wedlock. and convey our cordial congratulations.

Just as we go to press, we receive the glad news that Raymond L. McVean, of Youngstown, Ohio, has been admitted to the Ohio Bar. Raymond expresses his gratitude for the very material assistance Duquesne has given him in his preparation for the legal profession. We wish him every success, and hope to see him ere long adorning the judicial bench.

Athletics.

INTER-CLASS FIELD MEET.

After an interval of six years, interest in track and field sports has again been roused to the proper point for the holding of a Field Day, and, in all respects save that of attendance, the Inter-class Field Meet of May 23 must go on record as a very successful affair. There were close to a hundred entries for the various events, and some exceptionally good records were made. The Students' Athletic Committee worked valiantly, and Manley, Pierotti and Heinrich deserve special credit for their efforts to stir up interest. The grounds were in fine shape, thanks to the hard work of the boarders' committee. The chief officials were Messrs. Renker and Doyle, of the Pittsburgh Lyceum, and Messrs. Manley and Heinrich, of the Senior Class. There were open events, and events for boys under 115 pounds in weight. Following are the summaries:

100-yard dash, 115-pound class—First, D. Kelly; second, Kiefer; third, Prescott. Time, 11:1-5.

100-yard dash, open—First, Pierotti; second, Wallace; third, Williams. Time, 10:1-5.

220-yard dash, 115-pound class—First, L. Kane; second, Avetta; third, O'Brien. Time, 26:4-5.

220-yard dash, open—First, Pierotti; second, Wallace; third, Sorce. Time, 24.

440-yard dash, 115-lbs.—First, O'Brien; second, Prescott; third, Avetta. Time, 1:7.

440-yard dash, open—First, Pierotti; second, Gnau; third, Buchele. Time, 1:2.

Half-mile run, 111-lbs.—First, O'Brien; second, Prescott; third, Dyson. Time, 2:38 1-5.

Half-mile run, open—First, Gnau; second, C. Ackerman; third, Crandall. Time, 2:31 2-5.

High Jump, 115-lbs.—First, Kelly; second, Avetta; third, Prescott. Distance, 4 feet 8 inches.

High Jump, open—First, Obruba; second, Williams; third, Bowen. Distance, 5 feet 5 inches.

Half-mile Relay Race—Won by Commercial: O'Brien, Prescott, Madden, Avetta. Time, 1:59.

One Mile Relay Race—Won by Commercial: Wallace, Williams, Connelly, Pierotti. Time, 4:15 4-5.

Twelve-pound shot put—First, Williams; second, Pierotti; third, Rykaczewski. Distance 38 feet 3 1-2 inches.

Baseball throw, 115-lbs.—First, Kelly; second, Reilly; third, Kane. Distance, 251 feet 3 inches.

Baseball throw, open—First, Williams; second, Shortley; third, C. Ackerman. Distance, 311 feet 4 inches.

Broad Jump, 115-lbs.—First, L. Kane; second, Kiefer; third, D. Kelly. Distance, 17 feet 2 1-2 inches.

Broad Jump, open—First, J. McIntyre; second, Pierotti; third, Obruba. Distance, 19 feet 5 1-2 inches.

Hop, step and jump, 115 lbs.—First, Kelly; second, Wajert; third, McCarthy. Distance, 30 feet 9 inches.

Hop, step and jump, open—First, J. McIntyre; second, Williams; third, Obruba. Distance, 40 feet.

AT THE C. T. A. U. FIELD DAY.

A day of riotous play, lasting from early morning until dusk, was shared June 8 at Kennywood Park by more than 4,000 children of the parochial schools of the Pittsburgh diocese. It was the annual outing held for the children by the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, and in connection with it was a field meet held under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Union. About 400 boys and girls took part, and in the upper division some of the fastest local high school and lyceum athletes competed. Students of Duquesne University Classical and Commercial High Schools carried off a larger number of prizes than representatives

of any other club or school. Prescott, the only D. U. boy entered in the 95-lb. events, easily won the 60-yard dash. In the 118-lb. division, the Junior Relay Team—O'Brien, Larkin, Buchele and Wallace—won the 880-yard relay race; and Wallace also came in third in the broad jump. It was our contestants in the "open" events that performed with especial brilliancy. Pierotti made the 100-yard dash in 10 1-5 seconds, and gathered in second honors in the twelve-pound shot put and in the standing broad jump. Shortley was the winner of the shot put and a close second in the baseball throw. Biter got third honors in the pole-vault, and Rykaczewski did likewise in the broad jump. Four first places, three seconds, and three thirds, netted us a total of 32 points. Our nearest competitor was Wilkinsburg High School, with 24 points; and St. Mary's Lyceum, Homestead, ranked third, with 20 points.

Two handsome silver medals, three fine bronze medals, two large pennants, and four other prizes, is a somewhat bulky "haul", and one that should rouse the latent talent of Duquesne to a realization of what can come of a little effort in the direction of track and field sports. Without risk of being over-sanguine we can affirm that there is good reason to look forward to considerable development along these lines during the coming season.

THE ' VARSITY.

LAST GAMES OF THE SEASON.—Rain played sad havoc with our schedule even at the end of the season, allowing us to play only two games, which resulted in decisive victories.

DUQUESNE 14—CALIFORNIA 3.

Under the title, "Easy for Dukes," the papers of June 14, had the following account of the first game with the Normal boys:

California Normal had an off-day to-day and lost to Duquesne University of Pittsburgh, 14-3. Dunn at short was the worst offender, having four errors. In all the team made ten misplays. The visitors batted opportunely and scored a run for every hit. Score by innings:

NORMAL	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	3
UNIVERSITY.....	0	0	7	2	0	0	4	0	1	—	14

SECOND GAME WITH THE NORMALS.—In a very interesting and one-sided game, we defeated California Normal, on June 16, on the University campus 9 to 0. O'Connell occupied the mound

for six innings and had the visitors at his mercy, allowing no hits and only two men to reach first, these owing to errors. Harenski relieved O'Connell in the seventh and finished the whitewash job. The score by innings:

DUQUESNE.....	2	0	3	3	0	0	1	0	*—9
CALIFORNIA.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

REVIEW OF THE SEASON.

With the final setting of the college "diamond" season so lately enacted, it behooves us to cast a few retrospective glances over the work that the 'Varsity has achieved during the past season. Each year we have been accustomed to grow enthusiastic when recounting the deeds of the "Red and Blue," and this season should prove no exception; in fact the brand of baseball displayed by the team throughout the entire spring has been of such a high order, that it renders the recital of their activities a comparatively easy task, and gives us greater opportunity for rejoicing, and greater occasion for lauding the victors than for many years past.

The record of the 'Varsity for the present season with only one game lost out of twelve, is very remarkable, and compares very favorably with the work of Duquesne's representatives in former years, or to be exact, it is surpassed only by the achievements of that indomitable nine of '07-'08, which suffered only one defeat out of 33 games.

Although the opening of the season was anything but auspicious, when we literally bestowed a game on the strong W. and J. contingent, yet the team was not disheartened at this defeat, but seemingly took renewed courage, for they immediately began a career of conquest that was never headed, and were it not for the initial game we would have a clean slate for the entire season.

This present season witnessed the triumph over some of our most bitter rivals. Grove City, which has always proved a difficult proposition, fell before their onslaughts in two games. In diana Normal, whom we had been unable to conquer for the past two seasons, were also forced to bend before the prowess of the 'Varsity, thanks to the masterly pitching of Harenski, and the timely home-run clout of Smith. But by far the most brilliant achievement of the season was our victory over the Chinese University. This contest which was staged at Forbes Field was admitted by all to have been one of the best collegiate encounters seen in this section in years.

Although the team as a whole is deserving of unstinted praise, for we firmly believe that each one gave his best, yet there were several bright luminaries upon whom the brunt of the conflict rested, and who are in consequence deserving of greater credit. All hands are unanimous in attributing to Harenski the greatest portion of credit for the team's showing, for during the entire season he was one of the most tireless workers on the squad. Not only did he twirl in 10 out of the 12 games, but he even took part in the other 2. "Joe" together with his running mate "Sam" Hunter, formed one of the most valuable batteries seen on the Bluff in many seasons.

"Capt." Phelan is another who is responsible for a great part of the team's success, especially for the capable manner in which he directed it at all times. We do not hesitate to proclaim "Danny" as the best first-class sacker we have had in years. He soon won a warm spot in the hearts of the student body by his clever work.

Tracy and Smith, fielders "par excellence" and the only members of last year's squad, were again on the job, and were the main inner works of a very strong infield. To comment at length on their work is unnecessary as their ability is recognized by all.

The third sack was well guarded in every game by Welsh, who besides putting up a strong defensive game, was one of the most reliable batsmen on the squad.

The outfield composed of Shortley, Sweeney and Ringel was greatly improved over that of the past season, and upheld their end of the work nobly.

O'Connell, although a little late in getting into shape, nevertheless annexed two games for the 'Varsity, both of which were at the expense of California Normal.

While Biter—utility man,—did not receive much opportunity to prove his ability, yet his willingness at all times was greatly appreciated. He took part in the last two games of the season and showed up well.

This little summary would not be complete if we failed to mention the name of the "man behind the gun," Mgr. Carlin. Although most of his work was performed in private, yet all realize its great extent and the responsibility attached to it, and consequently also attribute to him a great share of the team's success. Our old reliable press agent, "Jim" Manley, is also to be commended for the persistent manner in which he kept "the Dukes" in the "limelight."

Before laying down our pen, we feel it is due to the Rev. F. X. Roehrig that we should pay a well-deserved tribute of praise to the sterling services he rendered the team in his capacity of Faculty manager. We realize that those services, demanding both time and patience and devotion, were rendered gladly, and we rejoice with him that they find their reward in the record of a brilliant series of victories, and in the due appreciation of the general student body.

EDWARD A. HEINRICH, '14.

THE ACADEMICS.

The Academics, who, as the Minims of former years, had established an enviable reputation both on the diamond and the gridiron, justified the most sanguine expectations, and won golden opinions from all patrons of the national sport in Western Pennsylvania. Their success was due in no small degree to their own battery, fielding and batting ability, but also in a large measure to their most efficient management. Father Baumgartner spared neither time nor pains to pick a winning aggregation, to preserve the harmony that existed amongst the players, to secure the practice necessary to ensure high-class efforts, and to arrange a schedule that would amply test their skill. He was ably seconded by James A. Manley, who relieved him of much of the burden of attending to details during the games, and who proved an admirable press agent, making out the box scores, writing up accounts of the victories, and distributing them to the sporting editors of the several daily papers.

Throughout the season the Academics lost only three games, and these to a team completely out of their class by reason of age and experience. Still, their showing against these doughty opponents, the St. Leonard's Lyceum Juniors of Monessen, reflected credit on their indomitable pluck and perseverance. Two of the games they lost by the narrow margin of one run and two runs respectively. They had the crowning satisfaction of winning the last game of the series of four in a protracted contest of thirteen innings.

It would be invidious to pick out any of the players for special mention as all did so well, but we may be pardoned if we call attention to the perfect fielding record of McGuiness and Garahan; Hopko, Crandall, Gregory, McGillick and Obruba ranking next in merit and all over the nine hundred point. The

pitching staff, McGuiness, Loxterman and Gregory, deserves unstinted praise, and Hopko, at the receiving end, performed like a well-trained, experienced and ever-watchful veteran. Thomas and John Connelly, Mosti and Ackermann contributed their quota to the season's remarkable success.

THE JUNIOR BOARDERS.

Judging from the records made and the results achieved, it appears that the spirited Junior team has been very successful this spring, and has made a very creditable showing. Confidence seemed to have been one of the leading characteristics of the team. Nine contests were staged, and out of this number six were captured. The majority of games were fast and interesting, and featured throughout by timely and heavy batting on the part of our enthusiastic young bloods. F. Floro, A. Kiefer and B. Hildorfer composed a reliable pitching staff, and contributed in great measure to the victories. They were supported faithfully by their hard-working receivers, James Madden and William Reilly. McCarthy, Pilart, O. Floro and W. Reilly made a very consistent combination in the infield, while F. Vatter; H. Fuchs, T. Ford and J. Vatter held the outer garden in perfect safety. Plenty of exercise had been accorded the youngsters, and hence the good results, for which they deserve congratulations. Their devoted and able coach, Michael Obruba, deserves particular mention for his untiring efforts in developing a winning team. Mr. Joseph Sonnefeld, their manager, gave all the boys a fair chance to show their skill and ability, and he found his reward in their response to his interest and direction.

Cabal.

Why was the celebrated Cabinet Council of Charles II. called the Cabal?

Because the initials of the names of the five councillors formed that word, thus—

Clifford,
Arlington,
Buckingham,
Ashley,
Lauderdale.



